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Aug. 9, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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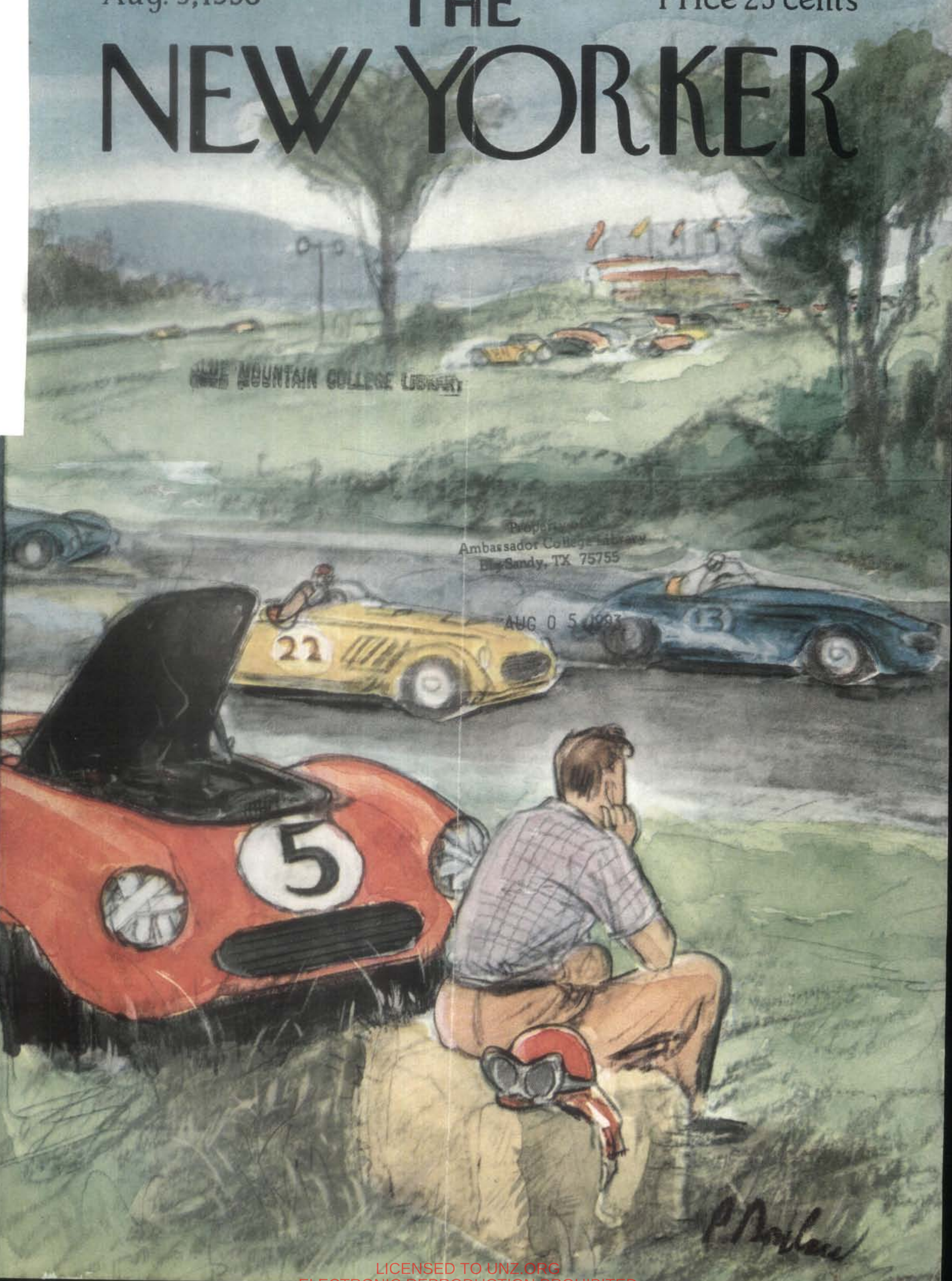

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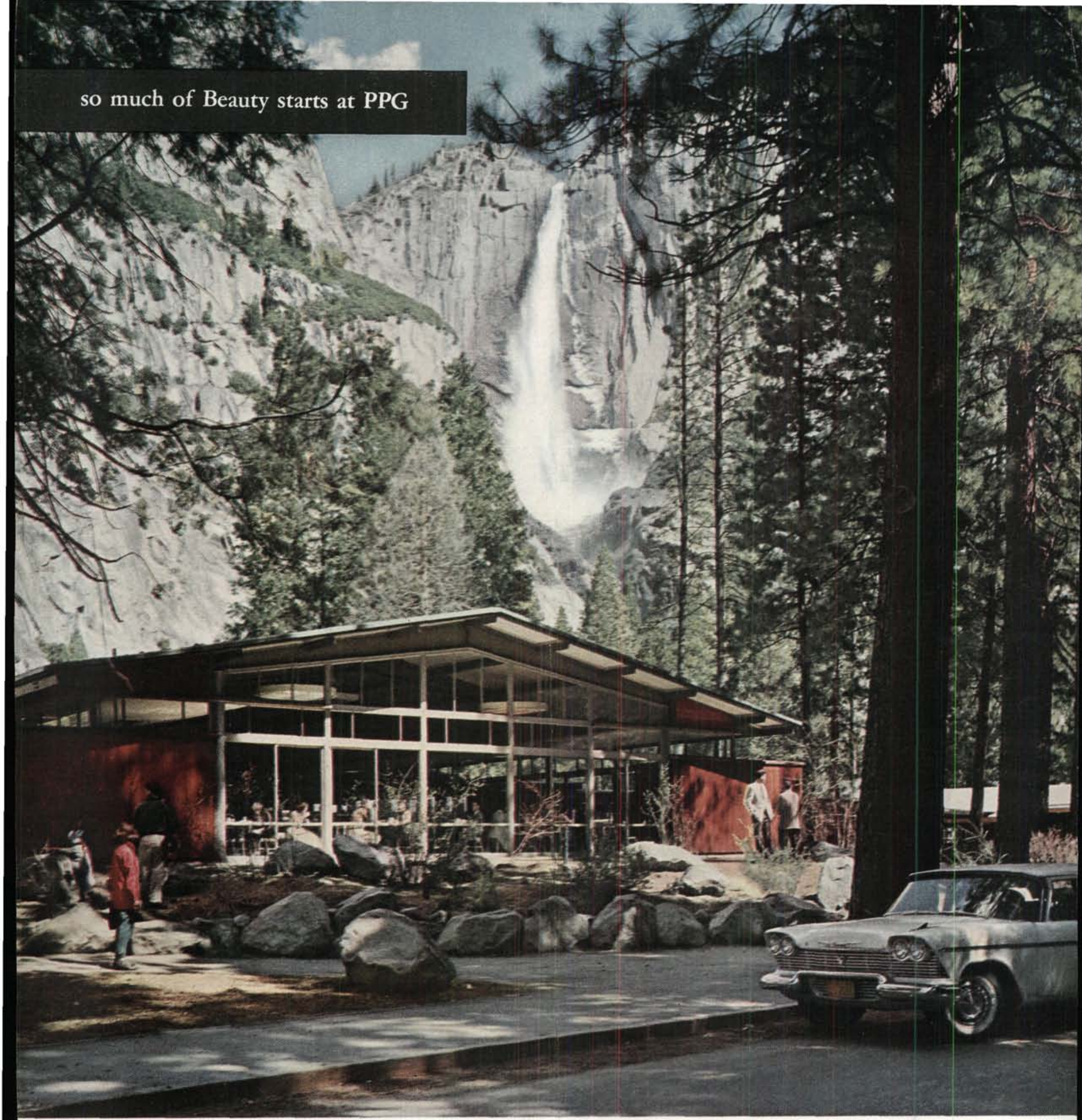

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—William Inge may have tried to say a little too much in this play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties, but it is still one of the most effective things around. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the superlative cast; Elia Kazan directed; and Ben Edwards designed the set. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Homeward, Angel—The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, expertly stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, and Henry Jones. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

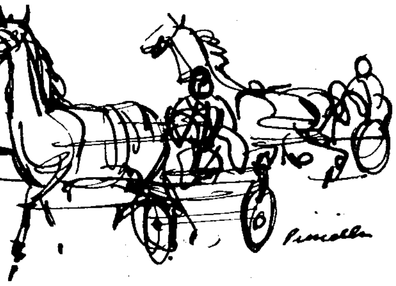
The Visit—Reopens Wednesday, Aug. 20, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A laugh-a-minute, or thereabouts, comedy by Norman Krasna, full of tricks, mechanical scenery, and first-rate comedians. The latter include Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, Larry Blyden, and Roland Winters. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**look back in anger:** The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world. The cast now includes Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **romanoff and juliet:** Peter Ustinov is the author of this fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map, and Tom Poston has succeeded him as its star. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Reopens Monday, Aug. 11, with Lena Horne and Ricardo Montalban again in the leading roles. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

The Music Man—Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for the brassy delights of this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Reopens Monday, Aug. 11, with Judy Holliday resuming her role as a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Lola Fisher (substituting for Sally Ann Howes) are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Larry Kert, Muriel Bentley, and Carol Lawrence lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Aug. 10 (after which the theatre will be closed for a month): "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Evenings at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Auntie Mame—Sylvia Sidney in a three-week engagement of the comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. Opens Monday, Aug. 11, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico Garcia Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Jerry Orbach and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's drama, being presented here by the San Francisco Actor's Workshop for six weeks prior to an engagement at the Brussels World's Fair. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Twelfth Night," with William Windom and Peggy Bennion. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park, at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena

	Page
THE AIR	70
BOOKS	77
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
THE RACE TRACK	75

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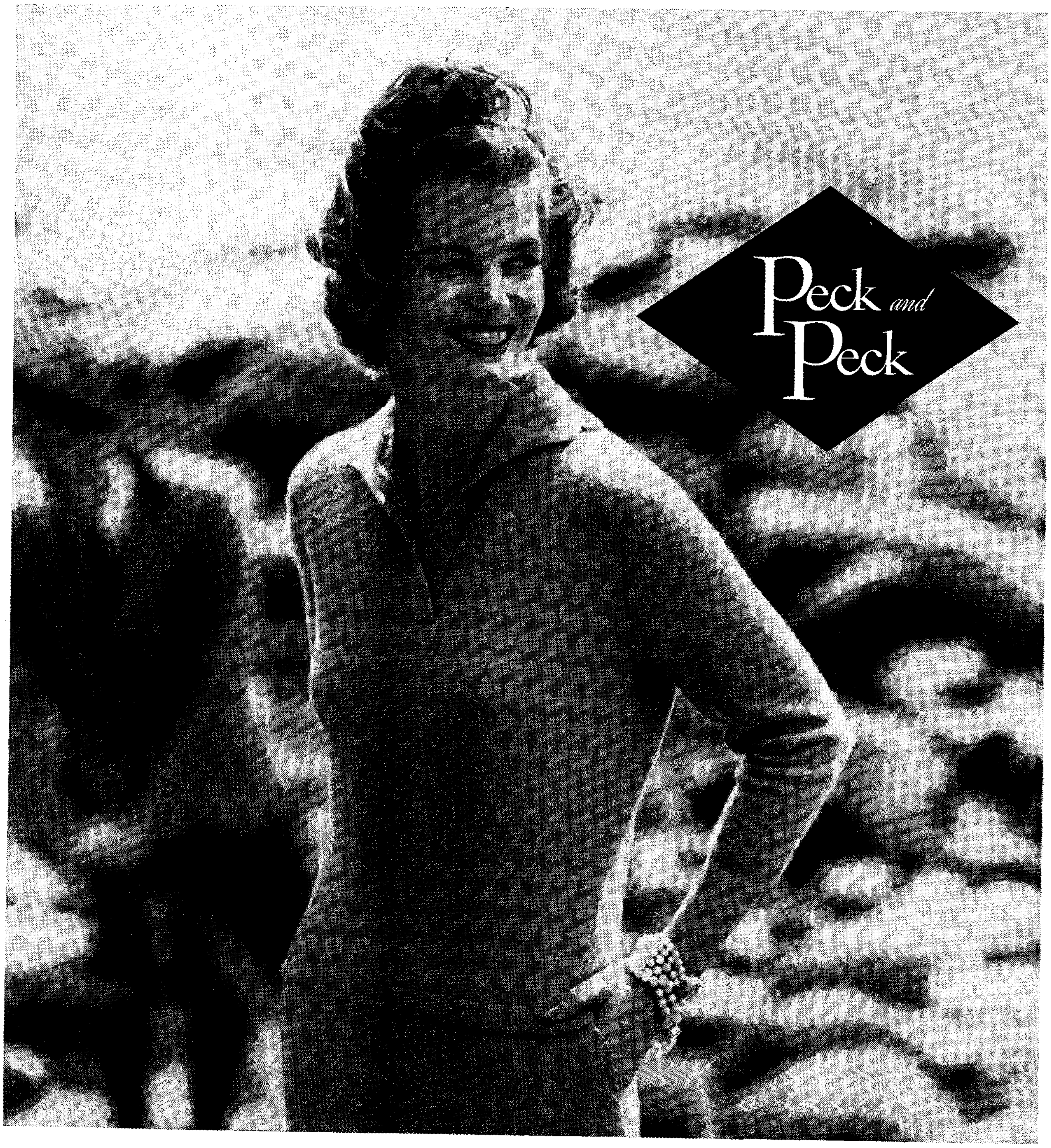

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619. Closes Monday, Sept. 1.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Gloria Vanderbilt in "Peter Pan." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Van Johnson in "Night Must Fall." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N. J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Can-Can." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Kiss Me, Kate." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "A Hatful of Rain." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "King of Hearts." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Fanny." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Where's Charley?" (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Boy Friend." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Hurd Hatfield in "Monique." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L. I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Cedric Hardwicke in "An Inspector Calls." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "The Happiest Millionaire." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: "Fair Game." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N. Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Guys and Dolls." Starting Monday, Aug. 11: "The Most Happy Fella." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Diana Barrymore in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "Damn Yankees." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Medium" and "Gallantry." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 13-16: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Lake Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "The Loud Red Patrick." Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-17: "Bus Stop." (Putnam County Playhouse, Lake Mahopac, N. Y. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "Happy Hunting." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N. J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Ann Harding and Gig Young in "September Tide." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Melvyn Douglas in "Sweet and Sour," a new comedy. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R. I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "Damn Yankees." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 12: Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in "Separate Tables." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N. J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Yeomen of the Guard." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: To be announced. (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Celeste Holm in "The Third Best Sport," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Boy Friend." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Dear Barbarians." Starting Monday, Aug. 11: Julia Meade in "Boston Love Story," a new play. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance by Anna Russell, vocal caricaturist, on Thursday, Aug. 7, at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "Separate Tables." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: "The Loud Red Patrick." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N. Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "Candida." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 13: "The Matchmaker." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N. H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Burgess Meredith in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Diana Barrymore in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Hermione Gingold and Carol Bruce in "Fallen Angels." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Constant Wife." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: "The Playboy of the Western World." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"The Winter's Tale," with Nancy Marchand and Richard Waring: Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30; Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3; Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 3; Friday, Aug. 15, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3. . . . ¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 12-13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:30; Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: "The Most Happy Fella." Monday through Sunday, Aug. 11-17: Cab Calloway in "Porgy and Bess." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5 and 9:30; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 8.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 17: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L. I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: "A Visit to a Small Planet." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 12-17: "The Rope Dancers." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N. Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 9: Nina Novak and George Zorich, Irina Kovalska and Edmund Novak, and Myra Kinch and her company. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 14-16: Irina Borowska and Kenneth Johnson, Daniel Nagrin, and Carola Goya and Matteo. (Lee, Mass. Thursdays at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Dance programs, including several new works, performed by the companies of José Limón, Pauline Koner, Merce Cunningham, Pearl Lang, Ruth Currier, and Doris Humphrey, with Lucas Hoving, Betty Jones, and others. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 14-15, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 16, at 3 and 8:30; and Sunday, Aug. 17, at 3.)

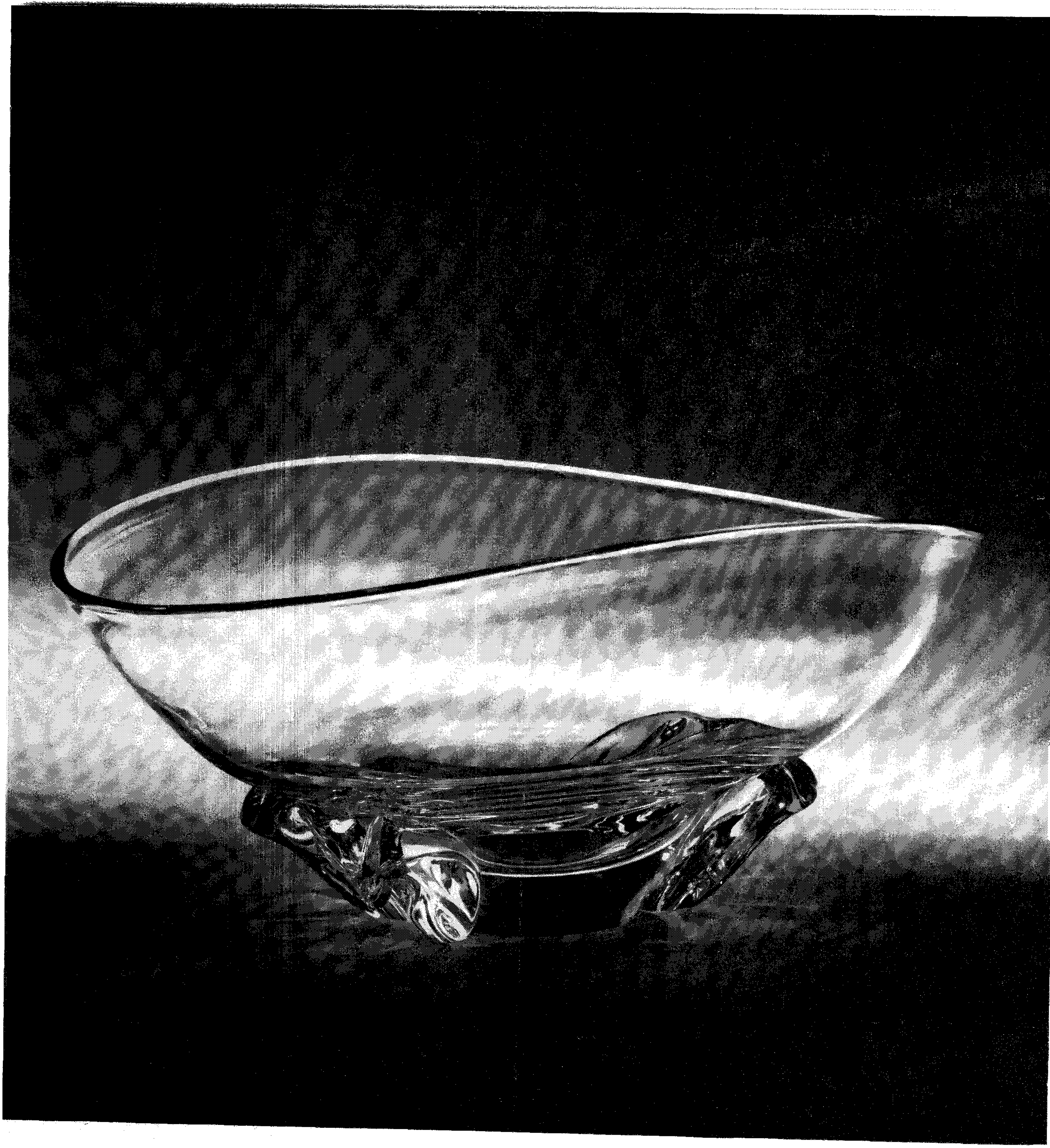
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A theatre in the round expressly designed for talented (and untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba group and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—



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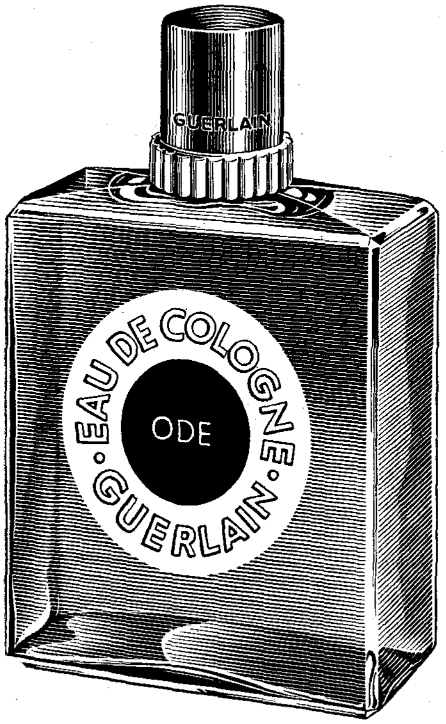

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal comes from a small group of musicians, usually Stanley Worth's. Every evening but Sunday, Renato Rossini has a masterly go at his guitar, which gets more and more sensuously Mediterranean as the night grows older.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Lenny Herman and his orchestra, the Grill's swallows of summer, make dance music off and on through the night. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The top of the evening, as well as the top of Manhattan, awaits the journeyer from the city streets. Here one can dance all evening to the pink-champagne music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Now that Emile Petti, his piano, and his band are at work in the Café Lounge, it's possible that New Yorkers who remember when will start looking for their dancing pumps. The music is on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Mother Nature, arrayed principally in chlorophyll, beckons at the edge of the open-air piazza upon which, whenever the Weather Bureau stops fiddling with the water faucets, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's rumba-and-mambo band disport themselves. The dancing starts at eight on weekdays and at seven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

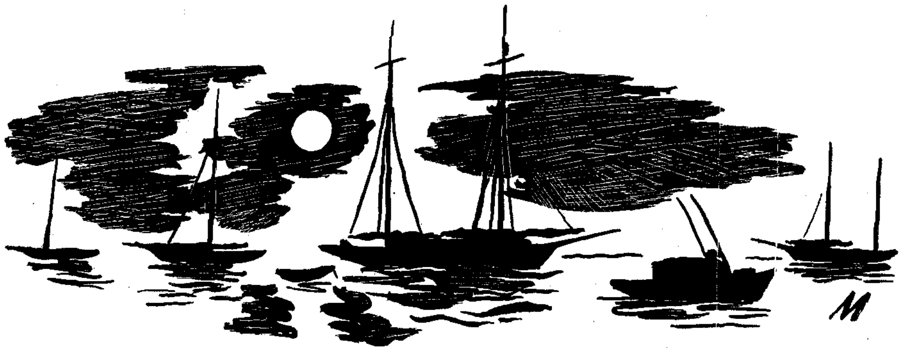
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Ballet Español, now occupying the Starlight Roof at dinner and supper, is a very young Spanish armada with a few things yet to learn, but there's nothing wrong with either its vigor or its enthusiasm. The bands of Emil Coleman and Béla Babai swarm aboard whenever it's time for the customers to dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On a luxuriant island of the voluminous Peacock Alley, the trio of Jozsi Ribari plays listening music from eight until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Babai band plays dance music.

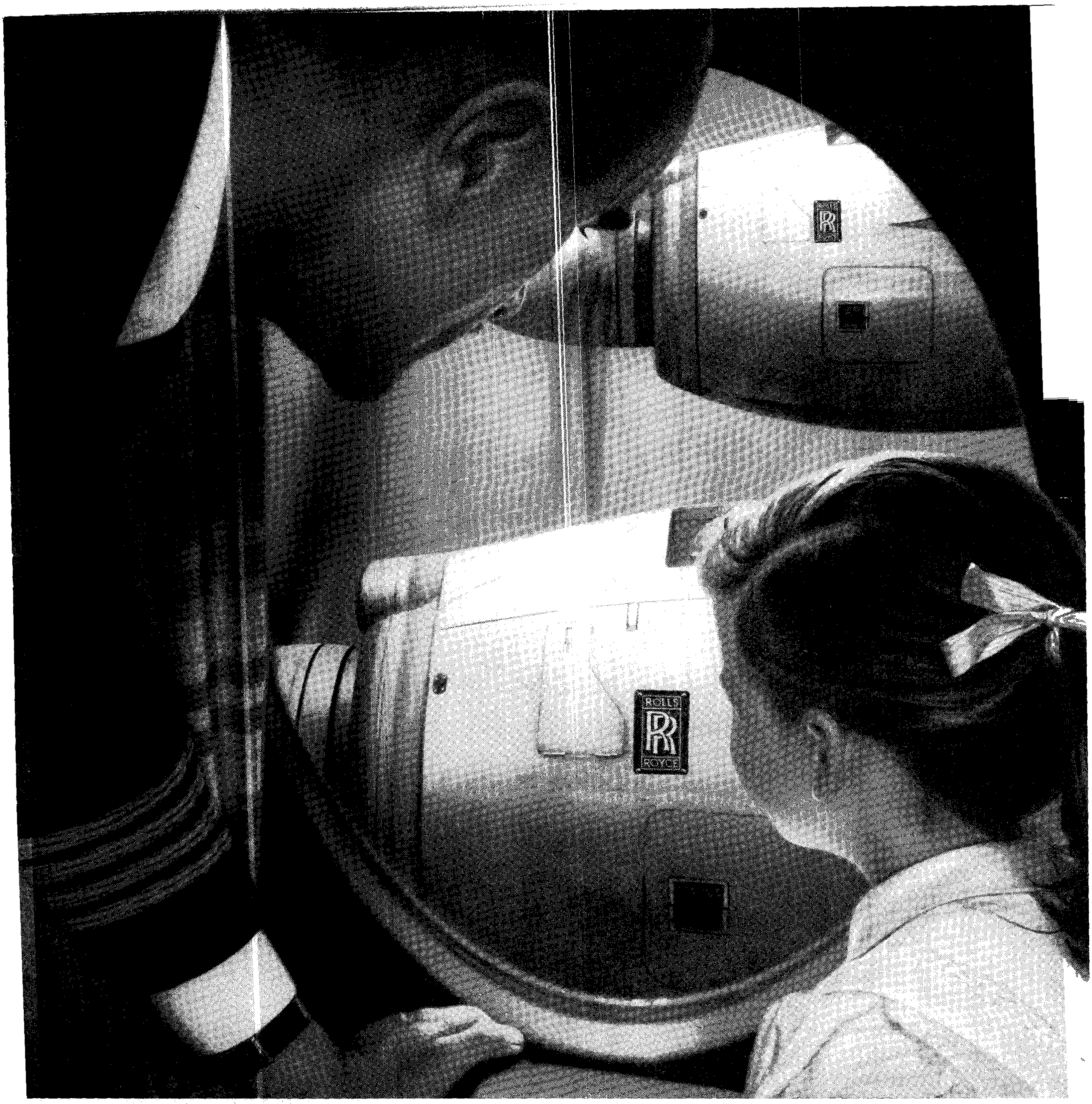
Note—The Rainbow Room is an ideal locale for summit conferences, since it's so far above the madding streets that all you can hear is the hushed non-dance music of Joseph Sudy's trio. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Still, after all these years, a green pasture for the taking of ease, nourishment, and sedate but knowledgeable piano. The summer-holiday pianist is John Kelley, Jr., who's on duty from cocktails through supper; Vincent Limoli is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The mixture is varied—fresh-water pearls with their first beaux, lifetime nighthawks out (or in) for the air. The professional part of the roundelay is the piano of Dr. Al Mello, a youthful healer who has turned from Band-Aids to both soulful and upbeat music as a curative. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): College and beach-club reunions practically *in perpetuum.* They necessitate a great deal of piano, both solo flights and teamwork, by the innkeeper (Goldie Hawkins) and Wayne Sanders, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the reunionists. The first chord is struck at five. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, which deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid. Sam Hamilton puts music to her words. Miss Mercer arrives around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS ROOM,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk, a Regency *régisseur* if ever there was one, has transplanted his living room from Sixth Avenue and has upholstered it in a manner that could give pointers to a good many interior decorators. Further amusement is offered by Alice Ghostley, a lighthearted and lightheaded intoner of handmade lyrics, plus the piano of Don Evans and Carl Norman. Zero hour for the bar is five; for the sound it's nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Music, music everywhere, and just about all night long, from a posse of violinists (led by Theo Fanidi) who ebb and flow in accordance with the immutable laws governing the mystique of strolling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Florence—peaceful old Florence before it was punctuated by backfiring Vespas and Lambrettas—reëstablished by Arturo Sacco, for nearly a generation the major-domo of the Blue Angel. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there are ingenious songs by Dean Sheldon (one hand on a bongo drum, the other on the heartstrings). Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templars, or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state of décor. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in miniature, and some of its indigenous arts—cookery, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this odd little art gallery, the free souls of Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is fond of jump tunes, start singing at their work. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Reopens on Tuesday, Aug. 12, to resume its





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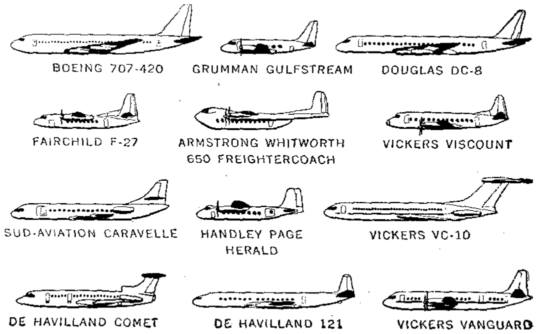
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seminar on how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. At frequent intervals, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's rambling piano music. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Reopening on Monday, Aug. 11, once more to dispense piano, small talk, and an extremely relaxed version of the way things are in the Village bars. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Saturday and Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has someone scampering up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A ten-pound *bon-voyage* candy box, equipped for dining at low speed to the accompaniment of rhapsodic assaults on a piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): On a flight deck big enough for an aircraft carrier, there's a vast and happy-go-lucky hurly-burly of showgirls, showboys, dancers, singers, jesters, and whatnot, never straying far from the basic theme, which is that God created Woman. The best dancers are the superb tandem of François and Giselle Szony. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

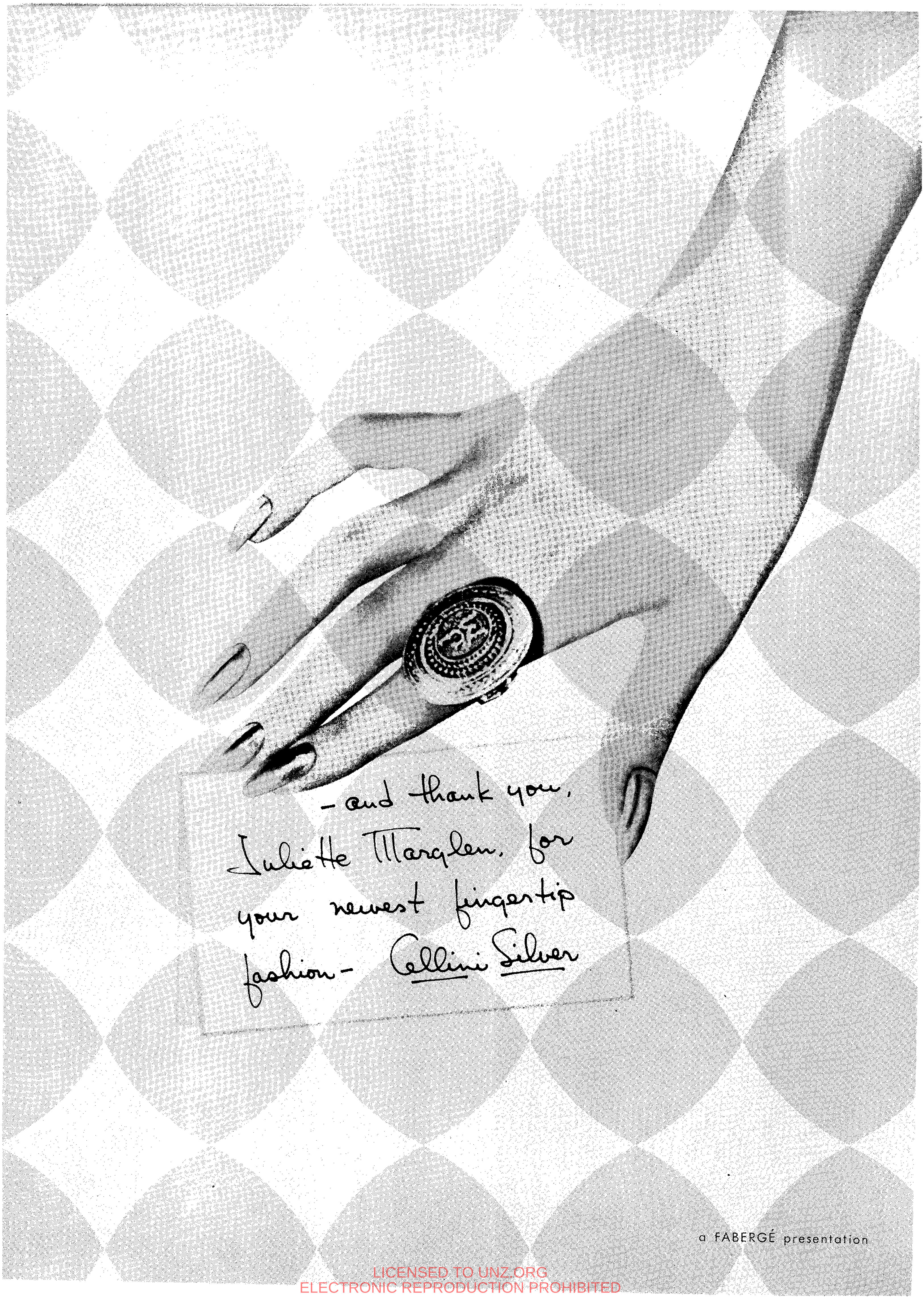
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The human comedy, a play in innumerable acts composed (and performed in) by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, comes close to perfection in their hot little hands. There is further gallimaufry by Dorothy Loudon, a girl quite at home with some of the wildest nonsense ballads of our time; by the Buffalo Bills, who could get a job doing "Sweet Adeline" in any barbershop; and by Reneaux, a magician capable of passing some rather neat miracles. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are their background. Closes Saturday, Aug. 9, for vacation time. The lounge, where there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty, shuts up shop the same night. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An evening of catch-as-catch-can. The cast includes Mae Barnes, who can stun any ditty into insensibility; Felicia Sanders, singing songs that are gems of emotional crisis; Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and their dishevelled music; and Jimmie Daniels, decanter of man-of-the-world ballads. The rest-period pianist is Murray Grand. Sunday, Aug. 10, everyone graduates; no more school until September. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for the Troupers, who go the uneven tenor and soprano of their way through a cluster of songs and jests twice a night, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. They are off Sundays, when old movies take their place. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Just about the littlest stopover on the little-theatre circuit, and sort of helter-skelter. The revue it houses has, along with some flotsam and jetsam, several moments of pure joy. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): It could be a hideaway in Port Said or merely a figment of almost anyone's imagination. Amidst an amiable, not to say prankish, décor, there is music from time to time, mainly by Anita Sheer, a flamenco singer and guitarist of neatness and dispatch. Dead silence Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are all men who love their job, which is the production of the unbleached, yard-wide music of yesteryear. Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, one of the few singers worthy of the trio run by Jimmy Jones from the piano, is embroidering the new jazz with some of the finest petitpoint and counterpoint. Mose Allison runs the alternate trio. Sundays there are matinées, four to seven-thirty, in addition to the nighttime sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The only suitable master of ceremonies for this concatenation of heraldry and armorial gimcrackery is Prince Valiant, at present on the road. In his stead, ensconced in the center of the pictorial melee, are the protean Australian Jazz Quintet, wafted across the Pacific by such unusual trade woodwinds as the flute and the contrabassoon, and the outgoing quartet of Peter Appleyard, a triple-threat Britisher (vibes, drums, and piano). Freddie Lamb is now in charge of this foundation to improve the breed of jazz musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The junior varsity, co-captained by Doc Cheatham, Eddie Barefield, and Eddie Gibbs, will leave the field on Saturday, Aug. 9; the regulars—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and others of the faith (unreconstructed jazz)—will return on Monday, Aug. 11. Don Frye will keep on being the intermission pianist, and visiting brass will keep on shooting the evening breeze every Monday. The shop is shut Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A display window for the trio of the skillful Marian McPartland, running a modern gamut from picturesque to pithy, and the threesome of Bernard Peiffer, whose centipede cadenzas could shake any piano to its foundations. The McPartlands stay away Sundays, the Peiffers Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Devoted to those who are eager to fall under the swing and sway (if any) of the new music. The spellbinding is now being done by Johnny Richards' orchestra and Jimmy Forrest's quintet. Their last night is Wednesday, Aug. 13. Next evening, Chris Connor's flutter-tongued ballads and Sonny Rollins' hard-bop fury will become the floor show. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, shows that East and West have a common meeting ground when the subject is progressive piano. She is Nipponese, her sidemen are local boys. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is just what you'd expect to find rollicking on this Village green. Its roots are in the past. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Claude Hopkins, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, and Pee Wee Erwin join forces with the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The pet sport of the beer-and-pretzels customers is turning time backward in its flight to an era they're too young to remember. Among the familiar faces on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, should be Willie the Lion Smith, Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In case you can't tell who's on first because of the uproar in the stands, the players, at the moment, are the Gene Rogers trio. On Friday, Aug. 8, the firepower will be augmented by George Shearing's quintet, whose presence should diminish that uproar. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. Other faces, other paces on Sundays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Tony Scott, one of the Angry Young Clarinets, is driving his quintet at a furious clip around a small and amiable arena. He and his crew will leave on Thursday, Aug. 7; Lennie Tristano's quartet will take over next evening. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this Village apothecary. The soothsayers on the stand are Thelonious Monk, a Surrealist poet of the piano, and his fivesome. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in.... **GOTHIC ROOM,** Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): After ten, a youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area. Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket who's there Fridays and Saturdays, is in charge of the lyrics department. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Philip Evergood, Robert Gwathmey, Alton Pickens, Moses Soyer, and others; through Aug. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 2 to 5.)... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The eleventh annual travelling exhibition, consisting of paintings by Margit Beck, William Chaiken, Tom Clancy, and others; through Friday, Aug. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Jane Wasey, Tom Hardy, George Rickey, Humbert Albrizio, and others; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)... **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 22.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors over the years, from fifteenth-century French and Italian works to present-day American ones, and including examples by Delacroix, Boucher, Fragonard, and Homer; through Aug. 29.... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 29.

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A summer loan exhibition of a hundred and forty-five privately owned paintings, dating from Veronese and El Greco to Braque and Picasso; through Sept. 1.... ¶ Prints by Jacques Callot (1592-1635) and Honoré Daumier (1808-79); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum is tentatively scheduled to reopen on Oct. 8.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Audrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Childe Hassam, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from all over the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1958," consisting of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by undergraduates of ten schools and, to mark the tenth anniversary of this series, current examples by selected 1948 graduates; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.)... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: "Pleasures of Summer" is the theme of a loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and screens, ranging from early Chinese to modern American; through Monday, Aug. 11.... ¶ Garden sculpture in wood, stone, and metal by such Long Island artists as Ibram Lassaw, Day Schnabel, and Wilfred Zogbaum; through Sept. 6.... ¶ An invitation exhibition of paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists of the region, including Julian Levi, Alexander Brook, and Balcomb Greene; starting Saturday, Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)... **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: The twelfth annual jury show (paintings and sculptures); through Sunday, Aug. 10.... ¶ A mixed-mediums show; starting Thursday, Aug. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **NEW CANAAN, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: Works by five young new members, plus paintings by Emma Ehrenreich and sculptures by Alma Kline; through Wednesday, Aug. 13.... ¶ Water colors by Arnold Thurm; through Aug. 20. (Daily, 12:30 to 5:30.)... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, sculptures by John B. Flannagan, aquatints by Mary Cassatt, and sculptures and paintings by "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.)... ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Gladys Rockmore Davis, Gordon Grant, and Xavier Gonzalez are among the artists represented in a showing of oils, water colors, and temperas; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Chrysler Art Museum: The newly opened museum of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., containing seventy-six paintings (from Hieronymus Bosch and Lucas Cranach to Picasso and Hans Hofmann) and a number of sculptures (by Renoir, Degas, Rodin, and others); through Sept. 30. (Daily, 10 to 9.)... ¶ HCE Gallery: Louise Nevelson, Chaim Gross, William King, and other sculptors; through Wednesday, Aug. 13.... ¶ Jack Tworkov, Gandy Brodie, Miles Forst, and other painters; starting Thursday, Aug. 14. (Daily, 11 to 6 and 8 to 10.) ... **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Part III of the thirty-eighth annual exhibition, comprising works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Iver Rose, Aldro T. Hibbard, and Elias Newman; starting Saturday, Aug. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15. Pedro Sanjuan will share in the conducting on Sunday, Aug. 10.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Murray Panitz, flute. (Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30. In the event of rain, this concert will take place in the Universalist Church, Central Park W. at 76th St.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting an orchestra made up of members of the New York Philharmonic and the Symphony of the Air in a series of four free symphony concerts. (Every Thursday during the month of August at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Madison Square Park Concerts—Richard Himber and his orchestra, with Dolores Dauphine, soprano, and Guy Pastor, baritone, presenting a series of free one-hour pop concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 12:30; through Aug. 22. "West Side Story" singers Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert will be guest soloists on Friday, Aug. 8.)

Washington Square Park Concerts—Robert Scholz conducting the American Chamber Orchestra, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin. The second in a series of four free chamber-music concerts. (Monday, Aug. 11, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Sq. S.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 7, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by the various student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, a lawn party, a concert by the Boston Symphony (conducted by Eleazar de Carvalho and Richard Burgin, with Aaron Copland, piano) and the Boston Pops (conducted by Arthur Fiedler), door prizes, and waltzing on the lawn. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Berl Senofsky, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, Aug. 9, at 3:30: Richard Dyer-Bennet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: The George Shearing Quintet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: The Four Freshmen. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Max Roach and the Boston Percussion Ensemble. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Final performances of the season—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Maureen Forrester, contralto. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: The Melissa Hayden Dance Quartet. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: A jazz concert by Wilbur de Paris and his new New Orleans Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra in an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Frank Glazer, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3: Howard Hanson conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30: Walter Hendl conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting a program of music from "Kiss Me, Kate," with soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting; no soloists. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Connecticut Pops Concerts—Evan Whallon conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, with Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Janna Dawson, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 10, at 4.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 8, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 9, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe and Dom DiMaggio, Bobby Doerr, and other stars of the 1946 Red Sox team and the 1947 Yankee team, will start at 1:30); and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday, Aug. 11, at 2 and 8, and Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Aug. 8: Ace Armstrong vs. Rory Calhoun, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13: Mickey Crawford vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Curtis Cup Matches. (Brae Burn Country Club, Newton, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17.)

Horse Shows—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ Sunnyfield Farm Horse Show. (Bedford Village, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **meadow brook club**, Jericho. . . . **blind brook polo club**, Purchase.

Racing—At **saratoga springs:** Weekdays at 2; through Wednesday, Aug. 27. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 9; the Grand Union Hotel, Wednesday, Aug. 13; the Test, Friday, Aug. 15; and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 16. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Thursday, Aug. 7, through Saturday, Oct. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Montgomery Airport, Montgomery, N.Y.: Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 16-17.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 11-16.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup American Zone Final: United States vs. Argentina. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 15-17.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.) . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, Aug. 16, through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The daily papers will be your best source of news on just what is taking place in the Security Council these days. Visitors may attend some of its meetings, as well as regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 11-13, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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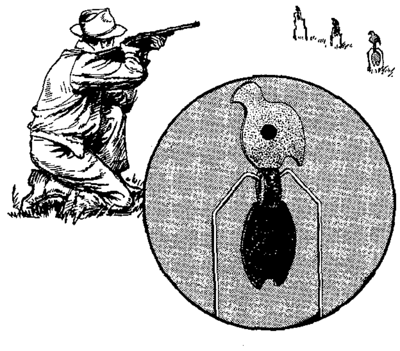
Sportsmen know that hunting traditionally starts at A&F. We have the gear for week ends or safaris.



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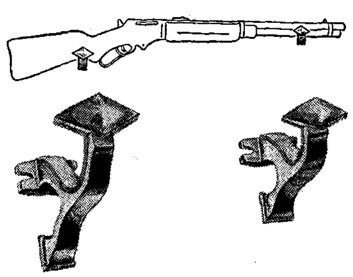

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny review of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine, and the scenic effects are tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday *mornings* at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which depicts the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers brilliant photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a topnotch French film that describes natural childbirth in terms at once informative and dramatic. Mr. Gabin is cast as a doctor trying to get the idea of painless parturition across to the peasants of a French Alpine village, and Miss Courcel as a young pregnant woman who subscribes to his theories. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 10-12, tentative.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling acting by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermoine Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. *Nightly* at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As an account of how the seagoing tugs of the British Navy salvaged merchantmen damaged by the Germans in the Second World War, this Anglo-American picture, which was directed by Carol Reed, has much to recommend it. On the other hand, the plot, having to do with a young woman who feels obligated to give herself to a series of tugboat captains because she thinks it is the least she can do in memory of her deceased tugboating sweetheart, doesn't make much sense. Sophia Loren plays the mixed-up lady, and William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are among the gallant tars. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

No Time for Sergeants—An excellent knockabout comedy in which Andy Griffith is remarkably good as a Southern hillbilly who makes the Air Force rue the day it took him on as a private. Adapted by John Lee Mahin from the novel by Mac Hyman and the play by Ira Levin, the picture also has the valuable services of Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, James Milhollan, and several other sound performers. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Aug. 13, tentative.)

Rouge et Noir—Perhaps the life and times of Julien Sorel aren't projected in this French film quite as effectively as they were in the Stendhal novel it is based on, but it still has some of the wit and perfection of the original. Done in color, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi giving charming portrayals of the major roles, and an admirable supporting cast. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Ten Commandments—What things might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through Aug. 12.)

Witness for the Prosecution—Charles Laughton giving a gaudy and compelling performance as an English barrister defending a young man who is accused of knocking off an old lady. Based on the play by Agatha Christie, the movie was adapted for the screen by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz, and the cast includes Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Aug. 13, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 10-12.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Bread, Love, and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 12-13.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) blocking the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

Love in the Afternoon (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 10-11.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 10-11.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

The Quiet One (1949)—The documentary story of a young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, Raymond Massey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Twilight for the Gods," Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE KEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère, Joan Fontaine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Rock-A-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"La Parisienne" (in English), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
From Aug. 13 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 12: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**
From Aug. 13: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
From Aug. 13 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Aug. 12: "King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones; and "The Colossus of New York," John Baragrey, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 13: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Tale of Two Cities," Dirk Bogarde, Dorothy Tutin.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 12: "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins; and "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Aug. 13: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE KEY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Law and Disorder," Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
From Aug. 13 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 13: "The Constant Husband," revival, Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Aug. 12: "King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones; and "The Colossus of New York," John Baragrey, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 13: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Aug. 9 (tentative): "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak.
Aug. 10-12 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French); and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.
From Aug. 13 (tentative): **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
From Aug. 13 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 12: "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins; and "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Aug. 13: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 12: "King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones; and "The Colossus of New York," John Baragrey, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 13: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 9: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "Time Without Pity," revival, Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
Aug. 10-11: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival.
Aug. 12-13: **BREAD, LOVE, AND DREAMS** (in Italian), revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 12 (tentative): "The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "The Smallest Show on Earth," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.
From Aug. 13 (tentative): "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
ROUGE ET NOIR (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 12: "King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones; and "The Colossus of New York," John Baragrey, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 13: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 9: "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.
Aug. 10-12: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.
From Aug. 13: "The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "The Smallest Show on Earth," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Aug. 12: "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins; and "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Aug. 13: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lovers and Thieves" (in French), Jean Poiret, Michel Serrault.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 12: "The Light in the Forest," Fess Parker, Wendell Corey.
From Aug. 13: "White Wilderness," a Walt Disney nature film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Aug. 11: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.
From Aug. 12, at 8:30: "The Matchmaker," Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Beth David Hospital. For information about tickets, call LO 4-7800.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 12: "King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones; and "The Colossus of New York," John Baragrey, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 13: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 12: **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival; and "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.
From Aug. 13: "Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Designing Woman," revival, Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall.

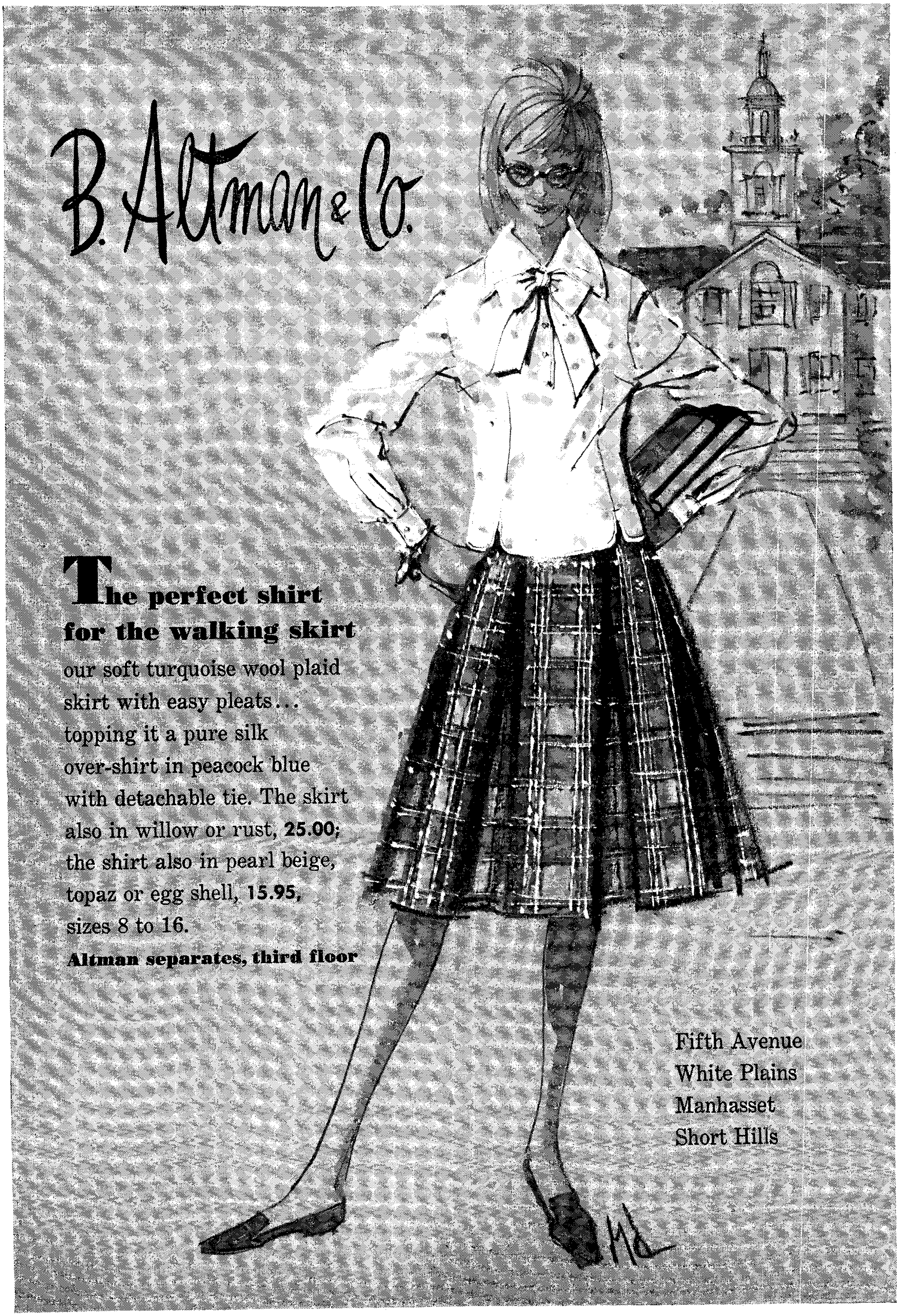
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 7: "Festival in Moscow," a documentary film; and "Marriage" and "Jubilee" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Aug. 8: **BREAD, LOVE, AND DREAMS** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** (in French), revival.
Aug. 9: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **THE QUIET ONE**, revival.
Aug. 10: "Madame Butterfly" (in Italian; formerly called "The Dream of Butterfly"), revival; and "The Grand Concert" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
Aug. 11: "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe; and "An Inspector Calls," revival, Alastair Sim, Eileen Moore.
Aug. 12: **THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.
Aug. 13: Eight short films of the dance—"Lament," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Birth of a Ballet," and such.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 12: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**; and "Quantrill's Raiders," Steve Cochran.
From Aug. 13: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Aug. 12: "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Naked Eye," revival, a documentary film on photography, narrated by Raymond Massey.
From Aug. 13: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 12: "King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones; and "The Colossus of New York," John Baragrey, Mala Powers.
From Aug. 13: "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray; and "Street of Sinners," George Montgomery, Geraldine Brooks.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 12: "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins; and "Stage Struck," Henry Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Aug. 13: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens; and "Voice in the Mirror," Richard Egan, Julie London.



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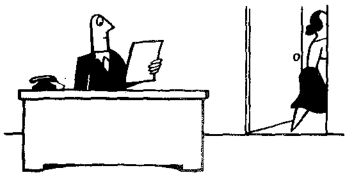
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours who works in the Library of Congress has just forwarded us a partial list of the international organizations that send reports of their meetings to Washington, and that drive him daft. Here we go:



International Association of Seed Crushers
Association of Inner Wheel Clubs
Friends of the Pleistocene
International Committee for Silent Games
Little Europeans Club of Paris
Hot Laboratories and Equipment Conference
Third Way Movement
International Symposium on Passivity
Society for the Abolition of Blasphemy Laws
International Union for Protecting Public Morality
The Independent Order
International Initiative Committee
Symposium on Responsibility
International Scientific and Technical Organization of Gliding
International Union for the Study of Social Insects
Scrap Metal Users' Joint Bureau
Conferences on Present Status and Future of Darwinian Evolution
International Association of Crafts and Small and Medium-Sized Enterprises
Congrès International pour le Latin Vivant
Amies de la Jeune Fille
International Congress of Surface Activity
Permanent International Committee of Underground Town Planning

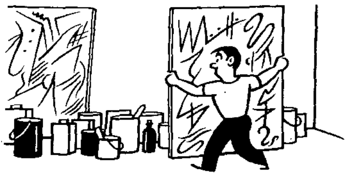
We could keep right on, but enough is enough.

Abstraction

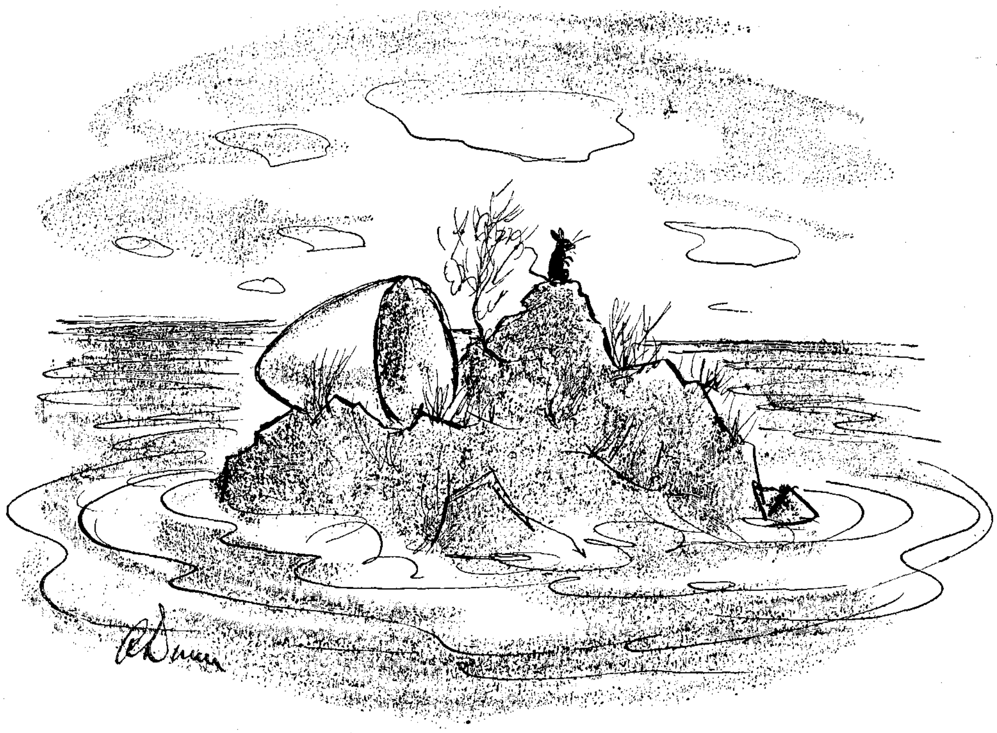
WE have had a talk with Robert Kobayashi, a stocky, shy, dark-haired thirty-three-year-old nisei, who works from nine to five-thirty as a gardener at the Museum of Modern Art and spends as much of his free time as possible painting abstractions. And thereby hangs a tale. On the day of the fire at the Museum, April 15th, Kobayashi loafed around his apartment, at 106th Street and Madison Avenue, for a while, playing with his three-year-old daughter, Lola, and chatting with his wife, Nanae, who was pregnant. In the middle of the morning, he drifted down to the Museum, picked up his pay check (the fire was on a Tuesday, and Tuesday, besides being a day off for him, is payday at the Museum), went across the street to the Donnell Library Center to look up something about flowering shrubs that was bothering him, and then walked around the midtown area, window-shopping. He was faintly aware that a good many fire trucks were whizzing past him, their bells clanging and their sirens screeching. He got back home sometime during the afternoon, and was playing with Lola when his phone rang. It was a friend, who told him that there had been a terrible fire at the Museum, and that two large paintings by Kobayashi had last been seen in the garden—along with the Seurats that had been on exhibit—about to be hoisted on a truck. Kobayashi lay down on his bed, and did not return to the Museum until Friday. "I was afraid they would scold me," he said. "I'd never told them I kept my pictures there."

Kobayashi came to the Museum about four years ago, to help with the installation of the Japanese house in the garden, and stayed on as a gardener. A Samaritan who lived on West Sixty-fifth Street lent him the hall outside her apartment for use as a studio. It was on the top floor and had a skylight, which made it a good place for painting. There he painted four abstractions, the first of which he called "Through Fumi's Eyes." (He has a sister named Fumi.) Two of the others have titles that he doesn't remember, and the fourth was never named at all. He gave two of them away and entered the other two in the 1957 John Hay Whitney Foundation Competition. They did not win a prize, but last fall he entered five small paintings in the Foundation's 1958 contest, and he won twenty-five hundred dollars with them. "The prize comes in three installments and is tax-free," he said. "The winners are economy-size pictures."

Well, to return to the Samaritan, she eventually told Kobayashi that he could no longer make use of the hallway for painting, and he was stuck with two abstractions, six feet wide and five feet high. He brought them down from Sixty-fifth Street and began, squirrel-like, to store them in various spots around the Museum, leaving them in hideaways for a few weeks at a time—sometimes in a tool shed in the garden, sometimes in a basement paint shop, and finally near a fire door opening on the garden. Meanwhile, he kept asking his friends to give the paintings a home, but none of his friends had a place large enough. At the time the fire broke out, his pictures were scooped up, along with the Seurats, and removed to a safe place. When Kobayashi had the courage to return to the Museum, he was not scolded. "A nice lady there told me that my pictures were not damaged," he said. "Nobody was angry at me."



When we talked with Mr. Kobayashi, he was wearing blue work pants and a white T shirt, and was admiring some Japanese cryptomerias in the garden. "Even after the fire, I had trouble finding a place for those two pictures," he said. "I hid them on the mezzanine for a while, but they were discovered, and at last a friend with a place in the Village took them away for me. He cut the stretchers behind them, folded the can-



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vas back very carefully, and took them downtown by truck. I haven't had the courage to go see them. I have found a place to paint now on Fourteenth Street. My wife paints, too. Her paintings are Oriental; mine are not. She was born in Tokyo, and her maiden name was Momiyama. We have had another child, Anne, since the fire, and my wife talks Japanese to the children. I can't speak Japanese, but she talks English with me. My father was a postman, born in Honolulu, and my mother was born in Japan. I've never been there; I'd like to see the place—'*sayonara*' and all that stuff. I was born in Hawaii, loafed around poolrooms in Honolulu, and on the beach, and went into the Army, and to Germany. I started in the infantry and ended in the tank corps. I've studied art at the Honolulu School of Art and the Brooklyn Museum. I have fun with paint. I don't plan ahead. I'll put on some red and I'll put on some black, and people, who always think painters are profound, will say, 'Ah! It's Oriental! It's symbolic!' I don't dig that. I just put on as much paint as I can afford, and when I run out, I'm through. I'm beginning to wonder, with so many people seeing symbols in my work, maybe I'm sick inside, but I don't dig that.

"I don't know too much about gardening. It was a fluke, taking me on here. Every once in a while, I run over to the library and do some research on tulips, and feeding, and insecticides. The Museum will be closed all summer, but I keep the garden going, watch over the white birch, and handle new plants as they arrive. Those cryptomerias look mangy now, because the snow knocked off many branches in the winter, but they are beautiful trees, *beautiful* trees. Nanae and I can't paint in the same place. And now we have two kids, and it's the same thing—baby up all night, and all that. But all I want to do is paint and raise my kids. Lots of artists fail with the kids. They go hard after the fantasy and the dream, and they fail with the kids. I don't dig that."

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OVERHEARD at Fifty-ninth and Madison, on a midsummer Sunday morning, frail young lady to newsstand man: "Why don't they sell the *Times* the way they do chicken parts?"

Arthropod

OH, the resources of this prodigious city! Museums of this, libraries of that! Name the unlikeliest subject you can think of and the odds are that somewhere in New York there's a quiet corner devoted entirely to its study. One of the unlikeliest subjects *we* can think of is barnacles; needless to say, we've discovered that there's a Barnacle Library here. Consisting not of mere books but of the barnacles themselves, it occupies a rather dusty high-ceilinged room in the plant of the C. A. Woolsey Paint & Color Co., in Brooklyn, and the next time you're strolling about in the Red Hook section and feel an urge to examine pernicious crustaceans, stop in there and browse. That's what we did a few days ago, under the expert guidance of the curator, Mr. Richard J. Eckart, a Yale man and Woolsey vice-president, whose family has been in the paint business for three generations and who knows as much about barnacles as any other man living—maybe more.

Why does the Woolsey Company maintain a Barnacle Library? Because barnacles are the natural enemies of marine paint, and the more the Woolsey people find out about them the easier it will be to outwit them. At first glance, a barnacle might seem an unworthy adversary for a grown man, especially a grown Yale man, but we learned from Eckart that the human race has been battling barnacles for thousands of years and that the wily little fellows have yet to show signs of being winded, much less hurt. They've been successfully fouling ships for as long as ships have been built, and the amount of damage they do to American ships alone comes to millions of dollars a year. "We set up this library in 1940 in order to procure a complete record of the devilish things barnacles do to anti-fouling paint," Mr. Eckart said, not without bitterness. "Barnacles on the bottom of a ship can cut down its speed by as much as fifty per cent, at the same time increasing fuel consumption and causing the ship's machinery to wear out faster. They lead to a huge loss of time and money by making it necessary for ships to be periodically hauled out of the water for scraping and repainting. There are plenty of marine plants and animals that foul hulls, but barnacles are by far the worst, because they pull off the protective paint and, in the case of wooden hulls, give the teredo a chance to eat its way into the wood, or, in the case of steel hulls, encourage corrosion. Furthermore, all sorts of fouling accumulates on barnacles that wouldn't get a purchase on clean hulls."

What *is* a barnacle? Well, it's an aquatic arthropod, succinctly described by Thomas Huxley as "a crustacean fixed by its head and kicking the food into its mouth with its legs." In its larval stage, it resembles a crab; after a month of floating about underwater, it matures and gets a hankering to settle down, which it does on the first firm object it encounters—a rock, a piling, or, with luck, a hull. It fastens its head to the object with a cement of its own devising, and the food it kicks into its mouth consists of plankton and other minute morsels. Thriving in tropical waters, the barnacle is rare in the arctic and the antarctic, and is nonexistent in fresh water. Mr. Eckart told us that Chileans consider the fleshy parts of barnacles a delicacy, while in Japan barnacles are cultivated for use as manure. The biggest barnacle, *Balanus psittacus*, is about nine inches high and three inches in diameter; the Woolsey library has a *Balanus psittacus* that it uses as a container for cigarettes and matches. There are a hundred and fifty species of barnacle on file in the library, attached to panels that have been coated with anti-fouling paint, shipped to Woolsey agents in various corners of the world, immersed some eighteen inches below mean high water, and left there between six and ten months. By the end of that time, a representative collection of barnacles will have formed, or will have failed to form because the paint on the panel repelled them. "The panels you see here are really a record of paints that haven't worked," Eckart said. "Our triumphs are the panels that stayed smooth. Different kinds of barnacle problems must be solved in different ways. In our tests, we use panels made of wood, plywood, steel, various alloys, aluminum, and Fiberglas; contrary to what many people think, Fiberglas will foul as readily as wood or steel. Mankind has been trying to discourage barnacles at least since the time of Archimedes. Boats have been sheathed with cork, with rubber, even with a film of carbon; no use. Old sailors used to swear by tar, but that's no use, either. As far as we're concerned, we've found that paint with metallic copper and copper oxide added has the best anti-fouling properties, but we're always experimenting, always developing new formulas." Eckart gave us a stern, curatorial look. "The barnacle is hard to beat," he said. "Relax a moment and you're done for."

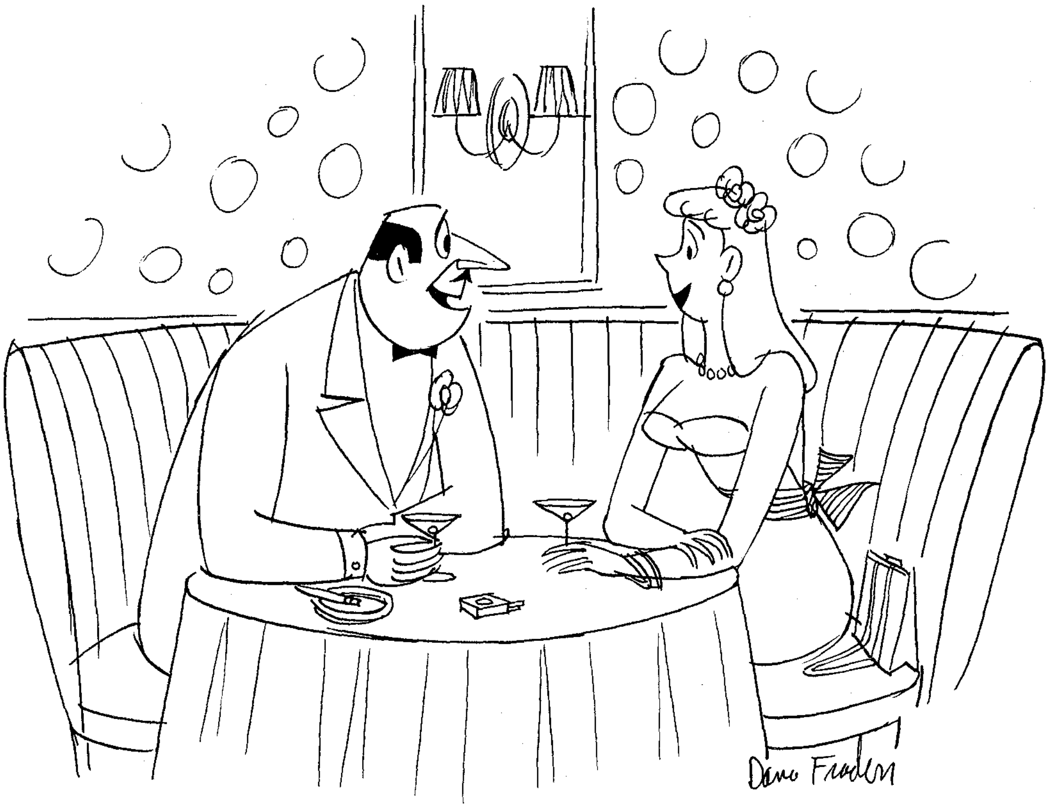
Misled

WE'VE just received word from the box office of a Connecticut summer-stock theatre where Shaw's "Misalliance" has been playing that an urgent request came in last week, obviously from a "My Fair Lady" buff. The applicant desired two tickets for "Miss Eliza."

Very Tiny

USED to be people in this country thought big. Now we hear that the new culture hero—following on the heels of the conquistador, the pioneer, the cowboy, the tycoon, the circus owner, the expatriate artist, the bootlegger, the movie star, the G.I., and the atomic scientist—is the miniaturizer. This cunning elf takes things and makes them so small they can be fitted even into our dinky satellites. Miniaturization, as this methodical diminution has been dubbed by an official of the National Bureau of Standards—of all outfits—goes back at least to the thirteenth century, when a cry went up for less cumbersome clocks. Its modern phase dates from 1948, with the invention of the transistor (two metal strips on a wafer of germanium or silicon), which is replacing the bulky, largely hollow vacuum tube in electronic instruments of all kinds. A few months ago, the first annual Miniaturization Award was presented to the Diamond Ordnance Fuze Laboratories, United States Ordnance Corps, Department of the Army, for their achievement in squeezing a transistor as big as a matchbook down to the size of a cuff link. The Miniaturization Award is sponsored by Miniature Precision Bearings, Inc., of Keene, New Hampshire, and we recently had a talk with the company's president, Horace D. Gilbert, a soft-voiced, graying man bigger than a cuff link but smaller than a tree. "The award drew entries from seventy companies," he said, "and I'd guess there are about ten times that number in the miniaturization field. The bulk of the industry is concerned, directly or indirectly, with computers or with instruments used in the control of missiles, but medical science also benefits. Miniaturizers are now working on an electrocardiograph small enough to be carried in a doctor's bag. One of the entries in the contest was a microphone the size of a grain of rice, to be inserted into the human heart. Some of the bearings my firm manufactures are used in new high-speed dental drills. We make better than half the miniature bearings in this country. A bearing qualifies as miniature when its diameter is below .375 of an inch. Our smallest bearings have an outside diameter of a tenth of an inch and an inside diameter of .009. The strips used on the new transistors measure .006 by .001. All this minuscule measurement has become too large a job for the National Bureau of Standards, and several private firms have recently gone into commercial measuring. [EDITORS' NOTE: We have had the dot over this "i" commercially measured. Its diameter is .0133 of an inch.]

"The machines making these parts," Mr. Gilbert went on, "naturally have to be hypersensitive. Many of them are even neurotic. They set up their own environment, with their own rhythm, temperature, and so on, and if they're turned off for a time, they go into a state of shock and perform erratical-



"My wife thinks I'm at a Maffia meeting."

ly. To combat this, some are kept running constantly, and a machine *can* be equipped with devices that turn it on and off now and then, and circulate its coolant, and shake the table it sits on, and do whatever else is necessary for its peace of mind. At Keene, the room where we assemble the finished ball bearings is called the White Room. A speck of dust can stop a miniature bearing the way a rock stops a wheelbarrow. All the room's air passes through filters, which remove any dust particles bigger than one-millionth of an inch—and a millionth of an inch is to an inch what 6.336 inches is to a hundred miles. Some gyroscopes in missiles have to be centered to within a quarter of a millionth of an inch. Anyway, in the White Room everyone wears a nylon smock and cap, and nobody is allowed to smoke, use pencils or tissues, or sneeze. One sneeze in the wrong place can ruin a whole day's work. The heat of a person's hand or of a sunbeam can expand a bearing measurably, so the workers wear gloves and the bearings never see sunlight. The workmen enter by three air locks, and a gelatinous mat removes dirt from the soles of their shoes. We handle the bearings with special tweezers and oil them with a hypodermic syringe. A day's total output may weigh only nine pounds. We use no more than five tons of steel a year, and four tons of that goes out again as leftover chips. However, a pound of the high-grade steel that we use costs five dollars and sixty-seven cents, whereas a pound of our bearings may cost a hundred and thirty thousand dollars. We ship them in hermetically sealed plastic strips, just like the strips that pills come in."

"What a coincidence," we said.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Gilbert said happily. "It's a small world."

Outspoken

A MATRONLY lady of our acquaintance, spending a summer on Martha's Vineyard, walked into an Edgartown drugstore and was confronted by a pair of quietly pleading dark eyes belonging to a local seven-year-old girl. Our matron was so touched by the lass that she promptly offered to buy her a strawberry-ice-cream soda. As the little girl sipped it in heartbreaking silence, our friend discovered that she had no money with her beyond a mess of tarnished pennies and a nickel or two. She pushed this pile of change over to the counterman, and as he was wearily counting and re-counting it, the little girl, sipping and watching intently, uttered her first words: "Stranger, your money's no good in this town."

Old Grad

KWAME NKRUMAH is by heritage a chief of the Nzima tribe, on the Gold Coast of Africa; by election the first Prime Minister of the new African nation of Ghana; by vocation a revolutionary dedicated to the liberation of all Africa from colonial rule; and by general consent a world figure who symbolizes the entrance of the colored peoples onto the stage of world affairs. He is also a loyal member of the class of '39 of Lincoln University—a predominantly Negro university near Oxford, Pennsylvania—who has been heard to wonder what his classmates ever saw in him when they voted him "the most interesting man on campus," and who, according to his Minister of Information, Kofi Baako, still speaks very often of dear old Lincoln U. when he's back home in Accra. When he came to New York last week, after spending several days discussing affairs of state in Washington, as the guest of President Eisenhower, the first function he attended here was a Lincoln alumni reunion, and it was in the surprising role of affable old grad that he told us about his early life on the Gold Coast.

The reunion was held in an elegant mirrored suite at the Waldorf. When we arrived, the Prime Minister was not yet there, but about fifty Lincoln alumni—middle-aged, paunchy, and fairly prosperous-looking men, for the most part—were gathered in the room, along with a sprinkling of wives and children. Some of the men were reminiscing about their old schoolmate. In general, they remembered him as quiet and friendly, but dedicated. "He seemed to have something on his mind in those days. Now we know what it was," one classmate said.

"I was in the Philosophy Club with him, and I always thought he was tops," put in a jovial tan-colored man in a light-gray suit.

A handsome dark-skinned man recalled that he had been the president of the Phi Beta Sigma fraternity when Nkrumah joined it. "Ours was the smallest fraternity on the campus then," he said. "He told me that that was why he was joining it—so he could cast in his lot with the underdog."

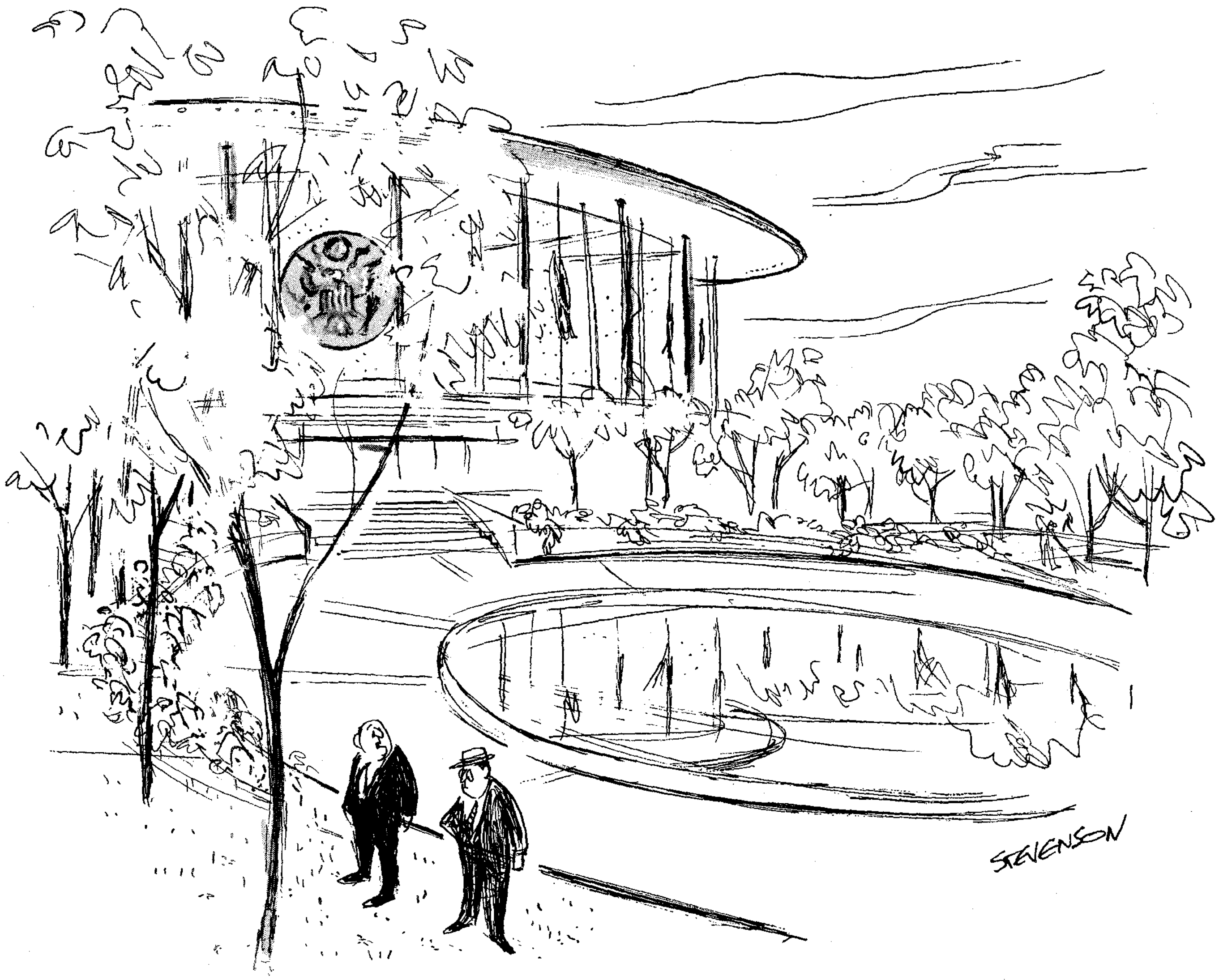
We met a slim, pretty woman named Mrs. John Davis, who said that she had worked in the university library with Nkrumah. "He was always reading books when he should have been shelving them," she said. "Someone reported this to the head librarian—Dr. Robert Labaree, who had been a missionary and who took a great interest in Nkrumah. Instead of being annoyed, Dr. Labaree seemed very pleased. 'He's reading the books?' he said. 'That's good, that's very good. Don't disturb him.' "

We joined another group, where a plump, bouncy man, wearing a flowered tie, was saying to his companions, "Remember the time Nkrumah scolded Haile Selassie in the dorm for using jive talk?"

Puzzled, we asked when the Lion of Judah had attended Lincoln.

The others laughed. "That was just this fellow's *nickname*," said the man in the flowered tie. "Good old Haile Selassie. I forget his real name. He played football—came from New Jersey. I wonder what ever happened to him."

We had no chance to find out any more about Haile Selassie, for just then Kwame Nkrumah and his entourage came into the room, and everybody turned toward him and applauded. He responded with a broad grin and a wave of the hand, and then began moving around the room, shaking hands with all and greeting them affectionately. A man of medium size, he was not dressed in the colorful flowing *kente* in which he is often photographed but was wearing a gray business suit. From a thong about his wrist hung a red-and-brown striped cane, which we were told is the insigne of a Nzima chieftain. Nkrumah has a serene, remarkably gentle face, the color of the cocoa his country grows, with a high forehead, rimmed by a cowl of black, fuzzy hair, which he says is his distinguishing characteristic. (He has written in his autobiography that whenever he wants to go incognito, he wears a cap that hides his forehead.) He is forty-eight, or perhaps forty-five; he doesn't know for sure, because in the mud-and-wattle village where he was born nobody kept an accurate record of infants' births. The only certainty about the date of his birth is that it took place on a Saturday; otherwise he wouldn't be called Kwame. If he had been born on a Friday, he would have been called Kofi, and if on a Sunday his name would have been Kwesi. He was, he thinks, about twenty-six when he left Africa to attend Lincoln University, which he had heard about while he was at the Prince of Wales College, in Achimota, on the Gold Coast. Before he left, his mother gave him a detailed



"This is terrible! Hop over to the Russian Pavilion and see if *they* *have crab grass, too."*

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account of his ancestry, demonstrating that he could lay claim to two Nzima chieftainships. He wrote down carefully everything she told him, and carried these genealogical notes with him all the time that he was in America, until he lost them in a New York subway. He was in the United States for ten years, during which he did postgraduate work at Lincoln, and also at the University of Pennsylvania. Having no resources, he held menial jobs in Harlem during the summers—fish peddler, laborer in a soap factory, dishwasher, waiter. There were times when he was so broke that he slept in the subways and got his meals and his haircuts at Father Divine's heavens. Inevitably, as a Negro, he encountered racial discrimination, but he recalls his years in the United States as an inspiration to him. In 1945, he went to England, where he began to agitate for West African liberation, and two years later he returned to his home country. He suffered a year in prison there, for sedition, before he came to power and won freedom for Ghana.

At the Waldorf reunion, Nkrumah moved about the room informally, bantering with some, clapping others on the back, breaking easily into laughter. He asked one of his old friends how many children he had now. When the friend replied "Four," Nkrumah struck his forehead and said, "I'm going to have to go some to catch up with you. I just got married last year, you know."

"I know," the other said, laughing. "Some of us had been wondering when you were going to get around to it."

"What ever became of old Bob?" somebody asked.

"He's in Ghana now," Nkrumah said. "Came over there a while ago and started an insurance company. He's doing well."

After about three-quarters of an hour of this, Nkrumah went to the front of the room to give an account of how things are going in Ghana. "I don't want to make a speech," he said. "I'm just going to talk the way we used to in our dormitory bull sessions." When he had finished, someone called out "Let's sing the Alma Mater!" and the group began:

"Dear Lincoln,
Dear Lincoln,
Thy sons will e'er be true . . ."

As they sang, the Prime Minister stood with his eyes downcast, trying his best to remember his old school song. He didn't do especially well, but he came out loud and strong with "Hail, hail Lincoln!" at the windup.

Big Time

A FRIEND in the construction business reports, with professional admiration, a piece of large-scale thinking on the part of Jehovah's Witnesses. At the start of their convention here, our friend received a phone call from a male Witness in charge of commissary planning. He wished to know if he might rent a clean cement mixer to toss salads in for the meals served to the multitudes at Yankee Stadium. Unfortunately, our friend says, he didn't have a new one at the moment.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Charles Schnee,
Columbia Pictures Corporation,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Schnee:

I AM delighted to be able to inform you that your problem of casting the five leading roles in your forthcoming film of "The Image Makers" has been solved. This problem, so vividly and challengingly outlined by you in your full-page advertisement in the *New York Times Magazine* for Sunday, July 20th, caught my eye at about one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, which, up to that moment, had been notable only for bright sunshine and a cool northwest breeze. I was lying on the chaise on my back porch, enjoying a late cup of coffee over the papers, and wondering lazily whether I should try to get up a little tennis for the afternoon or take the children swimming. Two minutes later, I was sitting bolt upright with your advertisement before me and my eyes starting from my head. Now, three days later, the broken glass from our French doors has been swept up, the scorched corner of our living-room sofa has been covered with an antimacassar extemporized from a hand towel, and the insurance adjuster has just left. But your casting problems are over, and I am content.

Or, rather, I *will be* content if you accept my recommendations for "The Image Makers." In fact, the insurance man, after examining the items mentioned above (along with our trampled rhododendron bed, the broken brassie from my set of matched golf clubs, and the dent in the samovar that Aunt Helen brought us from Istanbul), has just made it entirely clear to me that I'd better write you posthaste and make sure that you *do* accept my choices for your picture. That way, you see, all these claims can be paid for under the "Legitimate Business Enterprise" clause of my policy, instead of being written off under that tricky "Personal Irresponsibility and Willful Damage" proviso, in paragraph 6-b. I'm sure you will understand as soon as I make the amusing circumstances clear.

YOUR
NEW ENGLAND
VACATION

"Just how nearby is 'nearby golf'?"

Let's go back to that Sunday afternoon. When I had read your advertisement two or three times, with a growing sense of participatory excitement, I called my wife out from the kitchen. "Listen to this," I said. "Charles Schnee, of Columbia Pictures, wants our help in casting 'The Image Makers.' "

"Does he?" she replied indifferently. "Do you feel like having the chicken now, or shall we have it for dinner and just eat a salad or something for lunch?"

"No, listen to this," I insisted. "Schnee says he was reading this novel called 'The Image Makers,' by Bernard V. Dryer, and after only fifteen pages, he said to himself, 'This novel's got life—this guy can really write.' Then he decided he *had* to make it into a picture. Then 'fifty fascinating pages later' he thought, 'Who do I get to play the leads?' "

"What have you got there—the *Journal-American*?" my wife asked. "Are you feeling all right?"

"No, it's the *Times*. Now, pay attention. Then, he says, he had a better idea. 'Why not have *you*—the people ultimately most concerned—tell me who should play the leads?' "

"Oh, it's a contest. Why didn't you say so? Well, maybe I'll get around to it after dinner tonight." She picked up my empty coffee cup and started back to the kitchen.

"No, it's *not* a contest," I said. "He says right here, 'It's not a contest. I am not putting up prizes.' He has a form at the bottom of the page where he describes these five characters and asks us to tell him who should play each part. And then, up above, he says, 'Casting a picture takes imagination. Use yours! Imagine the bristling backgrounds of Dryer's story! Paris, its salons and boulevards. Connecticut and its amoral exurbanite colonies. Algeria and Morocco exploding in today's headlines. Tangier, where two continents kiss, warily. A screenful of glamorous or dangerous worlds—all in collision.' "

At this moment, Mr. Schnee, I paused and noticed that your prose had taken hold. My wife had put down the coffee cup, and had seated herself in the rattan chair and was lighting a cigarette. "I don't see why they always say that *Connecticut* exurbs are so amoral," she said. "Seems to me that some of the people right around here are just as—you know—as that Westport bunch. Why, just last week—"

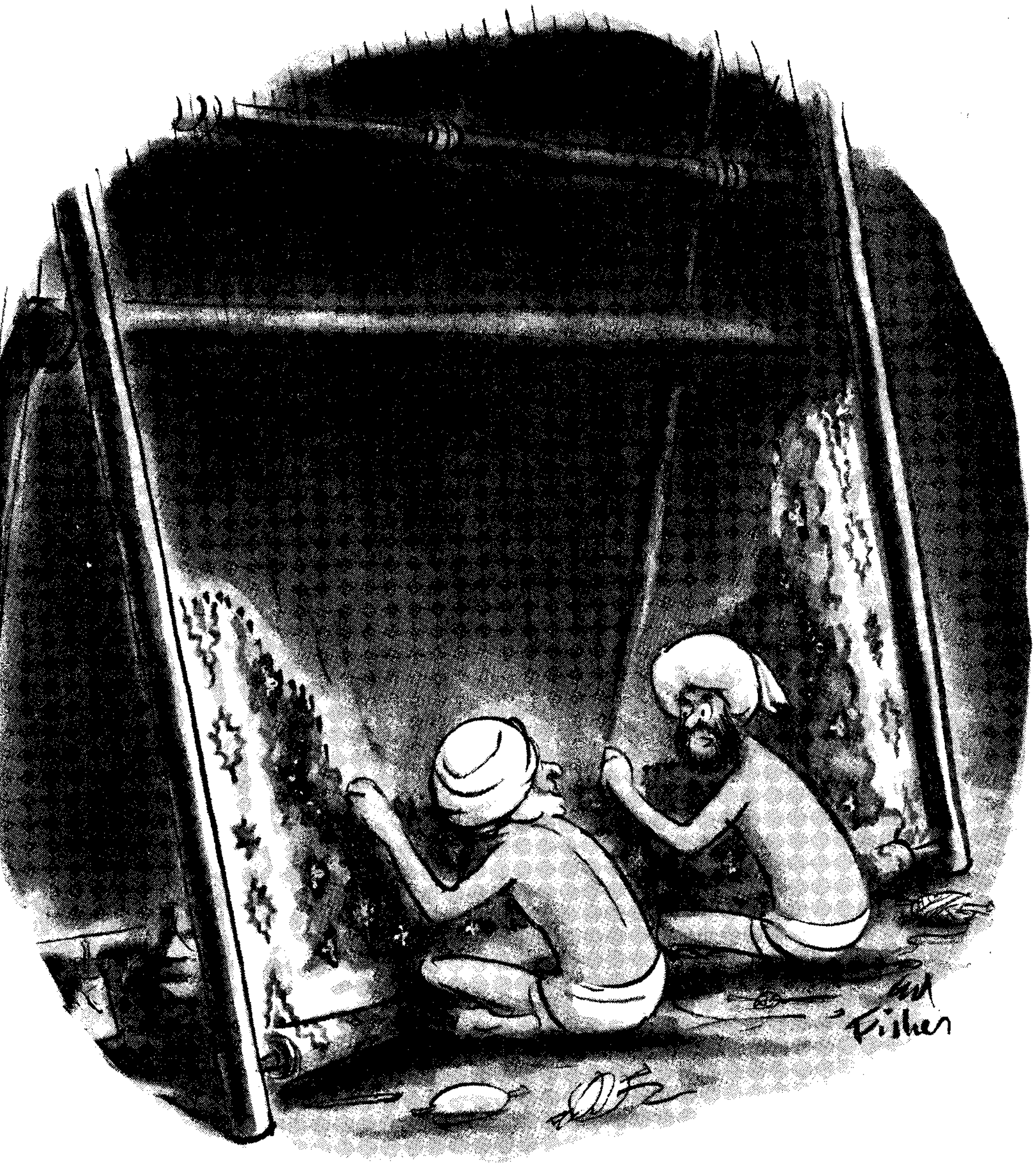
I held up my hand and went on reading. " 'Who are the Image Makers?

Men and women of action and passion . . . strong-willed, self-questioning seekers of happiness, crowding the smoking world into shapes of their own dreams. Libertines, sybarites and soldiers, the destroyers and the dedicated. Like you—as you are or you would like to be.' "

"Jeepers!" my wife said softly. "I wonder if the lending library has the book. I'll probably have to wait weeks for it."

"You don't even have to read it," I explained. "He describes these five characters right here. There's Maia, for instance: 'Once a Berber serving-maid swaying to the whims of Atlas Mountain thugs. Now the golden idol of Continental salons.' What do you think about Ava Gardner for that one?"

"Too tall," my wife said. "I don't think Berbers are very tall. Why not Eartha Kitt? Then she could sing some kind of a Berber-type song when she becomes a salon idol. Listen, why don't you make us a Martini while we're at it, and let me see that advertisement."



"What infuriated me was learning that they get twenty-four hundred dollars for these things at Macy's."

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A HALF hour later, Mr. Schnee, we had discussed and discarded Eartha Kitt, Sophia Loren, Lana Turner, and Jean Simmons for the part of Maia, and my wife was on the telephone asking Betty Lyman, who lives down the road from us and gets to the movies a lot, if she remembered the name of the actress who had sucked her thumb in "Baby Doll." It turned out that the Lymans weren't doing anything much just then, so they came over, bringing some Fritos and another half bottle of gin. Betty Lyman immediately saw what fun your advertisement was, and said that Maia was *made* for Brigitte Bardot, if you can get her. Otherwise, Kim Novak. But Herb Lyman irritated me by insisting on Turhan Bey for the part of Jeanjean—"Maia's handsome half-caste lover. Fond devotée of unhooded falcons, fast-moving cars and unawakened Western women."

"But, man, that's typecasting!" I cried. "If Schnee were willing to settle for Turhan Bey, why would he have asked for our help? He tells us to be imaginative, doesn't he?"

"Turhan Bey," Herb repeated, putting down his drink and placing his fingertips together in the maddening way he has. "Typecasting is Hollywood's golden goose, departure from which has invariably led to box-office poison and the subsequent beheading of studio moguls afflicted with imagination. Turhan Bey, old boy."

"It's minds like *yours* that have put Hollywood where it is today," I said angrily, getting up to mix another round. "Anybody would be better than Turhan Bey for Jeanjean. Frank Sinatra. Anthony Perkins. Why, Mario Lanza could play Jeanjean better."

I think your casting conference might have remained at this petty, unpleasant level, Mr. Schnee, if we hadn't run out of ice shortly afterward. This made it necessary for me to call up the Schaefers—who have a big, eight-tray refrigerator—and invite them over. The Schaefers had a couple from Nyack there for lunch, and all four of them came, bringing an ice bucket. A little later, my wife called the Thurmans, who have a permanent maid, to ask if our two children could spend the afternoon and have supper with little Billy Thurman, and naturally we had to explain the circumstances to Hugo and Annette Thurman and ask them over, too, even though they owe us for at least two parties. It turned out that they had a friend weekending with them whom they had met coming back on the Ile-de-France last month.

Along about this time, I lost track of the guests, but I do remember that the Crehores stopped in because they saw our driveway was full of cars and wondered if anyone could be sick or anything. My wife told them to stay, but then whispered to Jasmine Crehore could she, for God's sake, go home and

MUSSEL HUNTER AT ROCK HARBOR

I came before the water-
colorists came to get the
good of the Cape light that scours
sand grit to sided crystal
and buffs and sleeks the blunt hulls
of the three fishing smacks beached
on the bank of the river's

backtracking tail. I'd come for
free fish bait: the blue mussels
clumped like bulbs at the grass-root
margin of the tidal pools.
Dawn tide stood dead low. I smelt
mud stench, shell guts, gulls' leavings;
heard a queer crusty scrabble

cease, and I neared the silenced
edge of a cratered pool bed.
The mussels hung dull blue and
conspicuous, yet it seemed
a sly world's hinges had swung
shut against me. All held still.
Though I counted scant seconds,

enough ages lapsed to win
confidence of safe-conduct
in the wary otherworld
eying me. Grass put forth claws;
small mud knobs, nudged from under,
displaced their domes as tiny
knights might doff their casques. The crabs

inched from their pygmy burrows
and from the trench-dug mud, all
camouflaged in mottled mail
of browns and greens. Each wore one
claw swollen to a shield large
as itself—no fiddler's arm
grown Gargantuan by trade,

but grown grimly, and grimly
borne, for a use beyond my
guessing of it. Sibilant
hordes, mass-motived, they sidled
out in a converging stream
toward the pool mouth, perhaps to
meet the thin and sluggish thread

of sea retracing its tide-
way up the river basin.
Or to avoid me. They moved
obliquely with a dry-wet
sound, with a glittery wisp
and trickle. Could they feel mud
pleasurable under claws

as I could between bare toes?
That question ended it—I
stood shut out, for once, for all,
puzzling the passage of their
absolutely alien
order as I might puzzle
at the clear tail of Halley's

comet, coolly giving my
orbit the go-by, made known
by a family name it
knew nothing of. So the crabs
went about their business, which
wasn't fiddling, and I filled
a big handkerchief with blue

mussels. From what the crabs saw,
if they could see, I was one
two-legged mussel picker.
High on the airy thatching
of the dense grasses, I found
the husk of a fiddler crab,
intact, strangely strayed above

his world of mud—green color
and innards bleached and blown off
somewhere by much sun and wind;
there was no telling if he'd
died recluse or suicide
or headstrong Columbus crab.
The crab face, etched and set there,

grimaced as skulls grimace—it
had an Oriental look,
a samurai death mask done
on a tiger tooth, less for
art's sake than God's. Far from sea—
where red-freckled crab backs, claws,
and whole crabs, dead, their soggy

bellies pallid and upturned,
perform their shambling waltzes
on the waves' dissolving turn
and return, losing themselves
bit by bit to their friendly
element—this relic saved
face, to face the bald-faced sun.

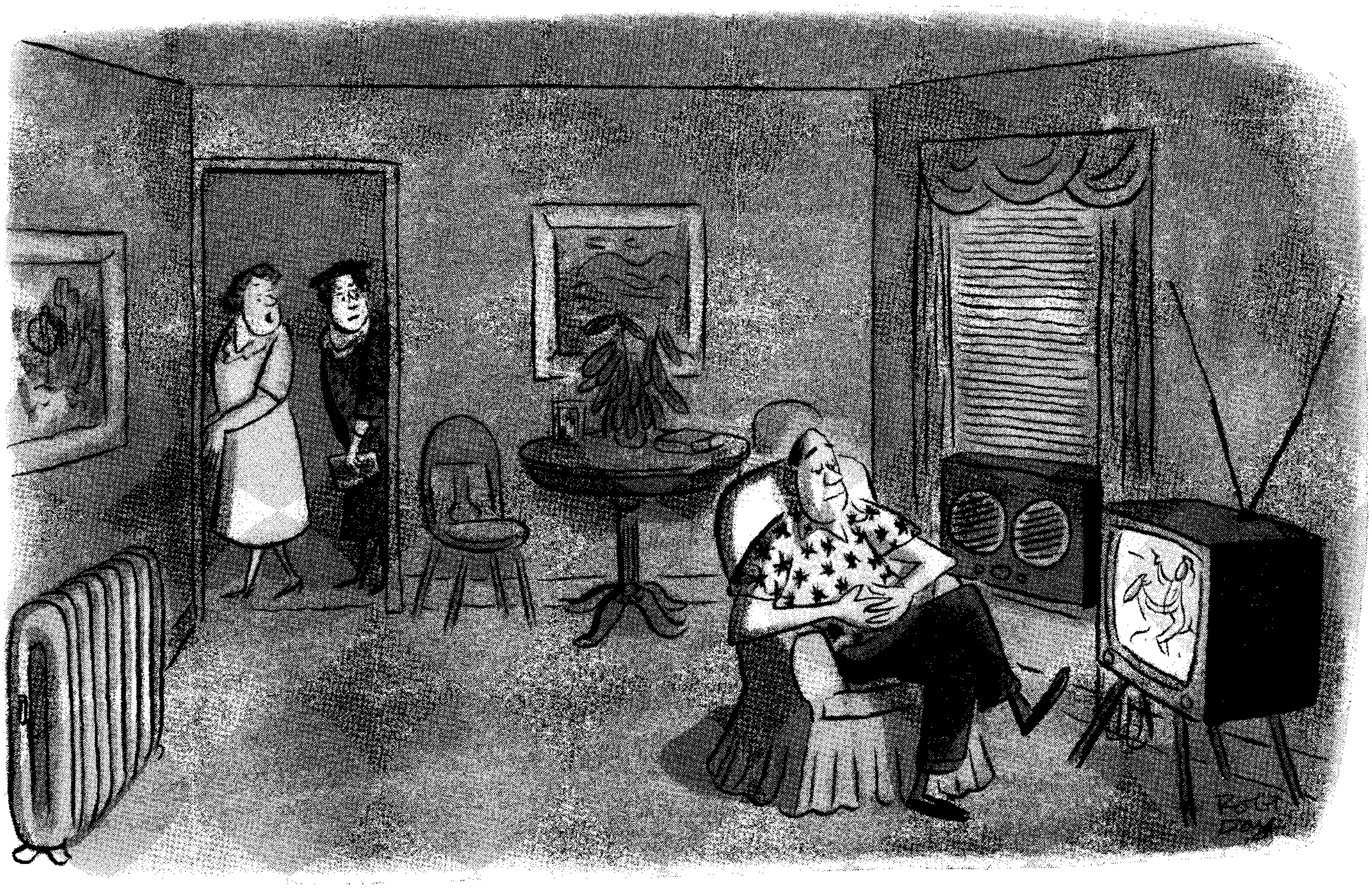
—Sylvia Plath

• •

get some more glasses and maybe a little chicken salad, or something like that, because we hardly had a thing in the house.

IT was along about six o'clock, I think, Mr. Schnee, when I realized that we weren't approaching your casting problem in a very organized fashion. I overheard Herb Lyman telling my wife that he had always felt that Turhan Bey was the greatest character actor since Lon Chaney, and Kate Halpren, probably inspired by your lines about the setting for "The Image Makers," was playing "As Time Goes By" on the piano, with Howard Crehore sitting on the piano bench beside her, saying "Play it again, Sam," just like Humphrey Bogart. You know. Two or three of the women were talking P.-T.A. out on the porch, and the lady from Nyack who had come with the Schaefers sidled up to me at the bar and said, "My name is Tangier. Would you care to kiss, warily?"

Seeing how matters were going, I turned off the phonograph and suggested to everyone that we remember our purpose, which was to help you, Mr. Schnee. I then read your advertisement aloud, all the way through, and it was at this moment that an ultimate



"You don't have to go outdoors to tell the changing seasons around this house. When Harold and the TV are huddled by the radiator, it's winter, and when they're huddled by the air-conditioner, it's summer."

• •

solution began to present itself. I had just finished reading your description of the character of Malcolm ("Celebrated plastic surgeon who also sculpts in stone and gold. He goes to Paris to remould his own crumbled life") when a man whom I did not remember having met stood up and, with a smothered oath, snatched the ad from my hand and glared at it. He flushed a deep crimson and stalked from the room, muttering something about using my telephone.

"Who was that?" I asked, puzzled.

"Why, that's Dr. Kinsella," Annette Thurman said. "Our guest—the lovely man we met coming back from Paris. He's a surgeon, or something like that. Works on people's noses."

"I think he's more of an artist," Hugo Thurman said. "At least, he showed me a couple of little gold charms he said he'd made himself. Damned clever, they were."

I hurried after Dr. Kinsella and found him just going out the front door. "Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst doesn't answer," he said curtly. "I sent a longish telegram to the legal department of the A.M.A. I think five dollars will cover it." He pressed a bill into my hand and was gone.

I think you'll agree, Mr. Schnee, that that pretty well takes care of the right man to play Malcolm. Probably you have already heard from Dr. Kinsella. Certainly it is not for me to tell you and the Columbia Pictures lawyers what your best course may be, but I'm sure you have already come to the same conclusion as my own: give the part to Kinsella and write off the settlement costs as salary. Remember when David Selznick tried to get Frank Lloyd Wright to play the part of Count Greffi in "A Farewell to Arms"? Same concept entirely.

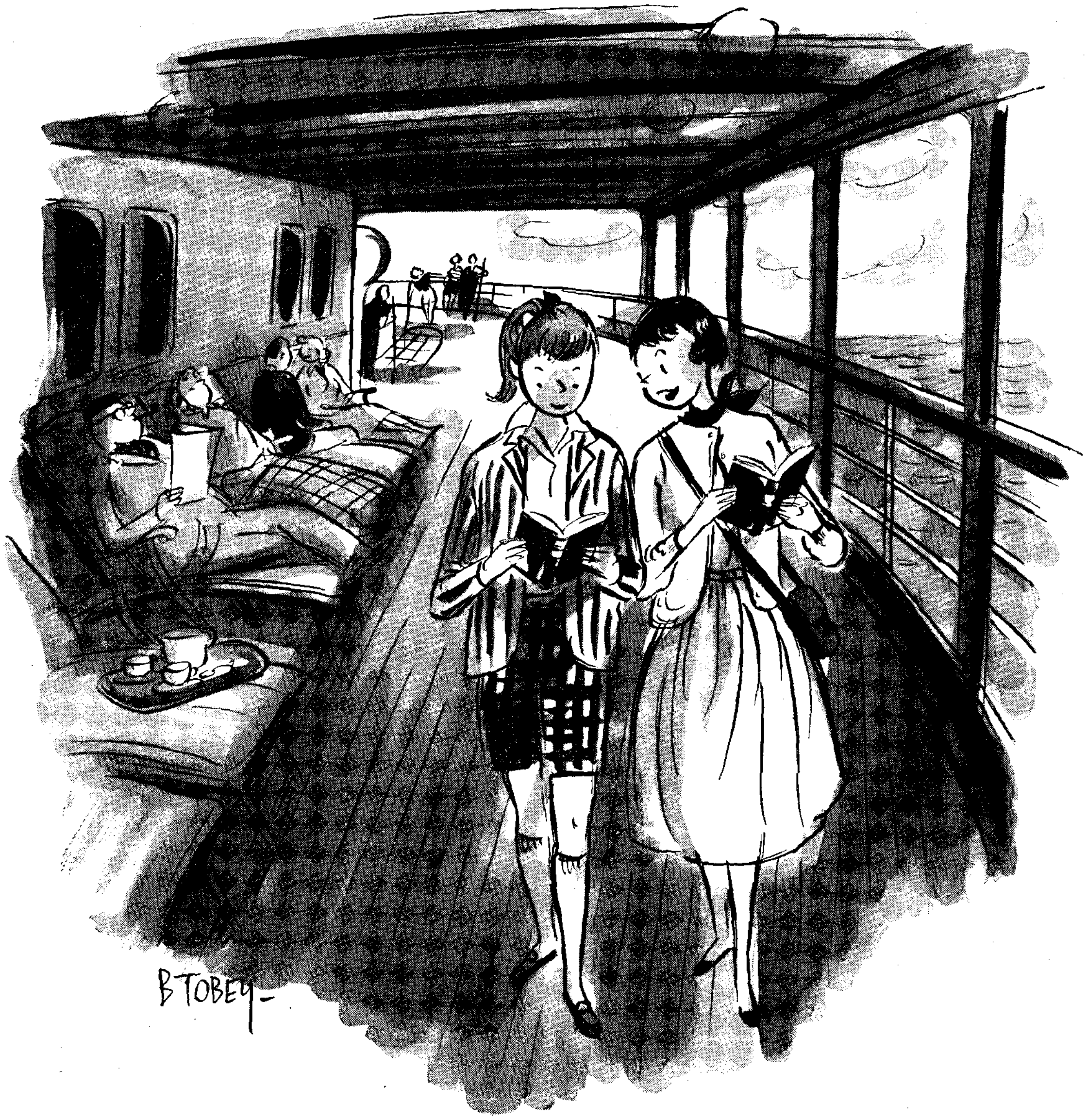
I think the full import of the fortunate episode of Dr. Kinsella struck us all in the next five minutes. "After all," said the woman from Nyack, "why get *actors*? Why not new faces—people like us?"

"Yes," said Annette Thurman. "Schnee says it's *about* us, doesn't he? As we are or would like to be."

"'Libertines, sybarites and soldiers,'" Tommy Schaefer breathed. "'The destroyers and the dedicated.'"

"Strong-willed seekers of happiness near Connecticut," my wife said.

Casting is never easy, of course, and the hammering out of the details went on until pretty late that evening. No less than five of the ladies present announced themselves as candidates for the part of Eve ("Not a lady doctor. But a lady who happens to be a doctor. She would prefer earthier compliments. And she gets them."). We attempted to settle this by improvising a scene from "The Image Makers" and trying out our various actresses in the part. I simply sketched out a likely scene from the book—rather a brilliant one, if I do say so myself, in which Jeanjean comes to Eve's chambers to be treated for a falcon bite—and asked the principals to make up their lines as they went along, the way they do at the Actors' Studio. This would have quickly revealed our best Eve if Howard Crehore, playing Jeanjean, had not whispered an earthier compliment to Eve, then being attempted by Liz Schaefer. Tommy Schaefer took instant exception to this bit of realism, and I believe it must have been during the ensuing confusion, indoors and out, that our rhododendrons got so badly crushed. (We were using the samovar to represent a doctor's autoclave in the same scene.) In any case, my wife tells me that she and the other ladies will come to some decision about



"Le poisson est excellent, Garçon. Apportez-nous une demi-bouteille de Chablis, s'il vous plaît."

"Avec plaisir, Mademoiselle."

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Eve in the next day or two, but I don't mind telling you that my money is on that woman from Nyack.

Maia was our happiest find. At some point in the evening, my wife, unbeknownst to me, had slipped out and telephoned Loretta, our invaluable accommodator and cleaning woman, and asked her if she could possibly come and help out with the party. Loretta, kind soul, came right over, and she must have been there for a good hour or so before I noticed her holding a tray of canapés out to me. "Why, Loretta," I said. "How did you get here?"

To our surprise and delight, Loretta thereupon kicked off her shoes, put down the canapé tray, and swiftly wrapped a serving napkin around her head. "Loretta, nothin'," she said huskily, glancing about through half-closed eyes. "I'm Maia, once a serving-maid to those mountain thugs, but now the golden ideal of all those foreign saloons."

And she was right, Mr. Schnee. Loretta *is* Maia—we all agreed on that, on the spot. She's been working up the part ever since, and my wife is even getting a little annoyed with her.

Herb Lyman is your Jeanjean. After his earlier intransigent insistence on Turhan Bey, I had rather counted him out of our casting plans, and indeed I scarcely paid attention when he suddenly left the room, announcing that he was going off in his Thunderbird to look for an unawakened Western woman. He must have awakened a good many of them, and their husbands, too, to judge by the telephone call I received at one o'clock that night from the State Police headquarters in Pound Ridge. The next day, Herb cleared up the mystery of the disappearance of our daughter's pet budgerigar, Tweety. He explained that he had needed an unhooded falcon and that Tweety was the best quick substitute he could think of. He promised us a new budgie before the week is out. But you must admit that Herb has lived the part of Jeanjean.

YOU will notice, Mr. Schnee, that I have so far omitted one part—that of Roger ("Strange scion of the fabulous Obenpharo banking empire, and reckless leader of the secret revolutionary movement"). I feel rather self-conscious about this, but all our guests who stayed to the end *insisted* that the part belonged to me. They said it was the least I was entitled to, after all my efforts on your behalf. I realize that this is a poor qualification for a major character role in "The Image Makers," but since that night I have at least allowed myself to consider the possibility. Examining myself in the bathroom mirror, I have discovered that leaving my eyeglasses off gives me a natural squint that looks very Middle Eastern and mysterious—an effect that is heightened when I slip into my old double-breasted white linen suit. It is easy, of course, for me to think of myself as Roger, and when I remember the cost of our recent party, I even find it possible to think of myself as the scion of a banking empire. I'm sure you'll agree that believing in a part is the first essential.

Hopefully yours,
ROGER ANGELL

•

SHOUTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SHOUTED, EVEN IN THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC

[*From the Rome Daily American*]

HONG KONG, July 17 (AP)—The Chinese are sponsoring anti-American rallies in major cities protesting the U.S. intervention.

Radio Peiping said over 100,000 "angry workers" demonstrated yesterday in Tientsin shouting, "If the United States imperialists treat the opposition of peace-loving people all over the world lightly, we will break their necks for them."

I TOLD YOU SO

THE parents went down the cliff by the path. It was a high cliff, and the path was steep. The concrete slabs that made it were broken and rough. Laura's hands were deep in her coat pockets; her chin was jammed into her collar. She took the great, lolloping strides that were made essential by the steepness of the path and the fact that she was wearing rubber boots. She wheeled the corners on her heel, savagely, with an impression of speed.

Geoffrey followed more cautiously. He was wearing a dark-gray suit, because at three o'clock he was catching the train back to London. It was Laura who had insisted that they come to the beach, in order to fill in the hour that remained before it was time to leave for the station. He could have occupied himself perfectly well by reading the Sunday newspapers and checking that he had remembered his razor and toothbrush. As it was, he was certain he had forgotten his razor. Every Monday morning during the past four weeks, he had gone to the office unshaven or unwashed or without a collar stud. He wasn't the type to manage by himself. Laura shouldn't expect it. He worried about this as he picked his way down the path, taking small, sliding steps because of his town shoes. The whole thing made him feel ridiculous.

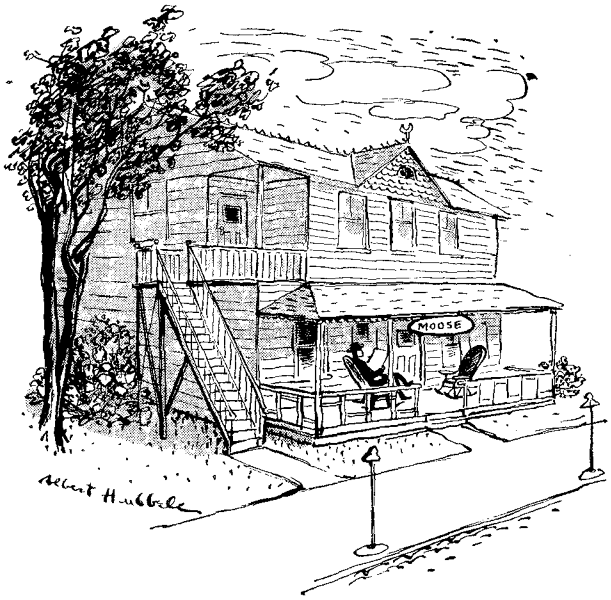
The three children—Sarah, Catherine, and Angie—had gone off along the cliff edge, looking for some way down more dangerous than the path. They wore red, blue, and green jackets. Their heads were swathed in warm angora scarves. They were aimed forward into the wind like figureheads, small and sharp on the horizon on the cliff.

Below, the beach shone enormously with the clear gray light that served on this cold eastern shoulder of England for sunshine. Everything was exactly in focus. The air, without warmth or dust or color, was strong, but did not taste of the sea. There was a fringe of dry sand just under the cliff, scattered with brittle banana skins and rusty cans, but the rest of the sand, the flat acres of it, was heavy and wet as mud. Castles made of it collapsed like snowmen, and sand puddings, if they turned out at all, were unsatisfactory. The children had long since given up digging.

They came to this part of the beach because it was far enough away from the pier to avoid the deck chairs and bathing huts, the dusty donkeys that ambled with closed eyes backward and forward between the lifeboat and the ice-cream cart. Last weekend, on a freak afternoon without wind, Laura had allowed the children to swim. Geoffrey considered it a miracle they hadn't caught pneumonia. Geoffrey distrusted the North Sea. You could drown in a sea like that, only a few feet from the shore. It had, as he repeatedly told them, treacherous currents. They just stared at him, as though he were teaching them geography instead of trying to protect their lives.

Two or three yards above the beach, the path curved for the last time, taking a gentle gradient behind a few scrubby bushes that grew low on the face of the cliff. Hands still in her pockets, feet together, Laura jumped this small precipice, landing with her boot heels dug into the sand. Without waiting for Geoffrey, she started off toward the sea. He, reaching the beach by the path, plodded after her.

Her jump—it must have been all of eight feet—irritated and saddened him. He knew that it was a gesture—her days were full of them—but what it was meant to represent he had no idea. Why jump, risking a sprained ankle and endless inconvenience, when there was a perfectly good path? Why not hang on his arm, timidly negotiating the bend, the cracks in the concrete slabs, arriving with a little hop, if necessary, on the safer, level ground? They weren't children, to be throwing their bodies carelessly about as though they were of no value. They weren't young, for God's sake.



LAURA was diminishing across the huge beach. Her footprints, unnaturally large, disappeared almost immediately in the watery sand.

"Laura!" he shouted. "Laura!"

She dragged to a standstill, but didn't look round.

"Wait for me!" he called plaintively. He did not walk any faster. They were like two reels of cotton; one had unwound to its fullest extent, the other was now wrapping itself, cocoonlike, in the taut, extended thread. At last he reached her. "Don't go rushing off like that. What d'you want to rush off like that for?"

She didn't answer, but moved her shoulders restlessly in the heavy duffel coat. Now he was here, there was no point in walking on. His presence made her realize that there was nowhere to go but the sea. He made her feel that once you had looked at the sea, walked about bravely in its shallows, thrown a pebble or two, there was nothing left to find out about it. She sighed, narrowing her eyes, peering at the distant summit of the cliff. "Can you see the children?"

His eyes unwillingly scaled the sandy, apparently perpendicular face of the cliff, searching vaguely about on ledges, behind tufts of scrub. "No. Do you think they're all right?"

"I should think so."

"I don't think you should let them go off on their own like that."

"Oh," she said. "Don't you?" She began playing noughts-and-crosses on the sand with the toe of her boot.

She didn't even listen to him any more. They might not be young, but they were at least married. He had some rights. Did she really think, because she was managing here without him, that he was unnecessary? Unnecessary to her? It was horrible. "Look," he said urgently. "Why don't you all come back with me? Now. Today. There's a later train. We could catch it easily."

She glanced at him before drawing a line through the noughts and crosses. "Don't be silly."

"But you've been here a month, for God's sake. You don't know what hell it is in London."

"Of course it isn't." She spoke briskly, in the same way she told the children how tremendously they enjoyed school. Then, looking up, she said with pleasure, "Oh, there they are."

The red and green jackets were small, bold squares of color against the sky. The wind pulled at the ends of the angora scarves.

"They're not going to try and get down *there*, are they?" he asked uneasily.

"It looks like it."

"But they can't! It's far too steep."

"Of course they can. It isn't steep at all."

"It looks dangerous."

"Oh, my God!" She turned away from him, her hands clenched in her pockets.

"Well, don't be so stupid. Do you want them to kill themselves?"

"Do you *think*," she demanded, swerving round with arms spread wide in despair, "that I want them to kill themselves?"

"You don't exactly go out of your way to prevent it."

Their movements on the vast, empty beach were clumsy and pointless; they blundered about as though they were blind. Laura rushed away from him, and then, without having reached any destination, stopped. Supposing it is dangerous, she thought. But it can't be. But supposing, for once, he is right? She cupped her hands round her mouth. "Can you get down?" she shouted cheerfully.

The two children waved, their legs dangling over the edge.

"Where's Angie?"

They pointed back along the cliff.

"Wait for her!" Geoffrey howled. "Wait for Angie!"

The children seemed to shrug their shoulders, then slithered off the edge of the cliff and began plunging and sliding down toward the beach. They were quite safe. To them, their parents looked like two minutely circling beetles, their small fury inaudible.

"They heard me," Geoffrey said. "They distinctly heard me tell them to wait for Angie."

"No. They didn't."

"They heard me, and they blatantly disobeyed. I congratulate you, Laura. You're doing a wonderful job. Really wonderful."

"Oh, Geoffrey. . . ." She felt trapped with him on the huge beach. Could it really be possible that even here, with the great light sky and the sea that stretched, she vaguely believed, to Russia, he could make her feel as though they were in a small city room—doorless, windowless, the only air the warm, wasted breath of their quarrelling? She turned as though to ask him this.

He mistook her look of despair for love, for contrition at making him so unhappy. He grabbed at her arm. "Laura," he said. "Look, Laura."

"Yes?"

"Look, I've got to go in a little while. Couldn't we . . ."

"Couldn't we what?"

Her face was frozen again. She froze at the touch of his hand, but he didn't realize this. She hates me, he thought. She really hates me. But why? Why? What have I done wrong? The wind blew a heavy strand of hair across her eyes. He released her from it, gently replacing the hair, tucking it behind her ear. For the first time, he dimly realized that if she hated him, she suffered, and that what she felt was, now, perhaps unalterable. "Come back with me," he said.

"Why?"

"I need you."

"What for?"

It was impossible to subdue his impatience. "What do you mean, 'What for'? Of course I need you. I can't stand living alone. You know I can't."

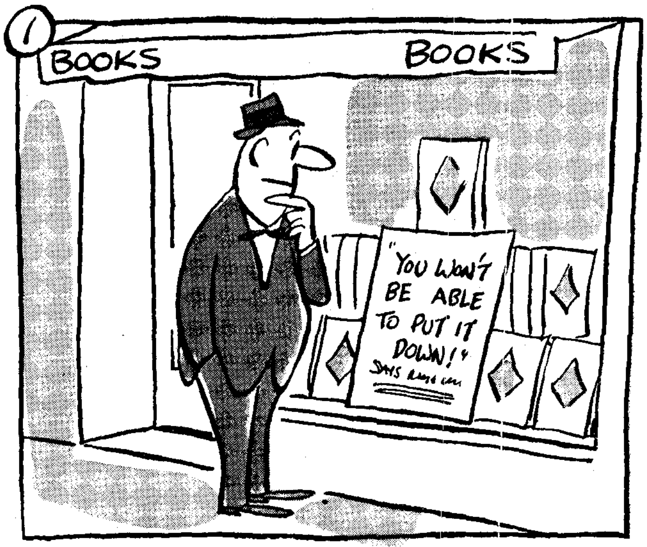
"Oh," she said. "I see."

She looked back toward the cliff. He realized that she was suddenly dispirited. As she dwindled inside herself into someone old and resigned and tired of fighting, he felt, unaware of the reason, a drabness in the afternoon. It was, of course, Sunday. The train would be slow. And yet when he got there, the telephone would be waiting, yesterday's letters, the bottle of Scotch he had bought last Wednesday evening. He would have the bathroom to himself and could go to sleep without apologizing. It wouldn't be too bad after all.

Apologizing? Good God, what had he got to apologize for?

"There's Angie," Laura said.

The two elder children were halfway down the cliff. Angie had appeared at the top and was looking down. She succeeded, so small and motionless in her blue jacket, in storming the emptiness that her parents had failed to disturb. Her reluctance, her uncertainty and fear were so powerful that she became, without making a sound, the center of the vast landscape. Her sisters, clinging like spiders to the soft cliff wall, craned their necks. The parents stood with their faces raised, stricken with doubt.


1
BOOKS
BOOKS
"YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT IT DOWN!"
SAYS

"She'll never make it," Geoffrey said. "Tell her to go back and come down the path."

Laura said nothing.

"Will you tell her?" Geoffrey demanded. "Will you please tell her, before she breaks her neck?"

"She'll be all right," Laura said quietly.

"All right? Are you crazy? Can't you see she's frightened?" He began waving both arms. "Go back!" he shouted. "Come down by the path!"

The child did not move. Sarah and Catherine, curious at all the fuss, peered down over their shoulders. Sarah lost her grip and slithered a few feet in a flurry of sand.

"There you are!" Geoffrey screamed. "There you are! They'll kill themselves!" He started off toward the cliff, slowly and urgently, like a man in a dream.

He mustn't do it, Laura thought. He mustn't. She meant that he mustn't make them mean and timid, that he must allow his children to be brave and not imprison them in the small room, the cozy cell in which they, the parents, inched through their narrow lives. All this was not considered but sprung violently out of her as she watched the paunchy city man struggling across the sand, the wind flattening the neat creases of his trousers.

"Don't!" she shouted. "Geoffrey! Don't!" She began to run.

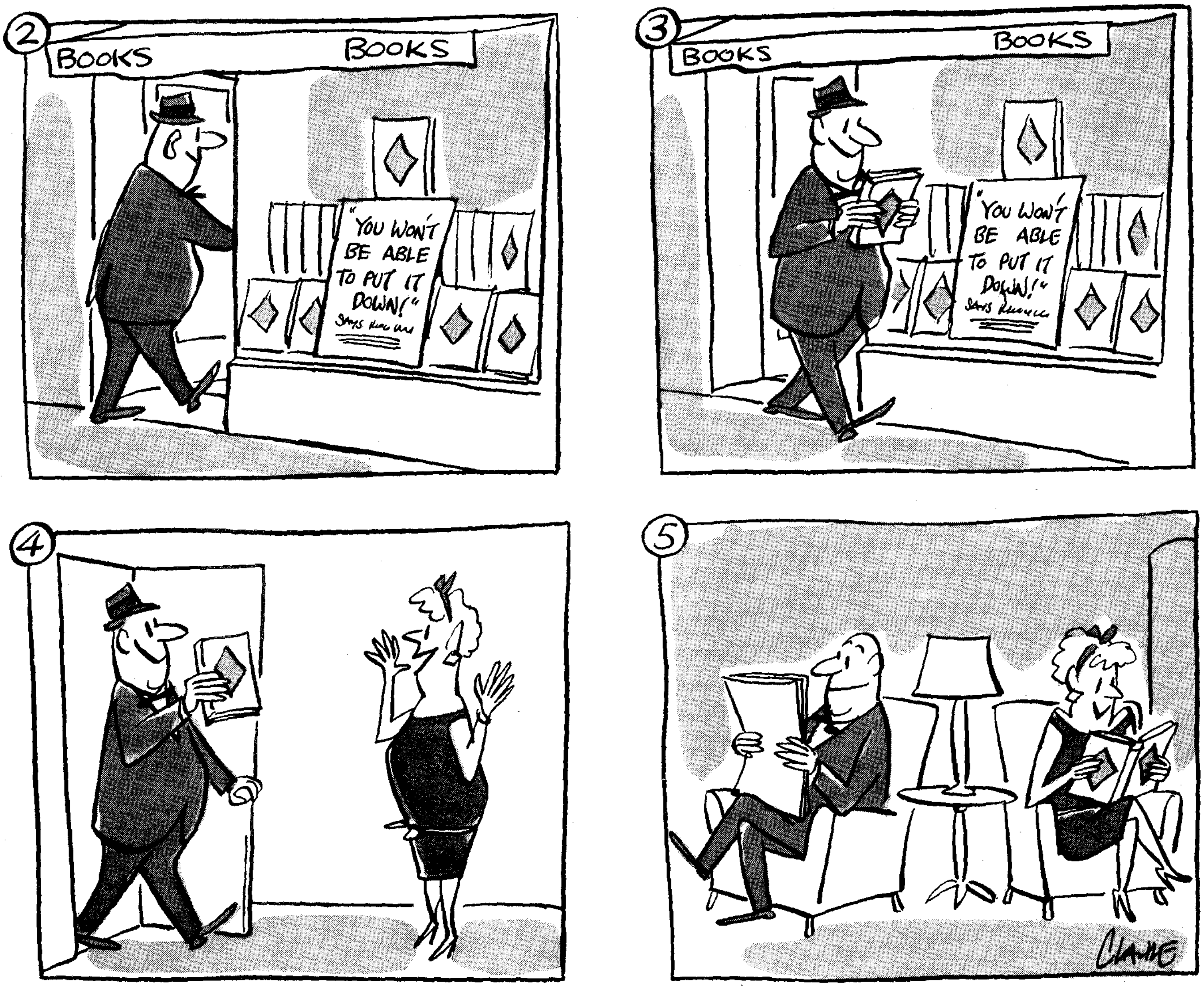
As she caught up with him, he shouted "You're crazy!," foolishly wasting his breath, pounding on.

"Leave her alone, Geoffrey! Please!"

"Why?"

"Let her try," she implored. "At least let her try!"

He stopped, making a megaphone of his hands. "Go back!" he yelled.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BOOKS
BOOKS
"YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT IT DOWN!"
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BOOKS
BOOKS
"YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT IT DOWN!"
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5
CLARKE

"You can't do it, Angie! Go back!"

The child sat down on the brink of the cliff.

Laura stood still. She stared up at the child. Go on, she urged her soundlessly. Go on, Angie. You can do it.

"Stop her!" Geoffrey was shouting, signalling wildly to Sarah and Catherine high above him. "Stop her!"

Go on, Laura insisted with tenderness. Please, Angie. Jump.

With sudden decision, the child jumped, tumbling and scrabbling down the sandy wall until she found a foothold. Then, rather shakily, she stood and began to pick her way down. Geoffrey, who had reached the bottom of the cliff, made a few ineffectual attempts to pull himself up by the insecure scrub. Laura could hear him railing furiously against Sarah and Catherine. Lolling above him on a hump of grass, they seemed to look at him sympathetically but without much interest. Accepting at last that Angie was far enough down to be safe, he gave up. He stood beating the sand off his suit, shaking it out of the cuffs of his trousers. Then, with furious dignity, he walked over to Laura.

She was smiling, hugging her coat round her hips. "Well," she said. "She did it. I told you so."

"All right," he said testily. "Angie climbed down a cliff. What does that prove?"

"Prove?" Do you really mean, her look asked, that you don't know?

"Yes," he insisted savagely. "Yes. What does it prove? That you encourage your children to break their necks, that's what it proves. For nothing. Teaching them to be bloody melodramatic showoffs like yourself."

"Oh," she said. She looked vaguely away. The wind whipped her hair across her face again, and she pushed it back, as though this, and nothing else, troubled her. "Is that what you think?"

"Why *can't* you be reasonable?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry," she said lightly. She was watching Angie, certain now, running down the cliff as though it were a staircase.

"Why don't you come back to London, so that we can live an ordinary, sensible life?"

"Because we've taken a house here," she said absently. "Because it's the holidays and the summer, and the children like it. Because . . ."

"All right," he snapped. "All right. I know all that, for God's sake."

"Well, then," she said softly, as though dismissing him, as though this were all.

They began walking slowly back toward the path. Sarah and Catherine were climbing down from their perch. In a few moments they would be on the beach, and whatever anguish, whatever frustration had been hinted at would again be left unresolved. A tremendous reluctance dragged at Geoffrey's feet, weighed down his shoulders. "It's this blasted place," he said. "It wasn't like this before."

"Before when?"

"The other summers you've been away."

"It was always like this before. We were younger, that's all."

He stopped, stamping his foot in

fury. It was like slamming a swing door; the wet sand made no sound, even his footprint immediately disappeared.

"Why, *why* will you dramatize everything? Of course we weren't younger. What the hell do you mean?"

"Last year," she said, "I should have thought we were younger. Angie was only six. I remember. You wouldn't let her ride on a donkey, in case she fell off." She looked up at him sidewise, coldly, without smiling.

"A year doesn't make all that difference. You're sending me back to London without one sign of affection, do you realize that? Without one civil word? Simply because I'd sooner have my children alive than dead. Simply because I want a sensible, ordinary life instead of all this . . . " He swept around at the sea, the placid beach, the soft, harmless cliffs; he took in the children, balancing on the edge of the last eight-foot drop, and returned the angry, boomerang glance to his wife. She met his stare calmly, knowing what he saw.

"This what?" she asked. Her pale lips were dried by the sea air; her body, inside the heavy, almost armored clothes, was cramped with disuse. She lived in her clothes in restricted, solitary confinement. "Well?" She repeated patiently, "This what?"

"Hooliganism," he said, as though the curious word had been made for him at that moment. "Ridiculous hooliganism."

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A THIN cheer came from the cliff. They turned and saw Angie edging herself down the last few feet. Sarah and Catherine were already on the beach. They stood with straddled legs, the seats of their jeans baboon-orange from the sand.

"Jolly good!" they shouted, in their precise, cultured voices. "Jolly good, Angie!"

"Well," Geoffrey mumbled, "I must go. I don't suppose I need bother to say goodbye. They won't notice the difference. Goodbye, Laura."

"Of course you must say goodbye." She took his arm, as though he were a shy guest at a cocktail party. When he's gone, she thought, I can climb the cliff, too. "Of course you must say goodbye," she repeated, suddenly gushing.

"Well." He raised his voice in a dismal shout. "Goodbye, everyone! See you on Friday!"

Sarah and Catherine turned and waved. Angie turned and waved. There was a small explosion of sand, the flash of a blue jacket, then—while the smiles still hung on their faces—scream after scream, the child writhing and arching herself at the bottom of the cliff, a few clods of sand falling after her in a dwarf landslide.

They both ran toward her. A tuft of grass she had been clinging to had given way; she was still holding a fistful of it. She had fallen perhaps four feet, hardly more than her own height.

"She fell," Sarah said anxiously. "Just that little way. She fell."

"Of course she fell!" Geoffrey wailed. "Of course she did!" He knelt down and tried to take the child in his arms. She screamed terribly, twisting away from him.

"It's her leg," Catherine said excitedly. "Look, it's her leg!"

The child's jeans had wrinkled up to her knees. Laura, kneeling beside Geoffrey, saw the shinbone sticking up like a piece of snapped celery under the taut, sandy skin.

"I think it's broken," she said dully. "Geoffrey. I think it's broken."

For a moment he turned and looked at her. His face was gray with distress, but his eyes—the tired, disappointed eyes—were shining. They were lit with triumph. He's glad, she thought incredulously. He doesn't know it, but he is actually glad.

"I told you she'd fall," he said quietly. "I told you so."

He gathered up the child and, without waiting for Laura, Sarah, or Catherine, began climbing very slowly, very carefully up the cliff path. His shoes slipped from time to time on the concrete. He tested every step before relying on it. He did not attempt to comfort the child. He allowed her to cry, carrying her with great pride and caution, as though she were a treasure he had won, a rare and valuable hostage.

—Penelope Mortimer

A POTTED WATCH NEVER BOILS

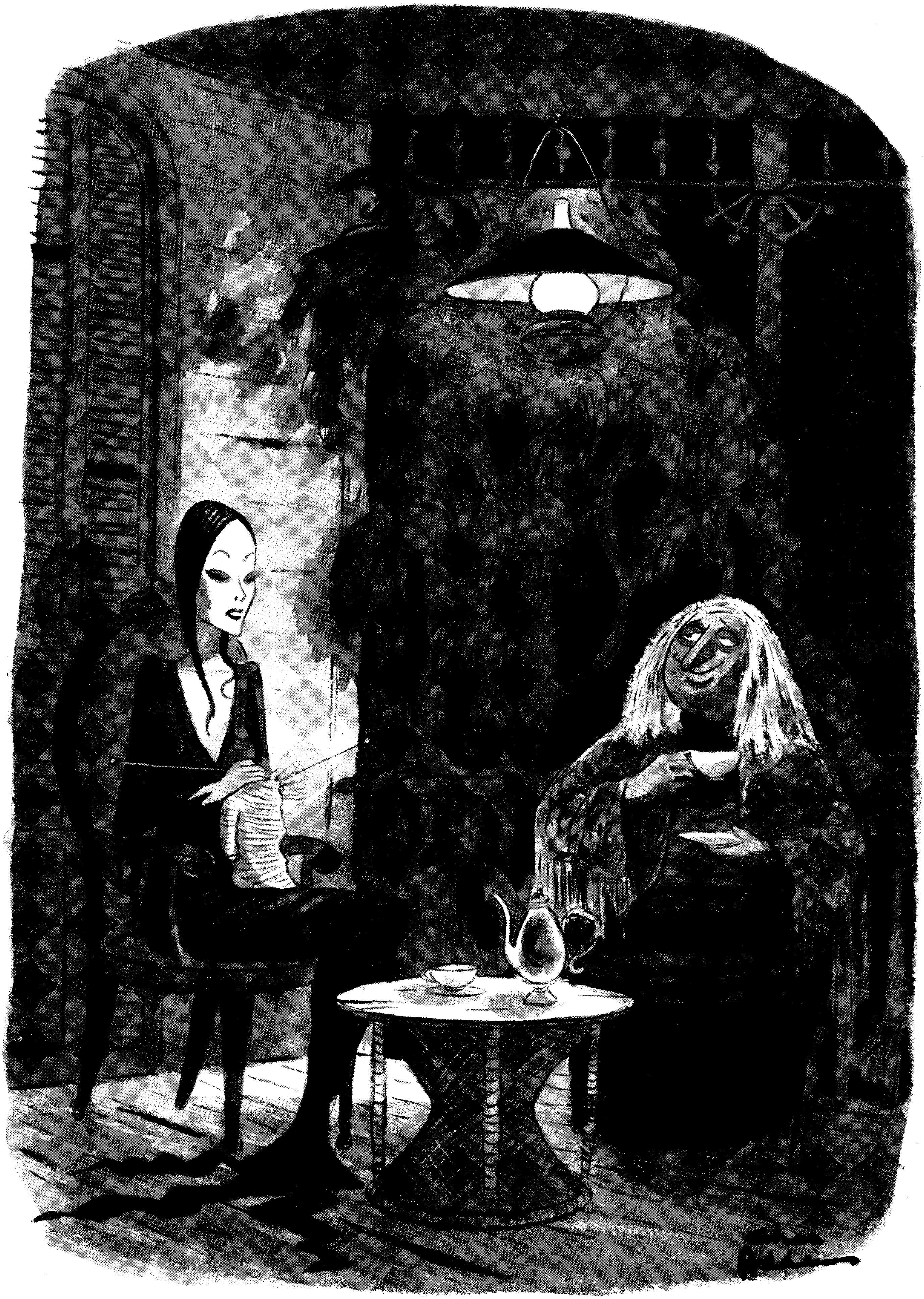
OR, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO PROVE

You blow yourself to a handsome watch,
The finest, a Swiss, not Dutch or Scotch.
You carry it for a month or so
And realize that it's running slow.
It's no federal case, even one for the mayor,
So you take it back to the watch purveyor.
You state your trouble in terms laconical,
He frowns and screws on his arcane monocle.
To the frown he adds an important pucker
As he opens your watch like an oyster shucker.
He smiles. There is little to be adjusted;
The works are dusty, they need to be dusted.
Six weeks later a postcard informal
Says call for your watch, its pulse is normal.
It's thirty dollars for repairs,
But as long as your watch keeps time, who cares?
You carry it for a month or so
And realize that it's running slow.
What to do? You're only a layman,
So you take it now to a different shaman.
Six weeks and thirty dollars later,
Your watch is still the same cunctator.
You become the oddest of anthologists—
Instead of verse, you collect horologists.
My conclusion about them, I here record it:
They do not repair your watch, they board it.

Further Conclusion

There's never anything wrong with your watch,
Swiss or Swahili, Dutch or Scotch,
That money and time and an expert magician
Will not leave in the same condition.

—Ogden Nash



". . . and if it's a boy, we're going to give him a Biblical name, like Cain or Ananias."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALONG THE VISA VIA

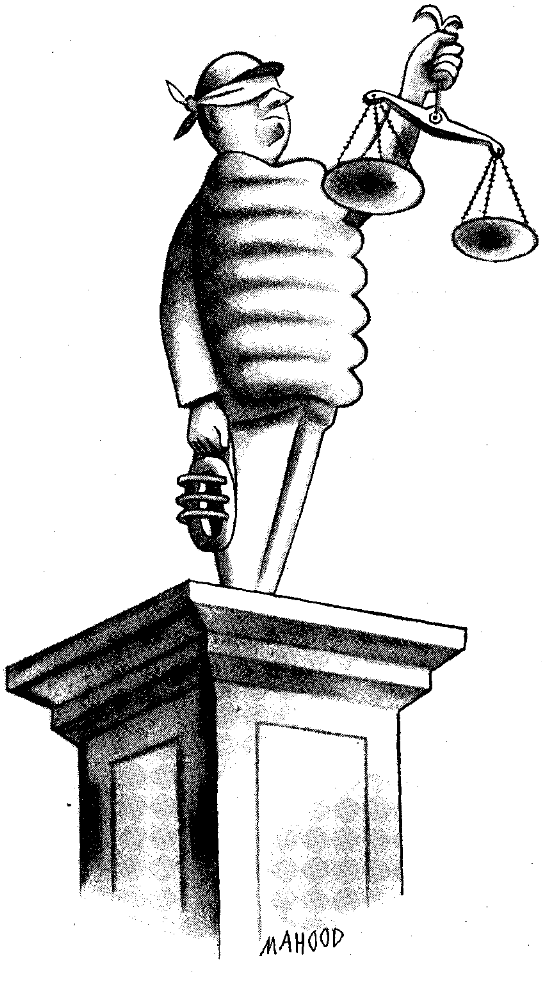
I—THE LAND OF THE DIDYMON

SIXTY years ago, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, a British literary adventurer who had once been a cop-fighting member of Parliament, wrote a book called "Mogreb-el-Acksa," which means "The Far West," about his attempt to reach the Forbidden City of Tarudant, in southern Morocco, the Far West of the Moslem world. In those days, the "Forbidden City" label had an invincible attraction for Britons who wrote books. Tourist bureaus desiring to pull in visitors had only to declare a town off limits and Englishmen would show up in force, disguised as camel boys or whirling dervishes, their skins stained with walnut juice, as prescribed in the boys' novels of G. A. Henty, whose influence on British life and letters has yet to be objectively assessed. In his stories, the high spot was always an episode in which the hero-chums camouflaged themselves as members of the dark-skinned opposition and carried a vital message through enemy territory. Henty contrived to have fair-skinned, blue-eyed heroes even when the adventure was pre-English, as in "The Cat of Bubastes," a thriller laid in the reign of Thothmes III. Percipient historians may someday hold that Henty was the only begetter of the essential T. E. Lawrence and, through him, of the states of the present Arab League, set up by Lawrence and his sporting rivals—Philby, Thomas, and the rest—all of them readers, in their formative years, of "Through the Sikh War" and "With Clive in India."

Cunninghame Graham preceded the Old Hentyonian activists. He merely liked to dress up. He spoke no Berber and little Arabic, so, with a publisher's advance tucked away beneath his *djellaba*, he travelled in the role of a Turkish doctor, hoping to meet no one who spoke Turkish. His true identity was at once suspected, as are the true identities of all the travellers in these narratives, which would otherwise lack suspense. The disguised adventurers no more wished to be mistaken for natives than the Principal Boy in a London Christmas pantomime—always a particularly pants-filling girl—wants to be mistaken for a real boy. To make sure he would attract attention, Cunninghame Graham neglected to provide himself with a *laissez-passer* from the Sultan, although a *laissez-passer* to a Forbidden City in Morocco then cost only two dollars more than a *laissez-passer* to an Unforbidden City. Naturally enough, he got himself nabbed by a Berber laird, the Caid of Kintafi. The Caid placed the adventurer and his cast of retainers, selected for future readability, in escrow on a feudal ranch where he ran a profusion of wives and horses. Then he promised to write to the Sultan for instructions. "If it were up to me, I would send you ahead to Tarudant tomorrow," the Caid probably said, establishing a precedent that has served as a guide ever since for press-relations officers, military and civilian, of government agencies all over the world. "But you know how touchy the Sultan is about anybody going over his head."

Weeks went by, and Cunninghame Graham began to wonder whether the Caid had forwarded his request or thought that it added to his prestige to be the only Caid in the Mogreb with a permanently installed disguised British subject. (Such trophies were still a novelty in that part of Morocco, although in Arabia they were already as common as cast-iron deer in the suburbs of Manchester.) Meanwhile, Cunninghame Graham had been writing, and had completed two-thirds of a smashing account of life on a feudal ranch in Morocco; it is one of the best three dozen narratives about incognito travel written by Englishmen during that decade. But summer was approaching, and the adventurer had to be on his way soon if he was to catch the fall publishing season with his book, so he smuggled out a note explaining his predicament to Her Majesty's consul in Morocco City, or Marrakech.

It was the busy season for the British consular service. All over the Moslem world there were captive disguised Englishmen, and a few captive disguised Englishwomen, who had been en route to Forbidden Cities when arrested, and they, too, were insisting on being released before the onset of hot weather, so that they could get on back to London with their copy. It was like the grain race from Australia; the first cargo to arrive in England commanded the top price. I should like to have heard the consul when he received Cunninghame Graham's note. Nevertheless, he sprang him.



"MOGREB-EL-ACKSA" was much in my mind when I ventured into the Middle East several months ago and was balked for four weeks in Beirut, the capital of Lebanon, waiting for permission from the agents of an Arab king, Hussein of Jordan, to proceed to Amman, his capital—a city they sought to make forbidden to me. There were differences as well as analogies between Cunninghame Graham's plight and mine. For one, the Caid used to send his guest a sheep every now and then to barbecue, while in Beirut food was à la carte. And, for another, Cunninghame Graham's trouble was that he was a Christian. Mine was that I am not.

Walnut juice will not help nor blue eyes hinder the voyager in Arab countries now. All he

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CARS
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"The beauty of rockets is once you launch 'em, they're gone."

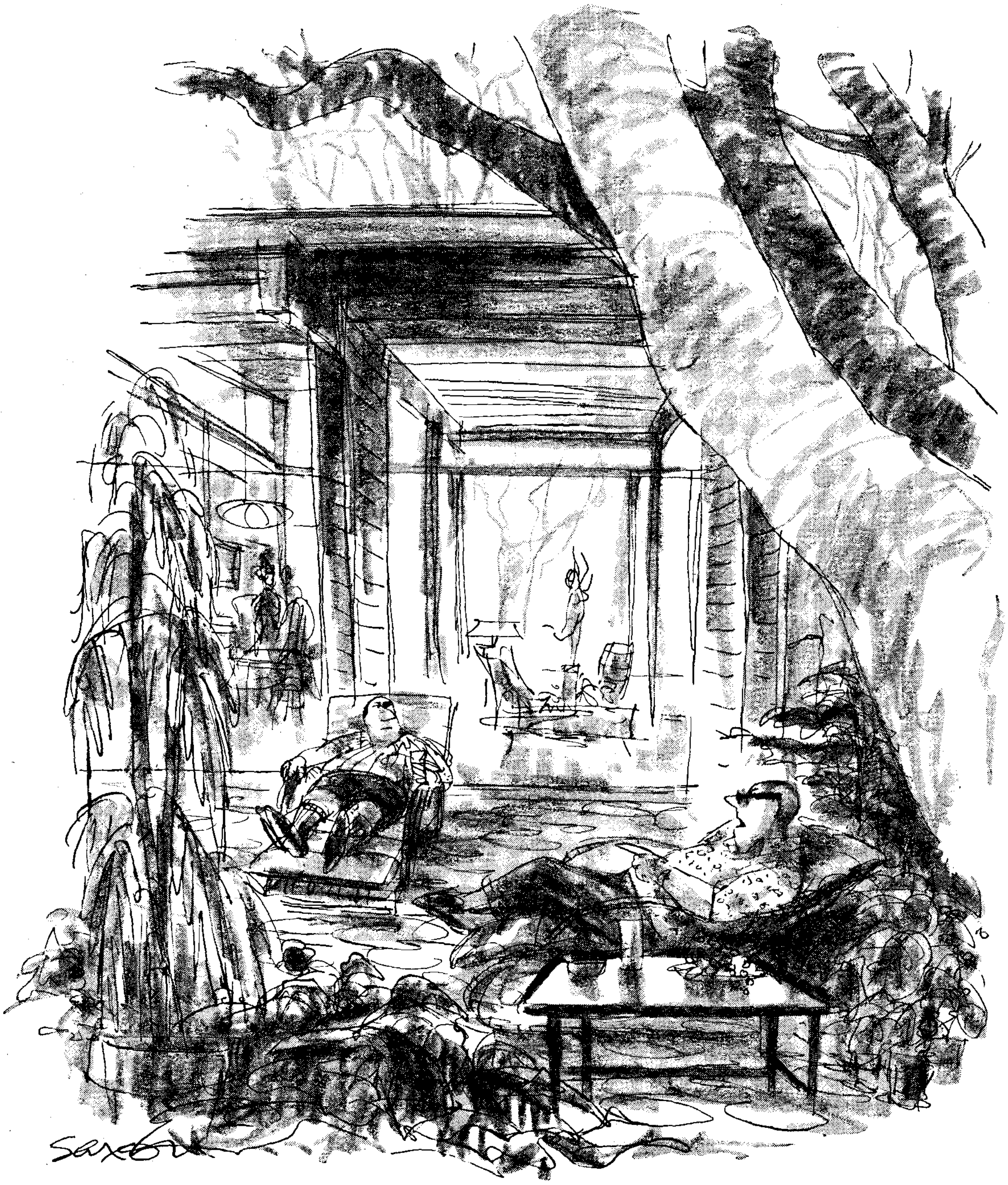
• •

needs is a succession of visas, but the trick is getting them. For me, the trick was made the more difficult because my journey to Jordan began in Israel. Jerusalem, the capital of Israel, and Amman, the capital of Jordan, are only sixty miles apart by road, but they do not officially recognize each other's existence. In fact, none of the Arab states, in principle, admit correspondents who have even been in Israel. In their opinion, to place their own visas in a passport containing the visa of a nonexistent nation would constitute a form of recognition, and while they make exceptions, it is always on the fictive hypothesis that because there is no Israeli visa in the correspondent's passport, he has not been in Israel. The Israelis obligingly make this hypothesis tenable by refraining, on request, from stamping their visa in your passport; they stamp it, instead, on a separate slip of paper, which you destroy on leaving the country. Thus, even though the authorities of an Arab state know that a journalist has written a series of sixty-six articles datelined Tel Aviv, they are at liberty to exercise official ignorance.

The Israelis will almost always accept a correspondent who has been in Arab states, but it is then so hard for him to get back among the Arabs that the press associations, the news magazines, the New York *Times*, and the British newspapers maintain separate categories of operatives—*personae gratae* to the Jews and *personae gratae* to the Arabs. The two-team system is not ideal, because a correspondent shut in with one adversary or the other is likely to acquire the local point of view or else to work up so sharp a distrust that he assumes the people over the line are more truthful. Correspondents in Israel, for example, suffer chronically from a feeling that they are being sold a skillful line. Correspondents on the Arab side are often offended by the implausibility of statements they are expected to act as if they believed. On newspapers, the arrangement can lead to two conflicting inaccuracies under different datelines. The news-magazine procedure is for a home-side editor to decide who is right. He usually does so on the basis of what the publisher thinks would be best for Western Civilization.

The first step in getting from Israel into the Arab states is to go to a place where an Arab visa is obtainable. Measured in air miles, the nearest such place is the British dependency of Cyprus, but to go there requires British permission, and since the Cypriotes were then engaged—as they are still—in what the British pictured as a manifestation of mass ingratitude to them, this was difficult to get. British colleagues warned me that I might have to wait two weeks. Athens was two hours farther by air, but open. Jordan has no consulate in Athens, but Lebanon does, and I thought that once I got into Lebanon, Jordan would be easy. Having thus saved thirteen days and twenty-two hours, I felt that I could afford to squander a small part of the profit on sea travel. Accordingly, I embarked from Haifa on the Messapia, a splendid new Italian ship that runs from Haifa to Cyprus (where I wouldn't be allowed to land); to Piraeus, the port of Athens; to Bari, in southern Italy; to Venice and Trieste; and then back again. I could have gone by one of the ships of the Israeli merchant marine—efficient craft built by the West Germans as part of their reparations payment to Israel for the Jews killed by the Nazis. It would have been interesting, but I had had six weeks of Israeli cooking and sub-Californian native wines. Israelis are ungifted cooks, and, having the dietary laws to contend with besides, they are like a one-legged man starting ten yards back of scratch in a hundred-yard dash.

Of the cities of Israel, Haifa is the solidest and most urban—built of stone and overlooking a fine harbor full of ships as it rises in the shape of an amphitheatre from the sea to the top of



"Sometimes I think I ought to just take my little pile and quit the rat race."

• •

Mount Carmel. It is neither a museum piece, like Jerusalem, nor a sprawling beach development, like Tel Aviv. Tel Aviv grows northward out of war-ruined Jaffa, like a wild-grape vine from a rotten log. Its new stucco-jacketed buildings are already scabby, in the manner of all jerry-built houses exposed to sea air for any length of time. It has no depth of water, and its shore is as barren of ships as the lake front of Chicago. Those you see from its concrete esplanade are on the horizon—en route to or from Haifa.

Because Haifa is a working seaport, it has more direct contact with the outside world than the other Israeli cities have. The people of Tel Aviv, walking their esplanade, look longingly out to the sea that separates them from the West. In Haifa, girls stroll arm in arm with sailors from the ships—Norwegians and Greeks and Israelis. To its people, the sea is not a punctuation mark but a conjunction. The streets of the city give you the feeling that they run for thousands of miles, like the streets of all cities with ships. In Manhattan, for example, the foot of Wall Street may lead to Ecuador, the foot of Vesey to West Africa. A city without ships is like a man without children.

ONE of the Israeli ships—white, with the Star of David painted on her two blue funnels—was lying at her pier, looking spruce and snowy, as we pulled out of Haifa. It was late afternoon. There were perhaps a dozen first-class passengers aboard the Messapia, mostly Italians, all of whom remained in their cabins until we reached Piraeus, when they reappeared, ready for a day's sightseeing.

We had a golden day at our first stop—the Cypriote port of Larnaca—where we lay about a mile offshore while local boatmen, an Arab-looking lot, brought bits of cargo to us in long, clumsy open lighters that resembled a cross between a dugout and a coal barge. The boats were not overloaded; one of them made the round trip from shore solely to deliver a Fiat car the size of a perambulator. Passengers arrived by motor launch throughout the day, having just reached Larnaca from other towns on the island. While awaiting these voyagers and watching their trunks perilously rise in the air in nets, the crew of the Messapia fished with hookless lines for *calamari*—splendid big squid that take bait, clamping on tight and letting themselves be drawn aboard.

The ship's doctor and her chief engineer, leathery old men with an ecclesiastical look about them, sat at the table next to mine in the dining saloon, generally drinking vast quantities of lemon juice and Crodo water for the benefit of their livers. They had been the most successful of the *calamari* fishers that afternoon, and at dinner they shared their good fortune with their fellow-officers and with me, allowing us to appreciate the glory of a good squid, about as big as a coconut and the color of coconut milk, simply grilled, with the marks of the iron showing on its sides, basted with olive oil, and served up with a couple of lemons to squeeze over it. It had the texture of fried honeycomb tripe, and the flavor, slightly *fade*, of the muscle of a cherrystone

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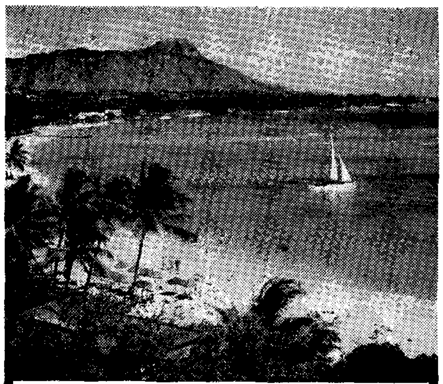

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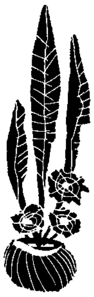
clam. After dinner, in token of my gratitude, I offered cognacs in the bar, but the old sea dogs clasped the brass-buttoned expanse of their abdomens and one of them moaned, "I thank you, but my liver no permit." It seemed odd for such leathery fellows to be intimidated by their internal organs. I should have thought each had a liver like an alligator handbag.

Among the passengers we picked up at Larnaca were half a dozen English couples, one of them accompanied by a swarm of aggressive ginger-haired small boys. Two of the couples were military and the rest government people of other varieties, all outbound on leave or transfer. Among the men were two who had the aura of cops, and they were on excellent terms with some newly arrived Greek Cypriote passengers, whose English clothes were dearer and better than the Englishmen's and whose soles were a couple of inches thicker, bringing them up on an approximate level with the British. These Cypriotes spoke idiomatic English and, I am sure, fluent Greek, but they were of such a high social class that they talked bad French among themselves.

One of the Britons who joined the ship was hardly aboard when he appeared at the rail, complete not only with beard and blazer but with binoculars, which he immediately raised to scan the shore—an irritating affectation, I thought, since there was no race on. "How beautiful!" he exclaimed. "How utterly incredible!" Then, turning to me, he said, "Would you care for a look? Here, take them," and he lifted the strap of the binoculars over his head and handed them to me. "Over there," he said, pointing. Ordinarily, I find this one of the most infuriating things people do on shipboard, since they generally want you to look at what they take to be a whale spouting or the smoke of another ship hull down on the horizon, and you can never see it. I accepted the man's binoculars reluctantly, but when I looked in the direction he indicated, I saw a flight of hundreds of storks, like a brush stroke across the sky, each bird a horizontal line of bill and neck and long legs prolonging itself among the birds before and after it. The sight taught me again not to be put off automatically by a beard, a blazer, and what Englishmen among themselves call an "axnt." This one had conferred a great favor on me.

Next day, running along the mountainous Anatolian coast and then among high brown islands, the Messapia assumed an English character. The men tramped about the deck in blazers and ascots, as if they had been at sea for ninety days; I do not know yet how they restrained themselves from organizing a deck-tennis tournament. The women appeared for dinner wearing dresses of the sort that in 1942 they used to blame on the shortage of clothing coupons. Englishwomen are more fun to look at than any others on a dance floor, I sometimes think, because they are heterogeneous even as individuals. One will combine a good-humored buck-toothed smile with sharp elbows and superb legs, the next a wickedly beautiful small face with a torso hardly thicker than a shooting stick. There is none of the uniform texture and tint of backs and arms you see in places like San Juan and Port-au-Prince. An English dance floor offers not a feast of beauty but a snack lunch, and you have to work to get enough, as in a bar at Epsom between races.



In the morning we were in Piraeus. I had never been in Greece before, and as I went ashore it occurred to me that it would be a waste to do nothing except obtain a visa in the land of Our Grecian Heritage. (I had been reading a book by that name on shipboard.) Here was a fresh line of thought, and it seemed much stronger when I looked out from the taxi taking me up to Athens and saw what was unmistakably a race track.

"Is it the season?" I asked the driver.

He said it was, and I asked what days they raced.

"Thursday and Sunday," he replied.

This was a Friday. I felt sure that the Lebanese Embassy would be shut, for Lebanon is a country equally divided between Christians and Moslems, and it observes Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, as well as the other. The chance that the Embassy would be open on the Saturday between was so remote, given the character of Middle Eastern functionaries, that I realized that I was condemned to stay at least over the weekend. "*Mektoub*," I said to myself, as if I were Cunninghame Graham. "It is Fate, so I may as well go racing Sunday."

I soon found that I could combine racing with my new passion for classical antiquity, since the rail in front of the finish line at Phaleron, the Athens course, commands the most inspiring view of the Acropolis. The horses come

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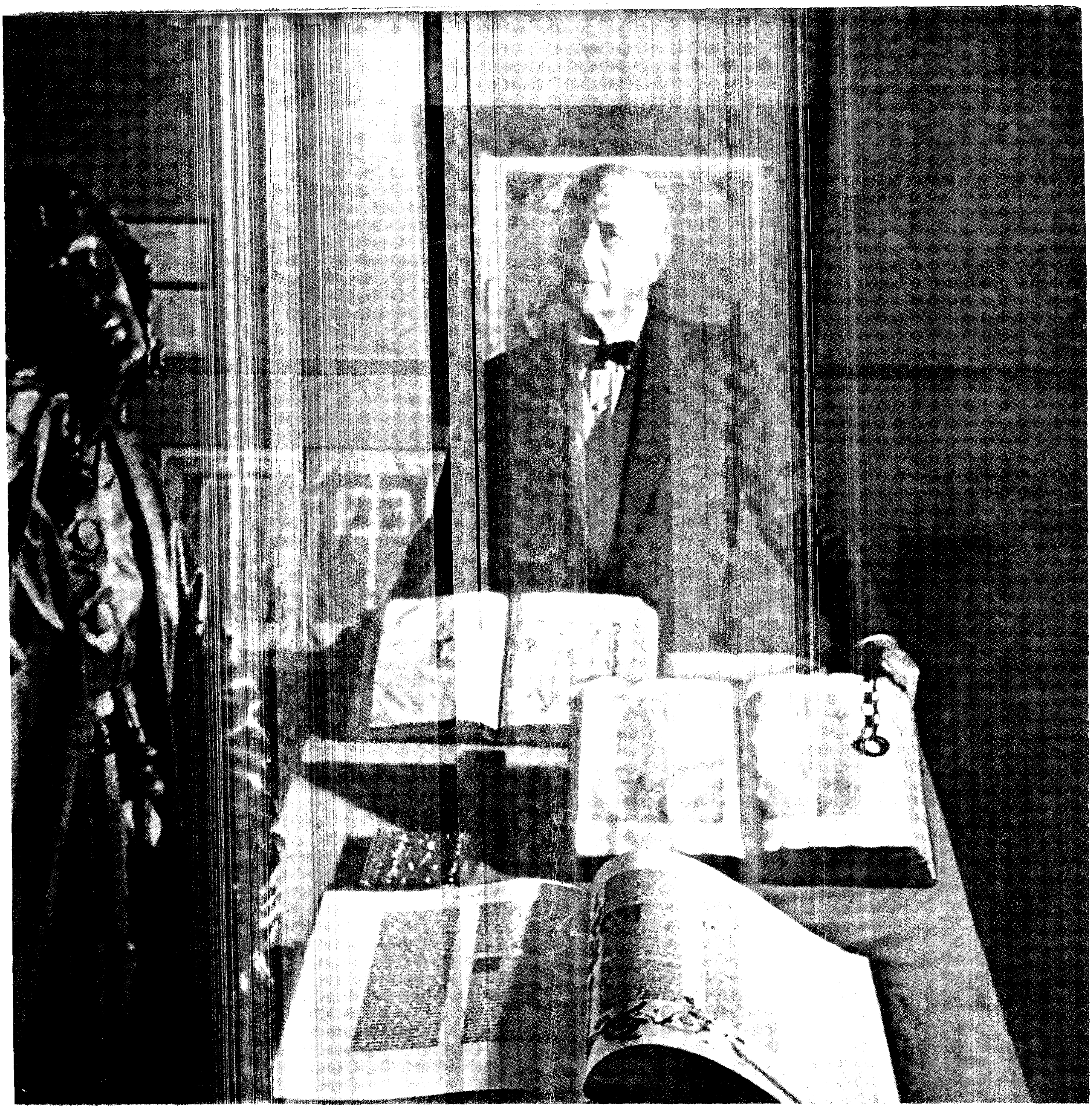
out of a straightaway in the shadow of Mount Hymettus, and, running on a dirt oval, swing into the backstretch on a dead line with the Parthenon, and afterward are seen against the background of Mount Lycabettus, a hill higher than the Acropolis. Then they come around and down the homestretch, to the cries of the brave Hellenes, the iron-voiced—for the most part allegations of fraud, advanced by the holders of twenty-drachma (roughly sixty-five-cent) *didymon* tickets in the pari-mutuel, the *didymon* being a combination bet on the two horses you think will be the first to finish.

The number of race horses in Greece is limited. They are all stabled at Phaleron and race against one another repeatedly; consequently, their relative demerits are known within ounces. So are those of the jockeys, whose personal lives are analyzed as carefully in pre-race discussions as are the allotments of the handicapper, a stylish and sad young man named George, who lives mostly in the bar of the Hôtel de Grande Bretagne. There owners seek him out to bewail his imposition of weights on their forlorn beasts. George is a native of Alexandria, a racing center of more sophistication than Athens. "Here the enemy I must contend with is ignorance," he once told me when one of his fields was spoiled by scratches because he had failed to give each trainer an advantage over all the others. Honesty of effort is the responsibility of stewards, whom another Greek racing friend of mine, also named George, described as "old cavalry generals who, while knowing of horses possibly something, are of crooks' maneuvers ignorant completely." Purses average twenty thousand drachmas (six hundred and sixty-seven dollars). Win odds are modest, with even money being a long price, seldom available except against extreme outsiders. The real betting is on permutations of horses, rather than on simple victories. In the *didymon,* for instance, it is more important to know who is trying to finish second than who is trying to win. Fields are usually small; the track uses an American-style starting gate with positions for eight horses. The punters usually couple the favorite with two or three other horses, and then, as the rumors circulate through this modern agora, they get to coupling non-favorite with non-favorite, on the chance that the favorite will bleed or break down—never a highly improbable eventuality. Usually, each punter holds so many permutations that if the favorite and second choice run in,



[illegible] with some of the rare books in Puerto Rico's interesting collection. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

Puerto Rico and the Princeton Professor

THROUGH the impetus of Operation Bootstrap, Puerto Rico is prospering as never before. Factories are humming. Universities are thriving. Houses and hospitals are going up.

In what *other* ways is Puerto Rico putting prosperity to use? The man in our photograph gives you a clue.

He is Dr. Elmer Adler, an eminent authority in the field of graphic arts. He first arrived in Puerto Rico from Princeton University three years ago. He consented to work for the Commonwealth simply because he fell in love with the place.

Go to San Juan and you will see the pride of Dr. Adler's life. It's a public collection of rare books, housed in an old Spanish mansion. Our photograph shows a few of its treasures. That chained book was printed in the Fifteenth Century—and the big volume in the foreground is a facsimile of the famous Gutenberg Bible.

What is the purpose of this library? It is to give Puerto Rico's citizens a permanent place to study the supreme achievements of the printer's craft.

The entire collection is owned by the people of Puerto Rico. You will find it at Calle del Cristo 255, San Juan.

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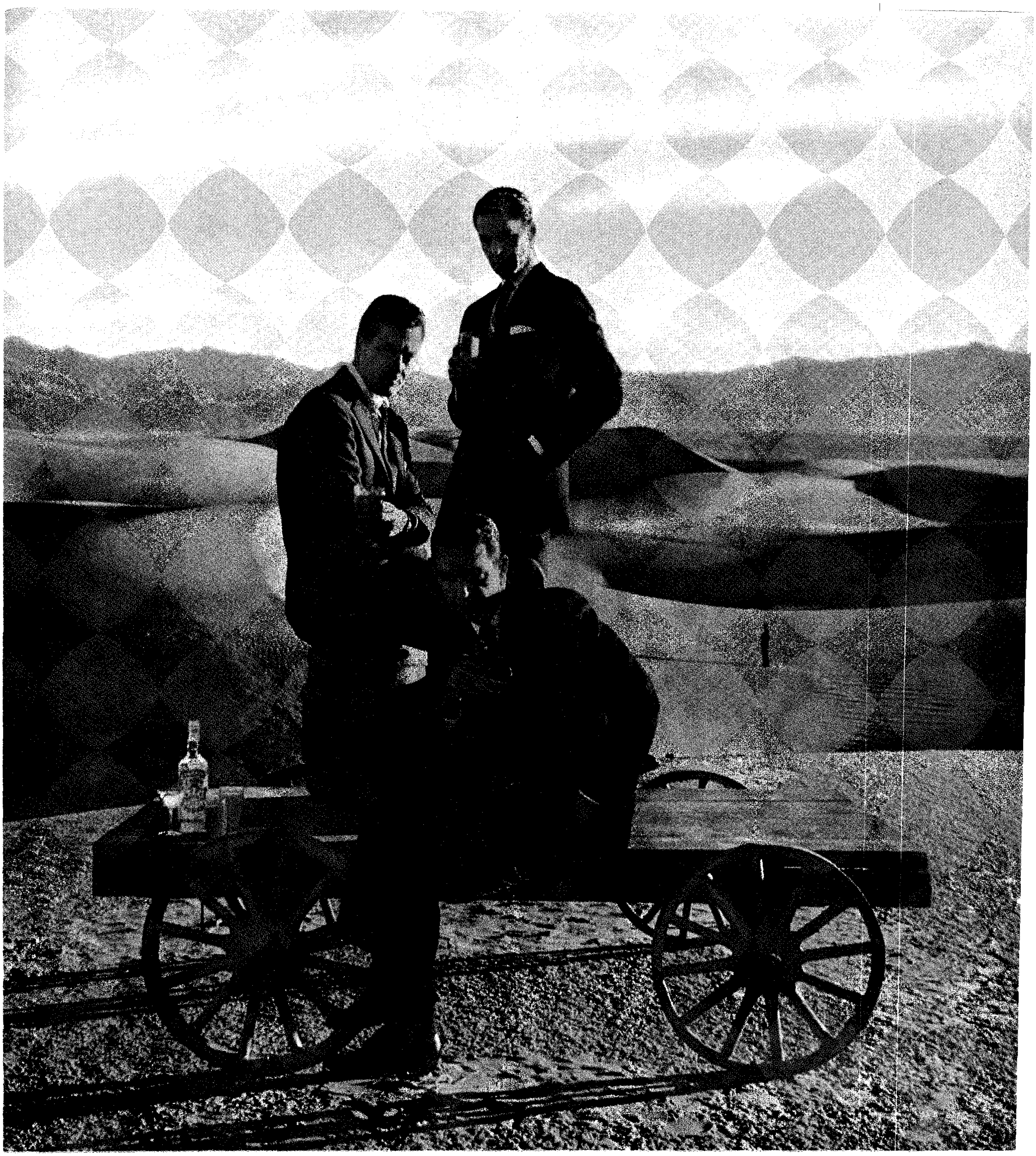

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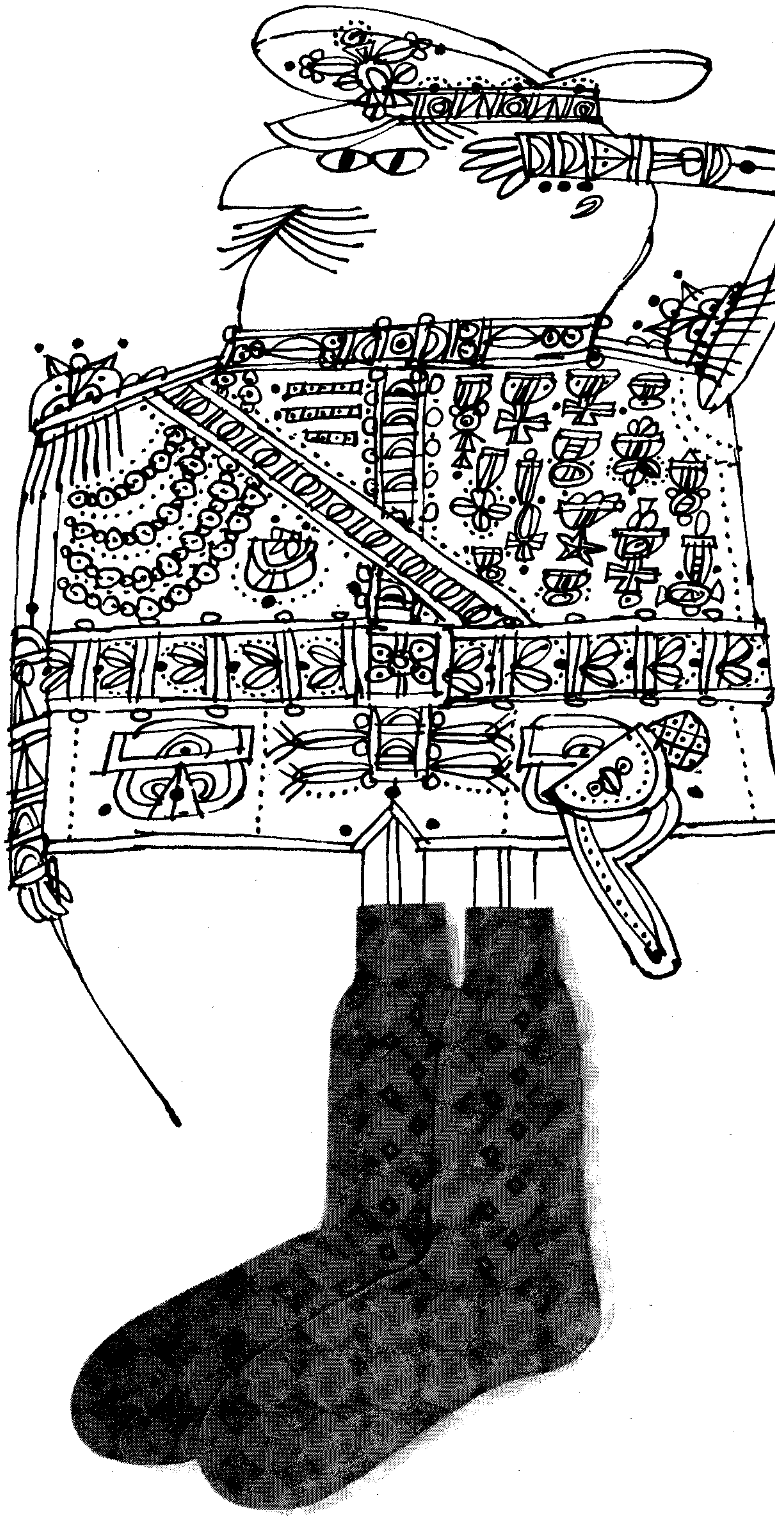
everybody except the pari-mutuel loses money.

MY acquaintance with the *didymon* and the two Georges was in the future as the taxi rolled from Piraeus to the Hôtel de Grande Bretagne, where I had made a reservation by cable from Haifa. I was going to the Grande Bretagne because everybody I knew who had been to Athens had stopped there. It was my firm intention to stay only until Monday, when I expected to get my Lebanese visa and board a plane for Beirut. On this, my first day in Athens, I would pick up some money I expected to find at the American Express Company, and then walk about in the modern city. Saturday I would devote to my perfervid pursuit of our Grecian heritage by visiting the ruins of the Parthenon, which Herman Melville, a hundred years ago, in his "Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant," likened to "the North River breaking up"—an attractive simile. On Sunday, I would attend the races. In my pocket was a letter containing the names of three Greeks to look up if I should decide to stay on, but I had no mind to use it.

Arriving at the hotel, which must be one of the oldest and pleasantest and grandest anywhere, I found its lobby buzzing with tourists, most of them prosperous members of Ahepa, a Greek-American fraternal order, and their wives, of its ladies' auxiliary. Ahepa was holding an international convention. The lobby was a bright contrast to the sparsely occupied hotels I had left behind in Egypt and Israel, and, to my astonishment, I was for once glad to see tourists—lots of them, acting out all the standard caricatures but full of curiosities and appetites. Much worse than a palace hotel full of tourists is a palace hotel empty of them, where the guests are infected by the gloom of the staff, trying to subsist, in default of tips, on wages that weren't meant to be subsisted on.

After checking in, I walked out into the sunlit Square of the Constitution, also jam-packed with tourists, and down a block to the American Express, where I found that my money had not yet arrived, and I cashed a hundred-dollar check, just to show the chap at the counter that I could get along without him. I was returning to the G.B. when I met a correspondent I had last seen in London. We stopped in at the hotel bar, and he asked me if I was in Athens to prepare a story on the return from exile, by courtesy of Her Britannic Majesty's



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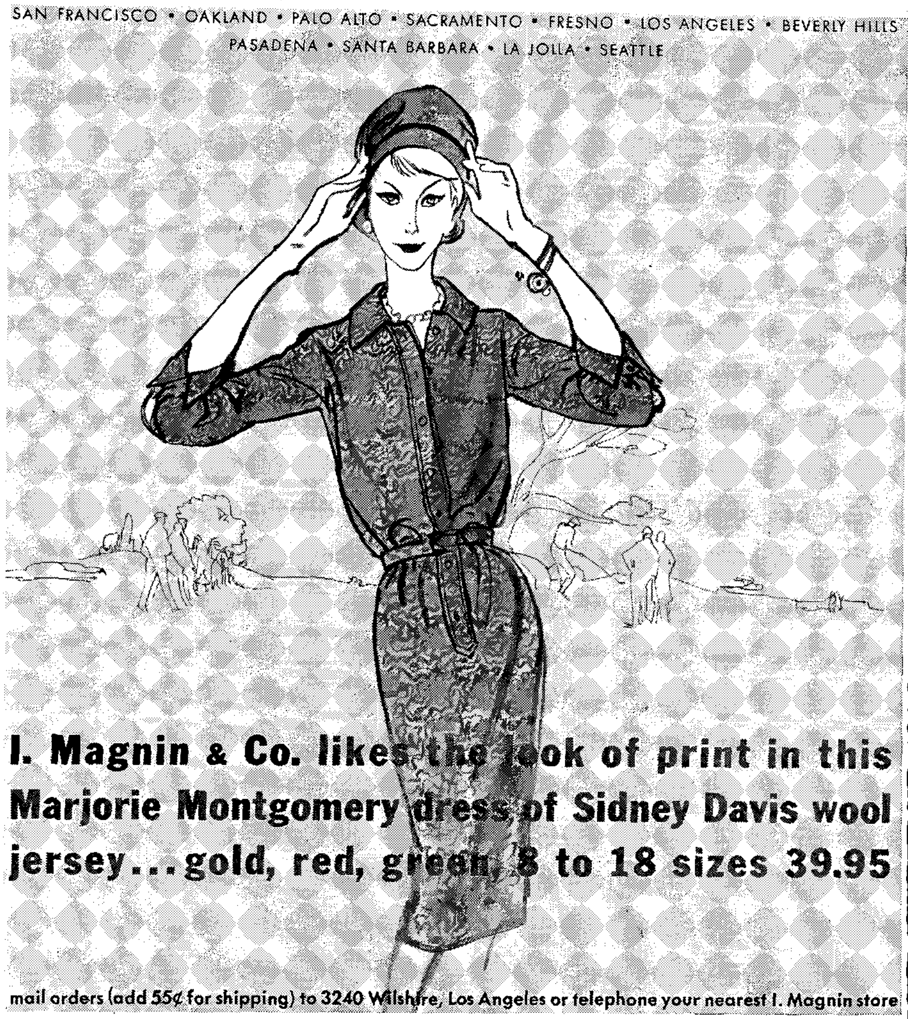

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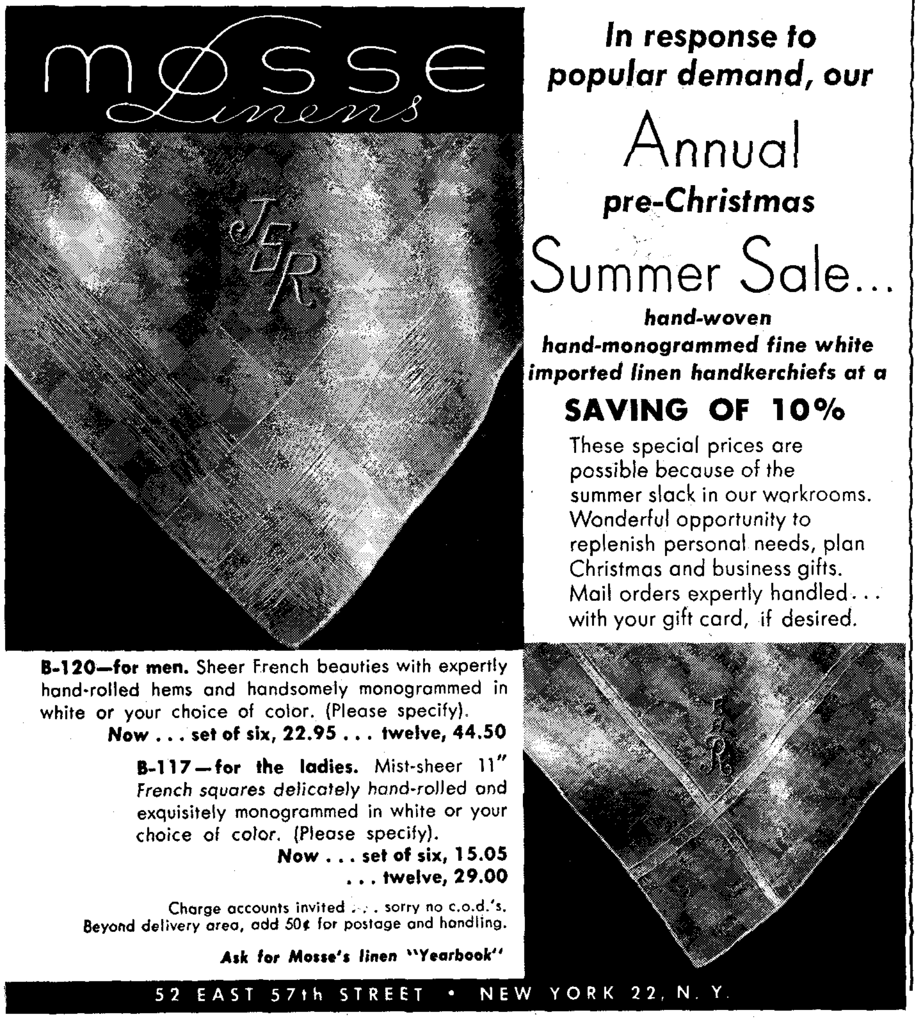

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Government, of Makarios, the Archbishop of Cyprus. I said maybe I was. And, indeed, after my third *ouzo*—a Greek anise liquor—and my second heaping plateful of big shrimps and stuffed vine leaves from the hors-d'oeuvres trolley in the bar, Makarios and Athens began to interest me. I had a sizable doubt that I would be able to get into Jordan, and a smaller one that I would even be acceptable to Lebanon. If I put the latter question immediately to the Lebanese Embassy in Athens and was turned down, the sensible thing would be to go back to my Paris headquarters and forget the Middle East. On the other hand, if I obtained the Lebanese visa, my feeling that I ought to get on with the job would impel me to proceed to Beirut. By making preliminary studies for a possible report on Greece, I could put off the moment of departure in either direction. The *ouzo* took on a milky hue as the ice in the glass melted, and the future, too, declarified—a verb of the same Irish family as "disimproved." It would be mad, I concluded, to leave Athens before the arrival of Makarios, and this would give me a minimum of two and a half weeks in which not to apply for a Lebanese visa. Consequently, it was not until my eighteenth day in Athens that I applied. By that time, the Grande Bretagne's service on the floor where I lived had gone to pot, because the Archbishop had moved into a suite down the hall from me. My room waiter was permanently abducted to carry the small cups of thick black coffee with which a Greek greets visitors, for the Archbishop received visitors, political and ecclesiastical, from daybreak, or so it seemed, until late at night. The waiter, who was now dressed, even in the early morning, in a boiled shirt and tails, in place of his former easy white jacket, had been hoping for weeks that the Archbishop and his entourage would land on another floor of the hotel. "Those fellows with the beards!" he said to me, without reverence for the higher clergy of the Greek Orthodox Church. "They *never* tip." The waiter spoke French, English, and German, all of which he had learned in the Grande Bretagne, where he had worked for thirty years. I intercepted him in the hall one day, when the Archbishop had settled down, to ask after the health of the distinguished guest, and he assured me that His Beatitude's appetite had not been undermined by the rigors of his exile. The maid assigned to my room, by nature a sociable woman, no longer had time to stop by for a talk about the

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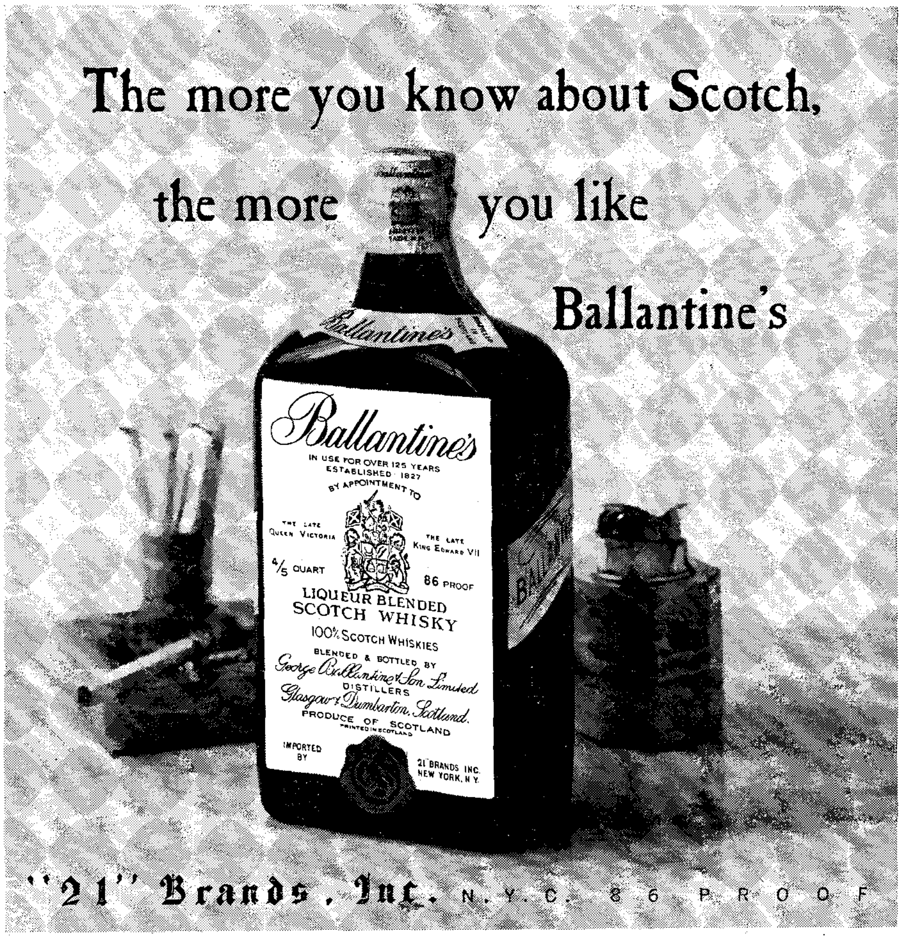
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interesting mores of my fellow-guests, because she was constantly occupied in pressing the Archbishop's gowns. He never wore a gown more than once without pressing, she said. In what few glimpses I caught of her after the prelate arrived, she was sprinting along the hall bearing the Archiepiscopal draperies on hangers.

It was inevitable that if the Archbishop settled in a hotel, it would be the Grande Bretagne. But Timon, one of the three Greeks named in the letter I had brought with me (I consulted it shortly after reaching my decision to linger in Athens), professed to deplore the holy man's choice. He said that a higher ecclesiastic, vowed to celibacy and to disdain of the flesh, should have chosen one of the local monasteries, of which there were a great plenty, all suitably uncomfortable. Timon, who was a hero of the resistance to the German occupation, is an ex-Minister, and, according to his acquaintances, would have had a great future in politics if it were not for his addiction to paradox. "He is a paradoxologist," I was told by one of them, who, like most of the men you meet in the G.B. bar, is also an ex-Minister. (In discussing a clever compatriot with you, Greeks always explain that he would have had a great future except for some addiction—horse-betting, women, or excessive honesty, the last being the rarest.) Timon has ears that are pointed like a faun's, with long, pendulous lobes, and protruding black eyebrows, rising in a sharp V, and these, with his otherwise acutely Greek-primitive features, give him a delightfully Mephistophelean look. He dresses in black—hat, tie, suit, socks, and shoes—and when propounding an argument has the expression of a parlor magician about to pull an embarrassing object out of a stuffy man's breast pocket.

Timon contended that both Makarios and Colonel Grivas, the leader of the Greek Cypriotes' armed resistance, were instruments of British policy. "The grand object of British policy in the Near East is to maintain hatred between Greece and Turkey," he said. "We Greeks and Turks constitute a natural unit. With our brains and their resources we would be a major force independently. So Britain's aim is to keep us apart, like the Indian Moslems and the Hindus. She has never wanted a strong power to hold the Dardanelles." In expanding this proposition, he made two or three general observations about his own people. At one point, after reminding me of the Turkish riots

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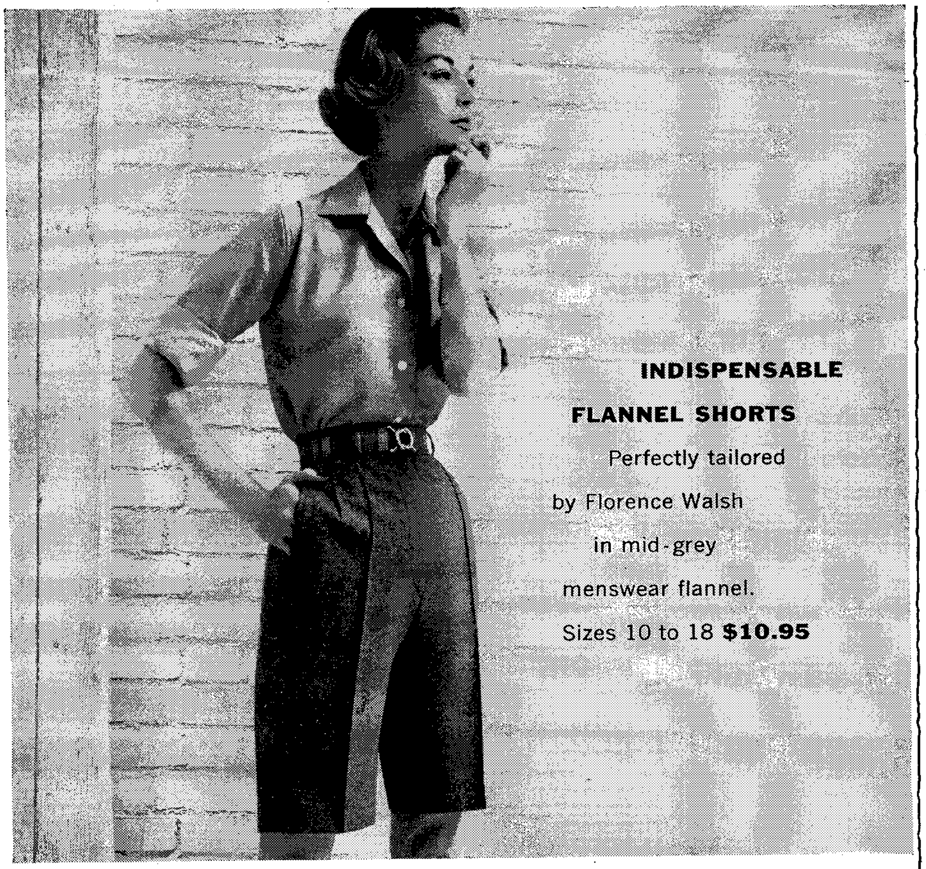
against the Greeks in Istanbul three years ago, he said, "Now we will never, never yield in our stand against them. *Amour-propre* is the strongest Greek sentiment. Greeks have no honor, except when it comes to two things—dying for their country and taking care of their relatives. But *amour-propre* we have." Later on, going farther afield, he told me, "You will find vestiges of pagan observances here—and not classical pagan, for we Greeks are no more descended from the Periclean Greeks than they were from the Mycenaeans. Our superstitions have been handed down to us from the tribes that invaded us from the Balkans for twenty-four centuries, beginning with Alexander's Macedonians." And, again, "Modern Greeks, although they are proud that their predecessors founded European culture, do not consider themselves a part of it. They speak of taking a train or plane 'to go to Europe,' and of 'European meals,' as opposed to Greek meals, and there is no higher praise of a Greek physician than to say that he is 'celebrated even in Europe.' " Timon's arguments in support of his thesis that Makarios was a tool of the British involved a review of the whole Anglo-Cypriote, Greco-Turkish situation. They seemed a bit roundabout to me, but certainly the Archbishop's arrival in Athens generated more heat against Turkey than against Britain. The day of his advent was one of restrained excitement in the G.B. We guests knew that if we sat tight he must come to us. If we went outside, however, we would not be allowed in again until after his arrival. When he reached his rooms, we were told, he would make a speech from a balcony on the second floor to the crowd in the Square of the Constitution.

I HEARD the speech in the shadow of the Archiepiscopal and Ethnarchal beard. On the ground floor of a section of the hotel known as Le Petit Palais there is a small railed porch that is directly under the balcony from which the Ethnarch spoke. The Grande Bretagne is an agglomeration of independent sections, put up at different periods and intercommunicating circuitously. Le Petit Palais was built as the home of a wealthy Greek shortly after Athens became the capital of the new state, in 1835, and is the hotel's oldest unit. It provided the Greek newspapers with an out, since they could get around admitting to their readers that the Archbishop was staying at a hotel named after Great Britain; he was at the Petit Palais, they reported, though everybody in



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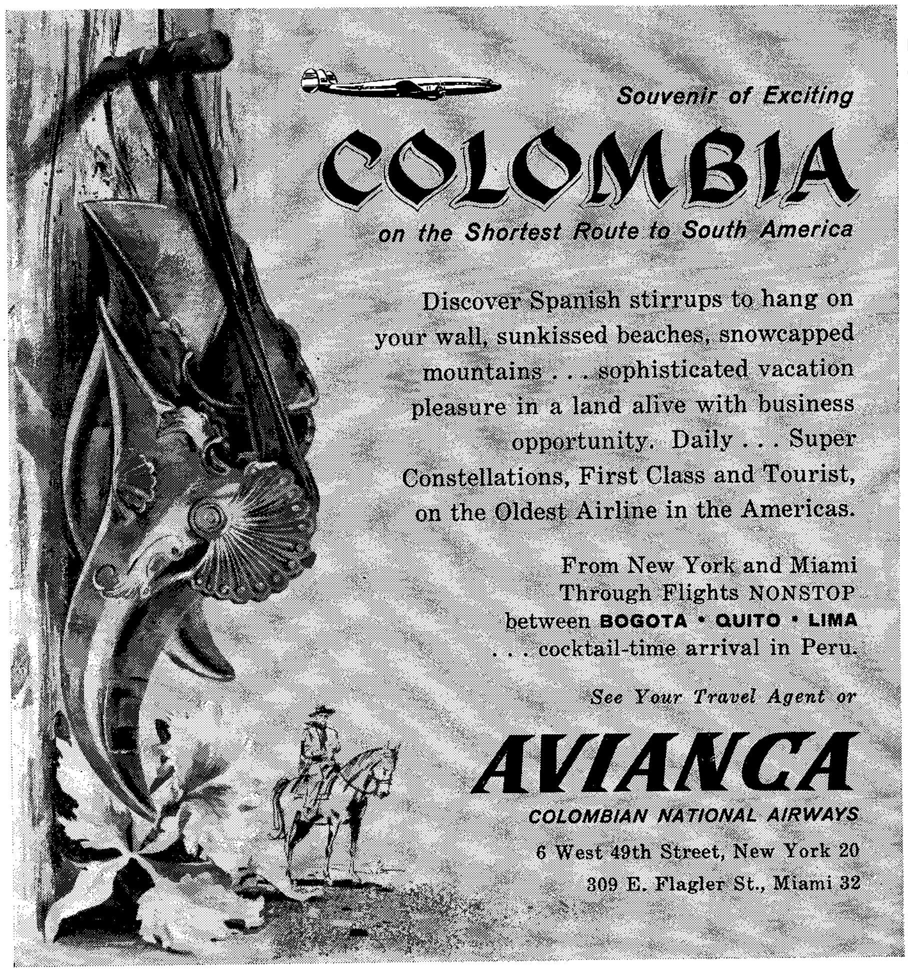

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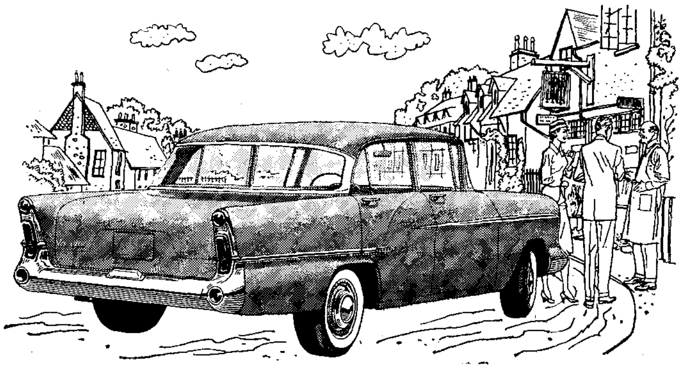

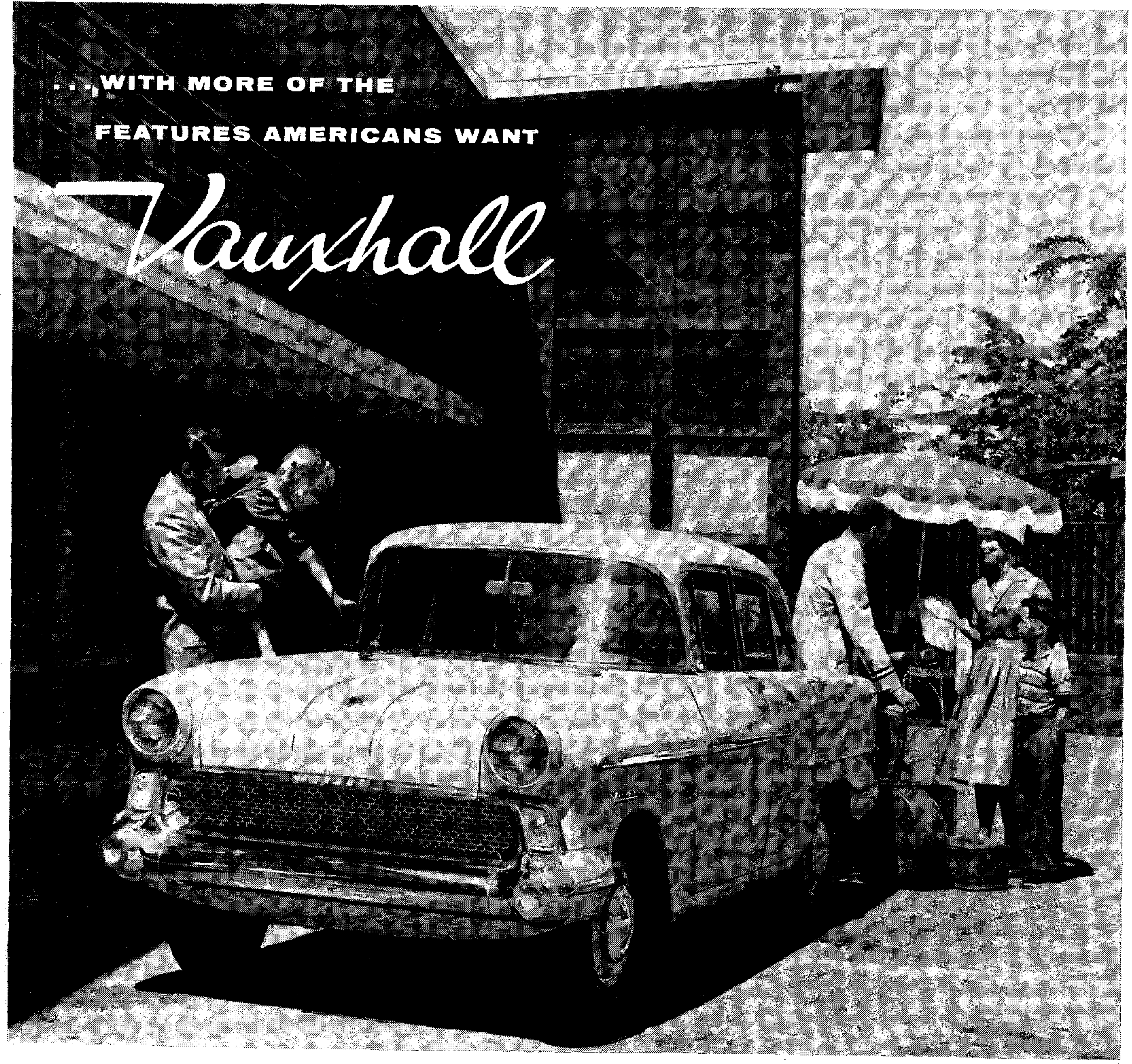

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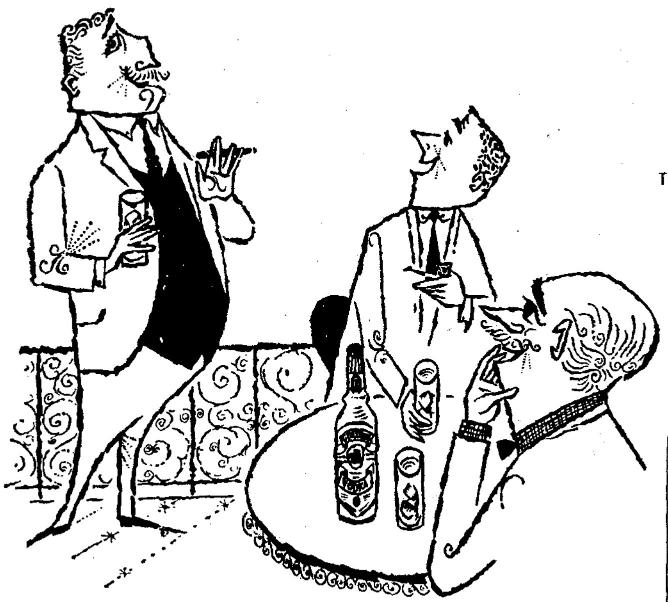

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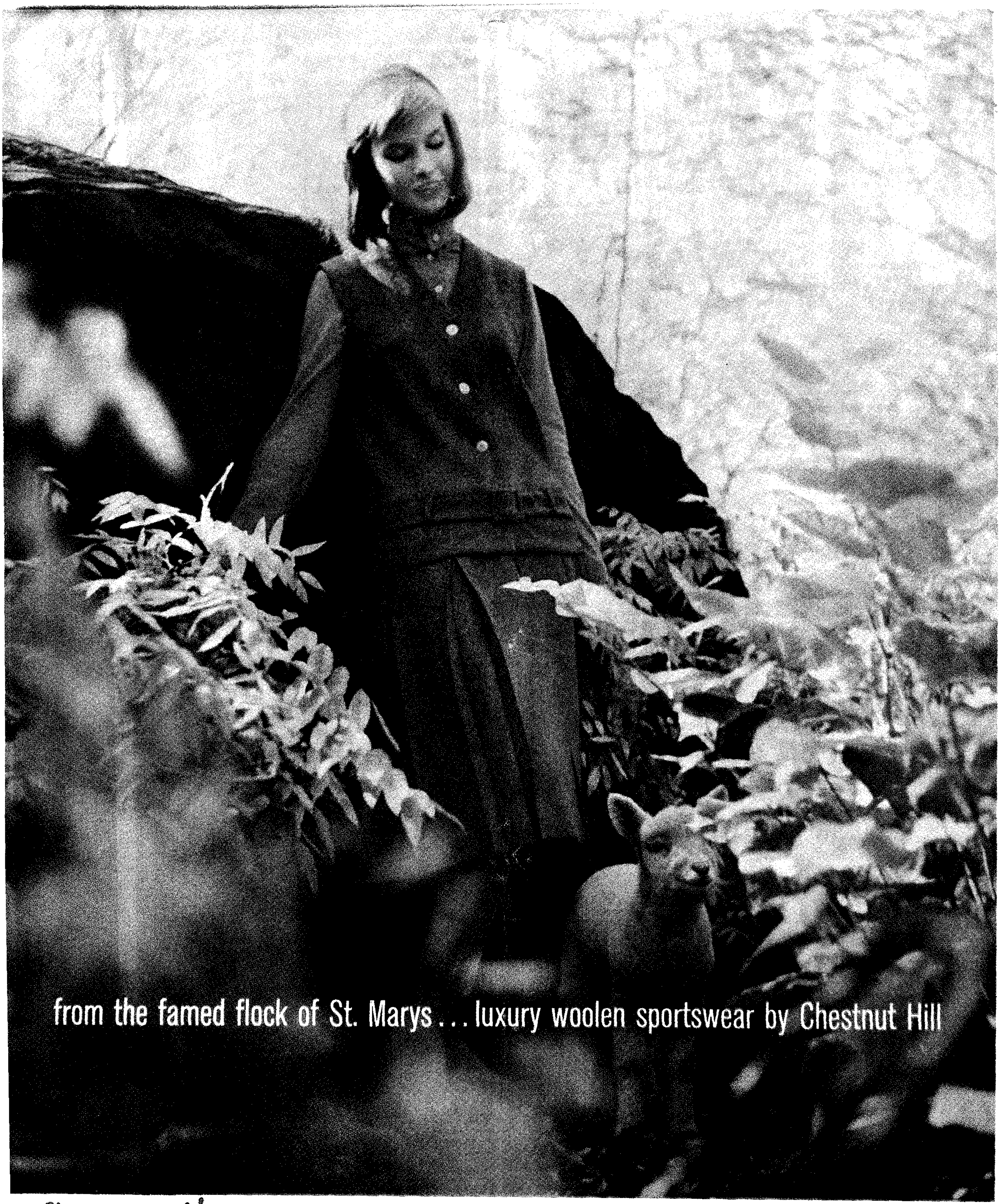
It is hard to see a speaker on a balcony when you are under the balcony. The best that I, and the others jammed on the porch, could do was to lean as far out over the railing as we could and look up. Sometimes, when England's or Turkey's head was on the block, we got a view of the heel of a hand descending in a gesture of rhetorical decapitation. Other times, we had a look at the underside of the Ethnarch's beard as he leaned out over the railing of the balcony to make a point. It waggled, as if a woman were shaking out a mop. It was more rewarding to look straight ahead at the people massed in the square, all with faces turned up toward Makarios. A press photographer was twined about a lamppost like a honeysuckle, pointing his camera up at the orator. When he had exposed a roll of film, he would throw it to a runner in the crowd, who would make off through the tangle like a horseplayer trying to get to a mutuel window with a hot tip just before post time.

A Greek newspaperman—another George, who is tall, long-legged, elegant, and always looks faintly melancholy—joined us on the porch. He is an ex-Minister. This George had been at the airport to witness the Ethnarch's arrival, and had followed the cortege up to the city, dropping off at his office to write an early story. He had had a hard time getting through the crowd around the hotel. "It was genuinely at the airport very moving," he said. "The music of the aviation played, and an American Air Force major in uniform rushed to the plane and kissed the Archbishop's hand." George would be a successful horseplayer if he were not such a thorough reporter. "Wait," he will say just as you have decided on your *didymons*. "I see Kokka over there—the rich tobacco merchant who owns Number Six. I shall go and find out from Kokka whether he is seriously intending to win." Returning, euphoric, he will say, "Kokka recommends that whatever else you do, have something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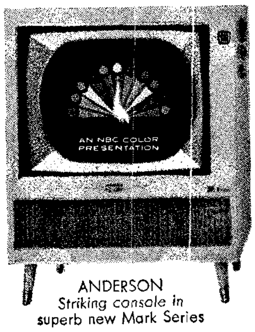

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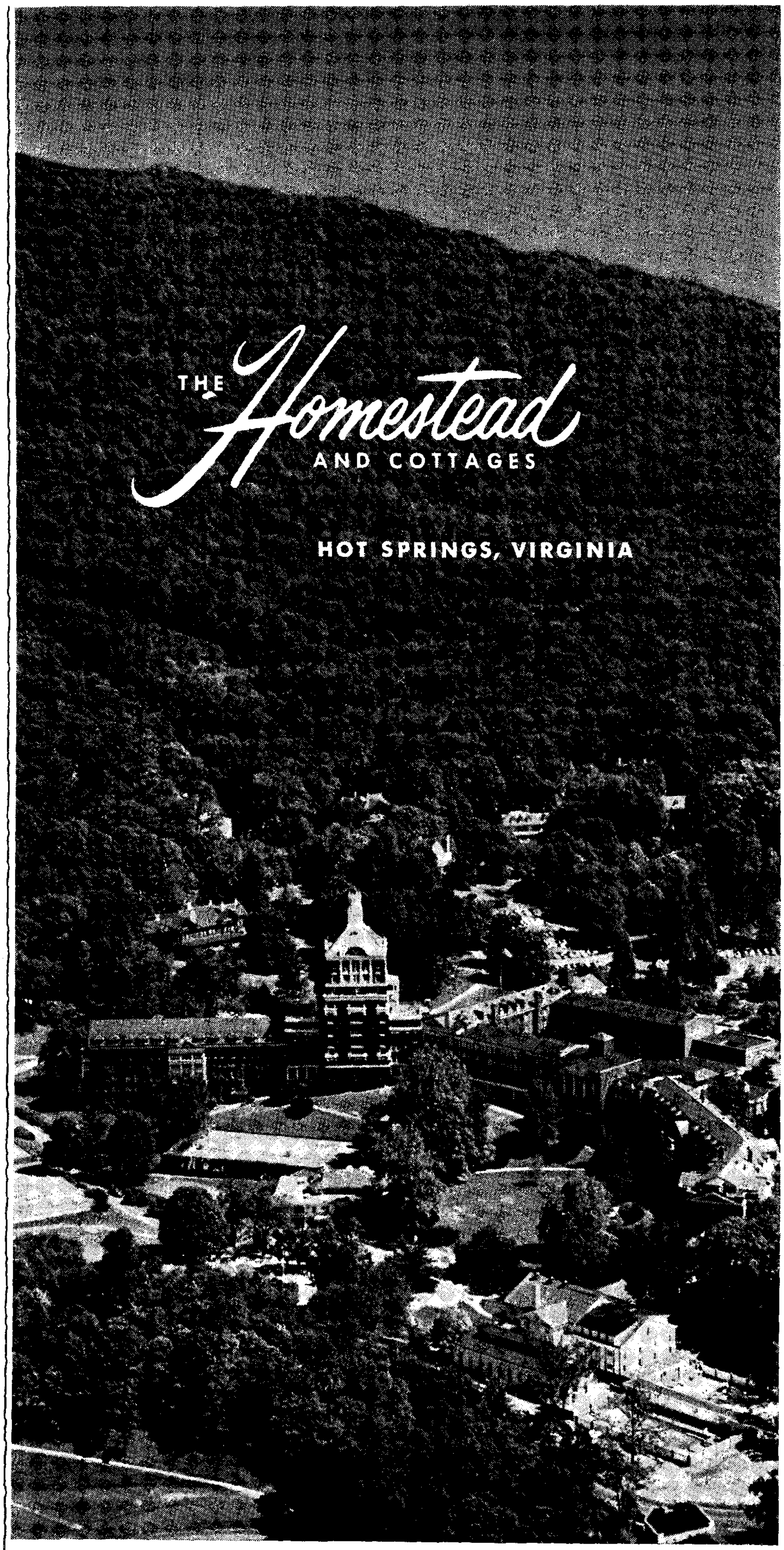
on Number Five." This necessitates a complete rearrangement of your *didymons* to include Five, which finishes beaten off. Not satisfied with one line on a race, George insists on interviewing the owners of all the horses in it, and as he is particularly on his guard against being touted off triers, he winds up with a collection of *didymon* combinations that are mathematically incompatible with a large profit but unhappily susceptible of becoming a heavy loss. This is an ideal procedure, however, for reporting Greek politics, on which the journalist does not have to bet. It is a politics of *didymons*, and those engaged in it should have a few drachmas on every horse.

On the day after the Archbishop's advent, the Athenian dailies were full of a speech delivered in Istanbul by a Turkish Minister, who denounced the Greek government for honoring a terrorist with an official reception. A Greek Minister then denounced this "sultanlike" denunciation. A queue of Greek notables formed at the entrance to the Petit Palais for consultations and coffee with the Ethnarch. Government notables queued on the first day, notables of the largest party in the Opposition on the second, and the third, fourth, and fifth choices in the betting after that. Descending from their consultation, the notables would show up in the Dzeebee Bar, where they, in turn, would hold a consultation with the press. On the second day, I ran into the second of the three Greeks named in my letter—an ex-*Prime* Minister, this one—as he was making for the bar after his consultation. Ordinarily, his views are *laïque*, but on this occasion his prayer beads were swinging from his left hand. "The government is not standing behind the Ethnarch," he said when he saw me. "It is betraying him. And I wish you would tell *your* government," he went on, assuming that I had Mr. Dulles's ear, "that we view with growing resentment the manner in which the Turks are allowed to express themselves. We know they are your servants."

ONE morning, when it had become evident that the show was over, I looked up the address of the Embassy of the Republic of Lebanon. Proceeding there by taxi, I could see that this was not what such a mission might have been twenty-five hundred years ago, when Athens and Tyre disputed the thalassocracy. Both Greeks and Phoenicians have come down in the world. The Lebanese Embassy is in a mansion



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that any small shipowner could afford, on a street just beyond the really smart diplomatic quarter, where descendants of the savages that the Phoenicians traded with are now the big-time diplomats. The visa section, on the ground floor, was in the charge of a lone, obliging Greek girl, to whom I explained what I wanted, adding, as is standard procedure, that I was a journalist in a great hurry. She said that I would have to get a letter from a United States consular officer stating that the United States wanted me to go to Lebanon, and bring it back before one that afternoon, when the Embassy would close for a long holiday of some sort. It was then twelve. She gave me two forms to fill out and told me to bring them back, signed, with the letter and fifteen Lebanese pounds, a hundred and fifty drachmas, or five dollars. Considering the circumstances, she said, she thought she could hold the Ambassador until one-thirty. It sounded simple.

I had kept my taxi waiting outside, and I rode to the American Consulate, on Venizelos Street, where I submitted my request to a vice-consul. While he went off to prepare the letter, I sat down to fill out the forms, and was annoyed to find that the Lebanese—like the Egyptians, for whom I had filled out similar forms in the Egyptian Consulate-General in Naples a few months before—included a space in which the applicant was expected to state his religion. In Naples, wanting neither to misrepresent myself nor to be barred, I had left the space blank, an omission that one of the consul's clerks immediately called to my attention. He was a disagreeable little man, presenting the general appearance of a bad almond, and I was under no illusion that he had any interest in my theology. I have no religion in that sense. I don't know what to believe about what is beyond experience. All the bad almond cared about was whether I was descended from Jews or Christians, and I knew that for him I was a Jew if I answered the question truthfully in the sense in which it was asked. I had the option of claiming to be a Lutheran or a Zen Buddhist or anything else I might fancy, and I could be pretty sure of getting away with it. But instead I wrote "Jew."

There had been no question of conscience involved in my decision. It was simply personal antipathy for the bad almond, who, as soon as he saw what I had written, leaped up and dashed around a partition. He presently returned to announce that the consul-general wanted to see me, and then led the

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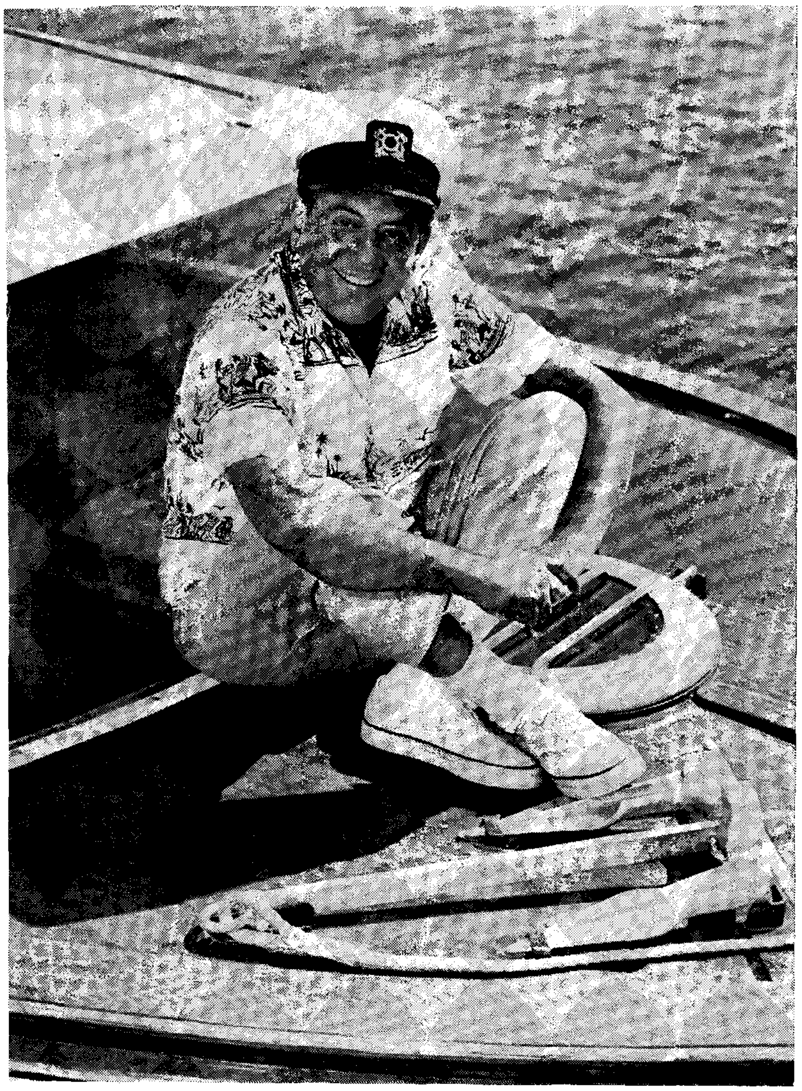
"My beer is Rheingold —the Dry beer!"

says **GUY LOMBARDO**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATSTON-HESSE

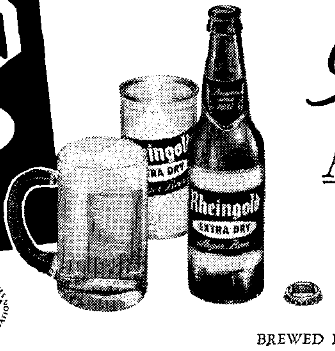
"Here's cruising a la Lombardo!" says the producer of *Song of Norway,* now at Jones Beach. "Get yourself some smooth seas, a crisp, clear day and a companionable crew. Stock the pantry with easy-to-fix foods and the beer that . . .

". . . makes any cruise a pleasure, and any food taste better!" That's Rheingold Extra Dry—with the real-beer taste all its own. It's never sweet, never bitter, always refreshingly dry. It's the largest-selling beer in New York!

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer



It's beer as beer should taste!

Always refreshing – never filling

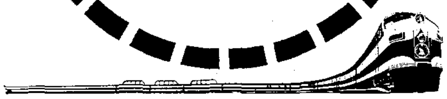
Copr. 1958, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,* BREWERS FOR 121 YEARS. ESTABLISHED 1837.

Thrifty hint from Rocky...

GO FAMILY STYLE
(at family fares*)

on the incomparable
EMPIRE BUILDER



You and the children go carefree on the Empire Builder. Great mountain scenery from Great Dome seats. Superb meals in diner or Ranch Car. Roomy Pullman privacy and comfort. Arrive rested, ready for fun . . . money ahead!*

***FAMILY PLAN FARES:** Leave Monday through Thursday; return any day. Dad pays full fare; mother and children pay half-fare or less.

Write P. G. HOLMES, *Passenger Traffic Mgr.*, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul 1, Minn. or see your ticket or travel agent.

It's **GREAT** going
GREAT NORTHERN

Daily streamliner between Chicago
St. Paul • Minneapolis • Spokane
Seattle-Portland

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

way, with the air of a school monitor conducting a boy to the principal's office for discipline. The consul-general, an affable man who had served several years in Washington, granted me a visa good for two weeks.

Now I had to make the same choice all over again. If I wrote "Roman Catholic" or "Trine Immersion Baptist," I was in. If I wrote "Jew," I might be out. If I wrote "Agnostic," it might be considered a suspicious evasion. I had heard that the Lebanese were, of all Arab-speaking nations, the most urbane and tolerant, but I feared that "Don't Know"—the most accurate description of my religious status—might lead to difficulties. So I wrote "*Juif*," the Lebanese second official language being French.

I got back to the Embassy at five minutes after one and delivered my documents to the girl, who swooped them up, disappeared with them, and returned about three minutes later to hand me my passport and the visa.

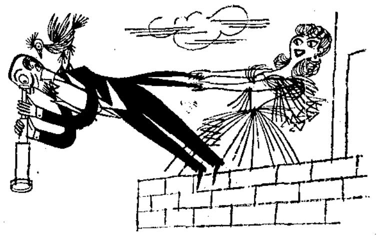
SINCE the matter was now settled, I felt no need for unseemly haste in getting on to the land of the Phoenicians. My voyage on the Messapia had been so pleasant that I planned to go to Beirut by ship, too—the Greek ship Agamemnon, calling en route at Alexandria and Port Said, which would give me an opportunity to get another glimpse of Egypt. The Agamemnon was not due to sail for nine days, and meanwhile I had been touted on a long shot that might win the Grand Prix du Printemps, seven furlongs, for three-year-olds, at Phaleron the following Sunday. The horse was such an outsider, both George the Handicapper and George the Journalist said, that it might fetch as good as two to one.

Half the races at Phaleron are for Arab horses, which are pretty but not very fast, and are imported from the Arab lands or from Egypt. The rest of the races are for thoroughbreds, such as they are, most of them having been bought as unpromising yearlings or experienced failures in England. A few are bred in Greece, where a small-scale renovation of the equine race is just beginning; the studbook for Greek thoroughbreds does not go back as far as the horses of Achilles, and nobody knows their true records. Thoroughbreds, even bad ones, average twelve seconds less to the mile than Arabs, even good ones. The outsider did not win the Grand Prix, by the way. George the Handicapper told me after the race that the animal was just a big, over-

Send for our Maternity Booklet

We're planning on three for fun—a nylon-and-wool skirt, silk-and-rayon blouson, each, 9.95 Orlon cardigan, 10.95 All, in matching red, blue, green or black, 8-16.

Lord & Taylor, New York



SEE WHAT WE MEAN? . . . a room with a view that's unsurpassed in all New York . . . in the smartest part of town—exclusive Beekman Hill . . . a room with intangible little extras in service that will bring you back to us every time you're in town. *Special summer family rates.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

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HOTEL
49TH ST. AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

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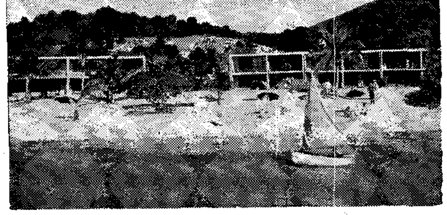
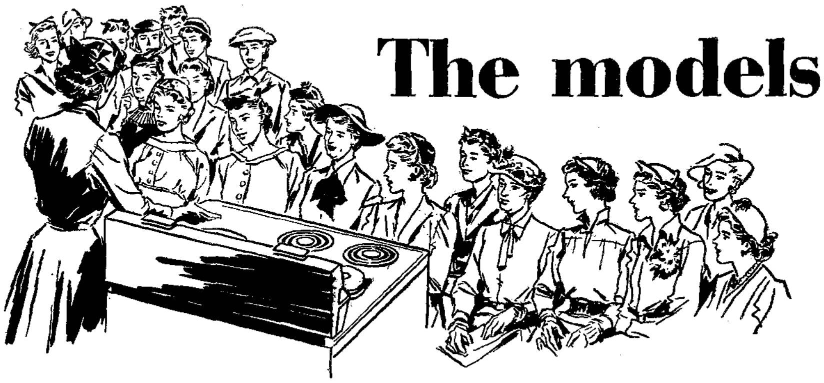
ST. JOHN • VIRGIN ISLANDS • U.S.A.

Summer is Ideal at Caneel

Reservations: See your Travel Agent or N. Y. Res. Office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Circle 6-4699.





The models wear metals!

In hundreds of Midwest towns this Summer, women are flocking to a new kind of fashion show. The exhibits shown are not dresses, hats, hairdos, home decor—but new fashions in kitchens.

The show is sponsored by an appliance dealer, or a utility, and was originated by SUCCESSFUL FARMING. The women who attend see the prize winning filmstrip, "Planning Your Farm Kitchen," and get a copy of the SF brochure, "Farm Kitchen Ideas." The dealer has the opportunity to demonstrate his ranges, dryers, automatic washers, cabinets, dishwashers, furniture—and book orders.

After the initial showing, the filmstrip is loaned to women's clubs, church groups, extension classes, and home economists. One dealer alone showed the film to more than 4,000 people during one week.

The meetings are based on SUCCESSFUL FARMING's editorial program of center by center kitchen modernization; 9 separate and efficient work areas are suggested as the key to better farm kitchens. The woman attending learns how she can modernize her kitchen piecemeal as her budget permits.

Dealers participating in the SUCCESSFUL FARMING Kitchen Modernization promotion are listed in the March and September issues of the magazine; and provided with two seasonal kits of display material. The filmstrips are sold at $9.95, and the "Farm Kitchen Ideas" booklets at 12½¢ a copy.

To date this promotion has had the enthusiastic cooperation of more than 900 dealers, who spent their own money for it—for the simple reason that it works. It is making additional sales for them, and providing prospects for years to come.

SF housewives are more interested in kitchens than their urban sisters, spend more time in their kitchens, and prepare more meals for larger families.

Fifty years of helping farm families earn more and live better gives extra influence to everything published in its pages, extra response to every advertisement it carries.

With better prices and bumper crops, SF families are having a prosperous year. Their average estimated cash farm income for more than a decade has been around $10,000. There is no lack of buying power in SUCCESSFUL FARMING's market.

For better business this year, and to balance national advertising in a segment of the U S market where general media lack impact, buy SUCCESSFUL FARMING. Any SF office will give you the details.

Meredith of Des Moines . . . America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans.

The big build up!

13% added one or more rooms,
31% installed new siding,
55% did outside painting,
76% did interior painting,
in a three year period ending Jan. 1, 1957.
Know any better building market
than these Successful Farming families?
Their estimated average cash farm income
was $10,870 in 1957—
will be higher this year.
Having helped farm families live better
for 56 years, Successful Farming
has unmatched influence—
and gives balance to national advertising
where general media are spotty.
Call any SF office for details.

Successful Farming...Des Moines, New York, Chicago, Detroit,
Philadelphia, Cleveland, Atlanta, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

(*Advertisement*)

LANG'S 8
please...

LANG'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
EIGHT YEARS OLD
Extra Special
Blended & Bottled by LANG BROTHERS LTD
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
Golan Import Company

THE OLDER SCOTCH
and proud of its age!

When you say "LANG'S 8, please," that's your *guarantee* of a *light*, mellow Scotch of rare body and flavor. Every drop 8 years old . . . blended to 97-year-old standards and traditions which create the distinctive taste that delights connoisseurs. The Scots refer to LANG'S 8 as "Abune them a' " (above them all). Bottled in Scotland under the personal supervision of the proprietors since 1861. Do yourself proud . . . always say "LANG'S 8, *please!*"

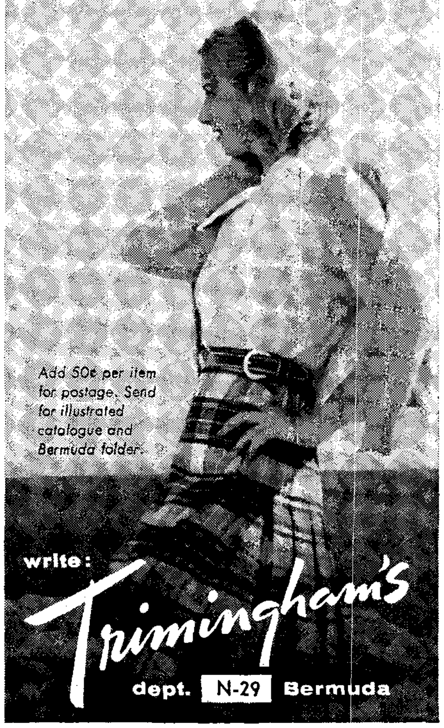
86.8 proof Golan Import Co., Beverly Hills, Calif.

grown colt, and that his owner, distrusting jockeys with strong arms, had put up a boy too weak to keep him from running out at the turns. "From the owner's effort to limit the power of the executive has resulted confusion," George the Journalist further explained.

I was ashamed of having devoted so disproportionate a share of my Athenian research to the past-performance tables in the backs of race programs. To redeem myself, I visited the National Museum of Archeology. There, in the first room off the entrance hall, I saw the finest statue in the world of a jockey riding a hard finish (second century B.C., according to the *Guide Bleu*). At any rate, the jockey was there, suspended from the ceiling by wires, but his horse had suffered a bowed tendon and, being of stone, had been not shot but sent to the basement for treatment. The jockey looked to me like a boy too young to be apprenticed (his parents may have lied about his age in that unregenerate time), and he was far up on the absent horse's withers, leaning out on its neck, with his legs at an acute angle to his mount's back. Athens was on the Big Apple then—a rich town with big-time racing.

Lamenting the city's vanished glories, I went on to the Agora, the forum and business center of classical times, where the American School of Archeology of Athens is excavating. The Americans have restored the Stoa of Attalos, a great commercial colonnade with shops and wide promenades on two levels, and in it they have installed a museum of objects found in the Agora, including shards, resembling fragments of glazed custard cups, on which the voters of Athens scratched the names of their candidates for banishment. Some of the shards represent votes for Aristides, the insufferably just man who died early in the fifth century B.C. and left his name to the first winner of the Kentucky Derby, in 1875. The collection also contains marble tablets detailing the forced sale of the effects of Alcibiades when that gay lad was condemned to death for deriding the gods. I asked Dr. Lewis Thompson, the director of the museum and of the excavators, to translate a sample tablet for me. "Well," he said, nodding toward the nearest one, "this refers to the sale of a hundred and twenty decorated ten-gallon oil jars, won by Alcibiades as the purse in the horse race at the Panathenaic Games." Twelve hundred gallons of olive oil, at present prices, would be worth about four thousand dollars, and the vases, if

Brushed Shetland Sweaters: In your choice of eleven lovely shades. Sizes 34-40. Long-sleeved Pullover $11.24 or Cardigan $14.20. **Kilts:** Anderson, Royal Stewart, RCAF, Black Watch, Dress Campbell, Dress Gordon, others. Waist sizes 25"-30". $19.60.



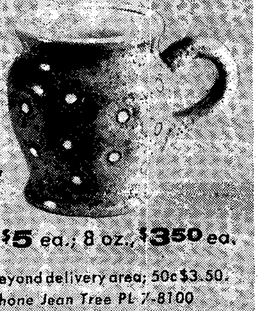
Add 50¢ per item for postage. Send for illustrated catalogue and Bermuda folder.

write: Trimingham's dept. N-29 Bermuda

Heavenly for Cocktails and Dinner
and so Sumptuously Summery!

LUNCHEON AND SUPPER, TOO!
The Golden Door
Atop NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
Reservations: OLympic 6-6060

On-The-Rocks
Cool ceramic stein holds 18 icy ounces of spicy java, beer, spritzers. Delft blue and white, $5 ea.; 8 oz., $3^50 ea.
Add 60c for $5 size beyond delivery area; 50c $3.50.
Write or Telephone Jean Tree PL 7-8100



BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

sold one by one at Spink's, in King Street, St. James's, would bring the race up to the value of a good off-Saturday stake at Jamaica. I could only conclude that Athenian racing has been on the downgrade for twenty-five hundred years.

THE morning after I made this revealing computation, the telephone rang in my room at the Grande Bretagne, and a young woman's voice told me in French that I was wanted urgently at the Lebanese Embassy. When could I come? I asked if it was about my visa, and she said yes. I asked what the trouble was. The young woman replied with embarrassment that she was the Ambassador's secretary and that when she had given him my application to sign, both of them had been in a hurry—she because she understood that I was, and he because he wanted to get off on his holiday. In the rush, neither had noticed what I put down about religion.

I said that the visa was duly entered in my passport and that I would not consent to its removal. She said that she sympathized but that the Ambassador had orders from the Foreign Ministry not to grant visas to "*Israélites*"—the official French circumlocution for "Jews"—without consulting Beirut by cable. ("*Israélite*" for "Jew" is like "person of color" for "Negro.") If I went to Beirut now, she added, it would be the Ambassador's sad duty to inform the Foreign Ministry, and I might be turned back on arrival. Would I call at the Embassy next morning? I said I would.

My placid, leisurely mood evaporated, and I kicked myself for not having dashed off by plane as soon as I got the visa. In my futile jugglings of *didymons*, I might well have frittered away my chance to get on to Amman. And I was left overnight with the dilemma of where to declare my allegiance in a field in which I have none. It is a dilemma that, until I began my Middle Eastern gyrations, had been forced on me only once before in my life. That was at the Third Evacuation Hospital, near Feriana, in Tunisia, early in 1943, where I was not a patient but a war correspondent being issued dog tags—a formality I had evaded until then as fraught with evil portent. Somebody, though—probably a press-relations colonel—had ordered me to get them, because if George Patton, the corps commander, found a corpse without a dog tag on it, he would raise hell. You went to a hospital to get dog tags because that was where they could best

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"To enjoy the effects of music, we must lose ourselves in it," believed Jean Philippe Rameau, considered the greatest French musician of his day. For over 400 happy advertisers, the effects of WQXR's music are most enjoyable. Results for advertisers like Dolly Madison Ice Cream prove: For WQXR's one million families — nothing takes the place of good music . . . nothing takes the place of WQXR

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take a blood test. After they had taken it, your type of blood was stamped on your tag for the guidance of the medics, in case you ever needed a transfusion. A second bit of supplementary information required on the tag was in case things got more serious and you needed burial. You could have "C" (Catholic), "P" (Protestant), or "H" (Hebrew, which is an even more grating circumlocution than the French "*Israélite*"). I felt sure that a fourth classification—"I" (Immaterial)—would have vastly simplified posthumous demobilization. (And ours would have been the biggest cemeteries, since forty per cent of Americans have no affiliation.) But since no such category was listed, I had to choose one of the three that were. I didn't particularly want to be buried as an "H"—in fact, I didn't much fancy being buried at all—but it would have been even more pointless to be buried as a "C" or a "P." So "H" it was.

Over the *café complet* in the Grande Bretagne the next morning, I thought up reasonable presentations of my case, calculated to sway an agreeable diplomat representing an Arab-language country—someone, perhaps, like the consul-general at Naples. I would explain to him that I was on my way to Beirut, the headquarters of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, and from there, if possible, to Jordan, the country harboring the greatest number of Palestinian refugees, who were uprooted by the Israel-Arab war of 1948, because I was of the belief that there could be no peace in the Middle East until the refugees, as individuals, had justice, and because I wanted to see at first hand the conditions under which they were living. I would also point out that I was an American journalist—not a Catholic, Druse, Jewish, Protestant, or Sunni journalist—and had covered a lot of stories of various kinds without giving them a Catholic, Druse, Jewish, Protestant, or Sunni slant.

When I walked into the Lebanese Embassy, I found the girl who had given me the blanks to fill out sitting with another girl, quite chic, and also Greek, who said she was the Ambassador's secretary and had telephoned me. She added that the Ambassador was away, and she did not make it clear whether or not she had consulted him before calling me. She said that it would make it easier for all of us—me, the Ambassador, and, not least, her—if I would consent to change the entry next to "Religion" on the blanks. Occasionally, she acknowledged, Beirut, when questioned, would agree to the entry of

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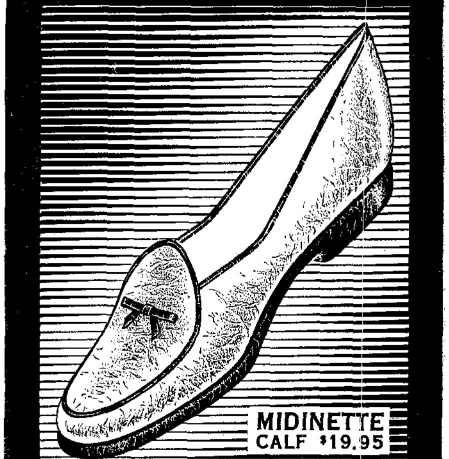

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NEWEST IN BERMUDA!
Lantana
COLONY CLUB

Luxurious air conditioned Cottages right on the water. Cocktails, dinner at the Lodge. Pool, all water sports.

For Color Folder, SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or
LEONARD HICKS JR. AND ASSOCIATES
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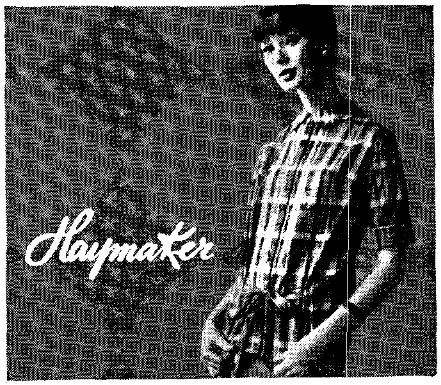


REEVES
fabrics

an *Israélite*, but it usually took weeks—sometimes months. I would probably have to be investigated by the Lebanese Embassy in Washington. But if I insisted . . .

I said that I was not devout, not an observer, not even a believer, but that I would not do anything so ridiculous as to declare that I was a Moslem or a Methodist. "I will make a *scandale*," I warned her gravely. "For a country to repudiate its solemn visa— You understand, it would create a very bad effect in Europe."

The girl appeared to accept this at its face value. I could see that it depressed her, as a Greek, to think of Lebanon's getting a bad name in Europe. The Greeks' *amour-propre* extends to their friends and employers, whom they protect as faithfully as their own relatives. Then a smile of Olympian wisdom illuminated her classic features. She made me think of Athena, and it seemed to me that Timon must have exaggerated the genetic *lapsus* between ancient and modern Greeks. For this chit, this tender love, perceived *à l'improviste* a possibility that had eluded the chaplain-colonels who designed the dog tags. "If you don't believe," she said, "then you have no religion. Put down '*Sans Religion.*' "

The suggestion was so rational that I hesitated before accepting it. A breath of reason surprises us nowadays, like a sample of some old currency—say, a gold eagle. It takes a moment to remember that it is still valid.

The secretary had the forms with her. She erased the word "*Juif*" after "Religion." I wrote in "*Sans Religion*," and a few days later I sailed on the Agamemnon, with all my papers in order.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

KEENAN WYNN'S 45th birthday party at Luchow's was the wildest—Sophia Loren, Shelley Winters, Esther Williams, Hal Wallis, Jack Warden and Lita Fairbanks all toasting him (in beer). Sidney Lumet ripped honor guests' jackets off (except Sophia's), shouting "I'd drink to Jan Mitchell (the proprietor) except he's too rich;" Sidney merely being the husband of Gloria Vanderbilt.—*Earl Wilson in the Post.*

And merely a card.

•

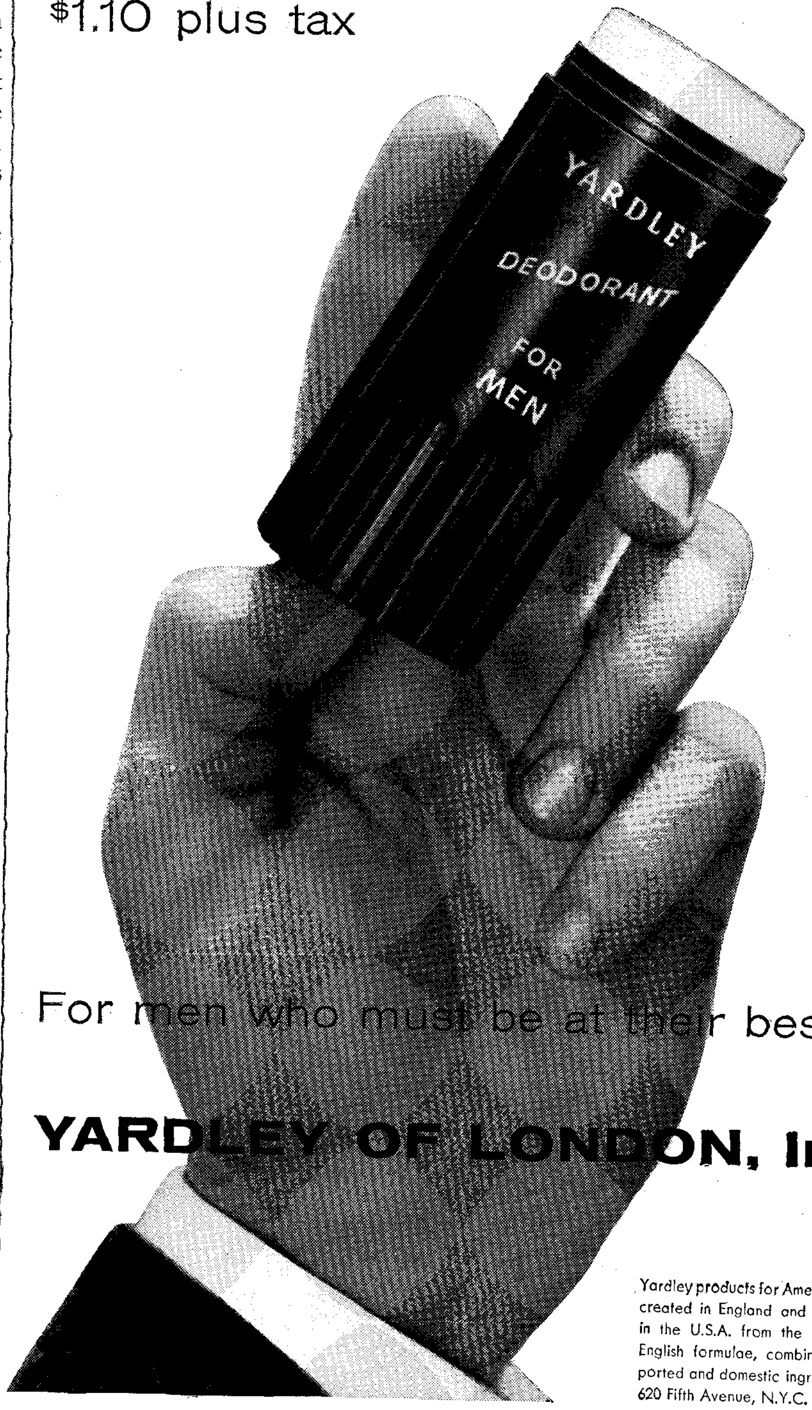
GORHAM, MAINE.—Fire Chief Wiley P. Chandler dropped his lawnmower and ran next door to light a $2500 fire at the home of Leon Carpenter—also a fireman.

—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Afraid of getting rusty?

New! Handiest Deodorant Stick for men. Complete protection in an unbreakable, push-up case; no foil to fool with; easy to pack; he-man size.

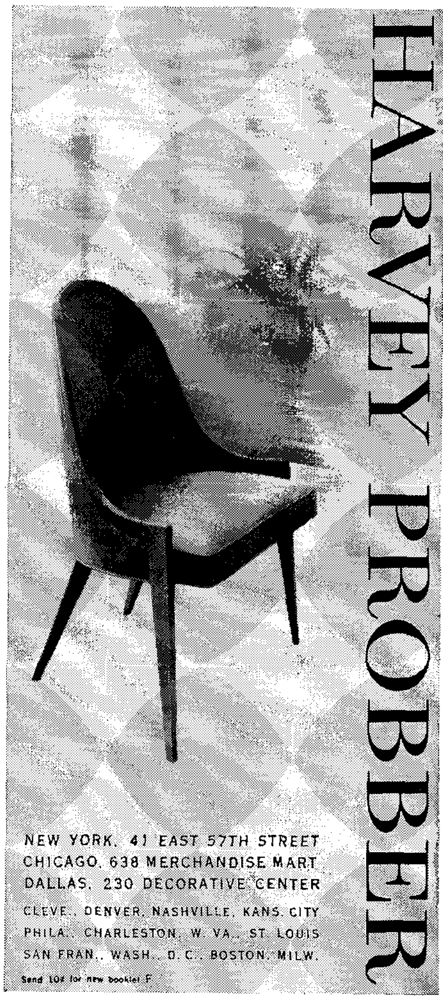
$1.10 plus tax



For men who must be at their best

YARDLEY OF LONDON, Inc.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.



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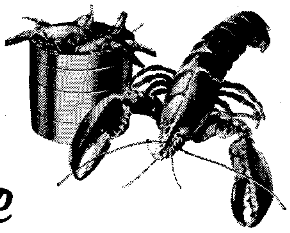

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PLUS HALF PECK STEAMER CLAMS

ALL READY TO COOK IN A DISPOSABLE LOBSTER STEAMER

An authentic clambake direct from Maine all set to cook on arrival. Maine Lobsters—1⅛ lbs., meaty best eating size—and steamer clams cushioned in sea-chill rockweed for real steamed flavor. Iced all the way, live delivery guaranteed within 1800 rail miles. Easy to cook, just punch hole in steamer lid, add water and steam—it's all ready to serve. **Extra** Bonus: Two 1-lb. tins Indian Pudding, traditional clambake dessert, included at no extra charge until September 20.

Complete $15.95 plus express charges collect. Every order acknowledged. All cooking and eating directions included.

SALTWATER FARM (Inc.)
Damariscotta 28, Maine

☐ *I'd like the $15.95 Maine Clambake of 8 Lobsters, ½ pk. clams (approx. 85), Indian Pudding Dessert.*
☐ *Double quantity in large steamer, $28.75 (All shipments express collect)*
☐ *Send me your catalogue of seafoods and gifts.*
Name……………………………………
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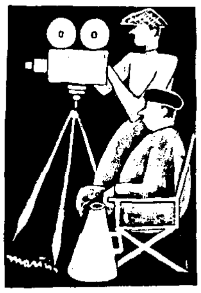
Town………………*Zone*……*State*…………

WANTED
Month…………Day…………Time…………

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love

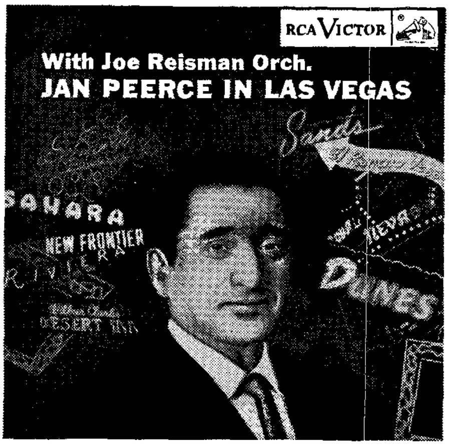


AH, the French—or, at any rate, two films about the French, "La Parisienne" and "A Certain Smile"! *L'amour, toujours l'amour!* No colonial problem, no monetary difficulties, no splintered parliaments, no scheming Left, no sullen Right. Only *l'amour*. *L'amour* for breakfast, lunch, and supper. *L'amour* in the wee hours and in the not so wee hours; in jet planes, flashy motorcars, sidewalk cafés, dark *bistros*, halls of learning, and bathtubs; on public conveyances, motor bikes, and duck shoots; at beaches and airports; along riverbanks and in formal gardens. Puppy love, passionate love, bored love, crazy mixed-up love, love with young men, old men, upstairs, downstairs, all around the town. *L'amour, toujours l'amour!*

To get down to cases, let us take the simpler one first—"La Parisienne." Here is love scrupulously tailored to the talents of Mlle. Brigitte Bardot. Now, to some, Mlle. Bardot may be incontestable proof that there is a just and benevolent deity; to others, that, after millions of evolutionary years, the female form has finally been perfected; and to still others, perhaps more cynical than the rest, that a young, pretty woman with a highly developed comic sense is a pleasure to watch on the screen, regardless of the merits of the script. In any event, here is Mlle. Bardot at her beckoning, feline best, cast as the daughter of a French Prime Minister. She is recklessly nubile, and addicted to pert pouts, fast driving, and sloping around the house clad, or half clad, in a bath towel, or half towel. The object of her desire is none other than her father's *chef de cabinet*, a stunning young specimen of the French Civil Service, wildly ambitious and even more wildly interested in the opposite sex, but desperately anxious to avoid marriage ties. Mlle. Bardot pursues him with a commendable, if somewhat wearing, persistence—through the streets of Paris, in her father's outer office, and ultimately into his bedroom, where she is discovered by fully two-thirds of the French government in his bed (he's there, too, but was expecting someone else), smil-

♣♦♠♥

THE VOICE THAT CONQUERED VEGAS



Opera audiences aren't the only ones Jan Peerce knows how to thrill. Here's the music he sang when he took Las Vegas by storm — 12 favorites including *Granada, Because,* and *I Believe.* In New Orthophonic Sound. Also available on RCA Victor "Living Stereo" Records.

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ing her fetching jungle smile. Her father's honor, career, and government must, of course, be preserved, and the *chef de cabinet's* own career must not be compromised, and so a stately church wedding is hastily arranged and performed. The young lady's husband, however, although properly hitched, retains his wandering eye, despite the fact that his wife employs every trick she knows, including that darn bath towel, to claim his sole attention. When all else fails, she seizes upon the royal visit to Paris of a charming, graying, elegant prince, an experienced man of the world, to make her husband jealous. I wouldn't think of divulging the details of her success; suffice it to say that someone throws a cold lobster at someone else, the dignified prince sneaks off incognito for an afternoon's swim on the Riviera with our heroine, both heroine and prince catch cold, and all ends happily. Mlle. Bardot is an accomplished comedienne, whose style and dash enable her, with the help of several other members of the cast—Henri Vidal, as her reluctant spouse; Charles Boyer, as the royal foil; Nadia Gray, as his princess; and André Luguet, as the harassed head of the French government (no wonder they fall)—to turn this preposterous romp into an hour of reasonable entertainment.

I AM not an enthusiast of Mlle. Françoise Sagan's, and I found her book "A Certain Smile" a weary hodgepodge of pretentious beat-up togetherness. However, Mlle. Sagan told her story—the story of the doomed attachment of a young female student for a middle-aged roué—briefly and in a gnawing and sometimes compelling monotone. Now a film has been made from her work by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, and although they are generally expert practitioners, they seem to have been thrown by the assignment. The movie struck me as an attenuated and mediocre work, embellished by arresting scenes, in color, of France and the Riviera, and further embellished by the performance of Christine Carère, as the hapless young lady. Mlle. Carère tries hard, but the odds are against her. Rossano Brazzi is the roué, and he is not only tired but tiring. Bradford Dillman, as a suitor the young lady's own age, injects a few moments of genuine feeling into the thing, but the murk envelops him in the end, too, and after a hundred and six minutes we bid farewell to love-soaked France.

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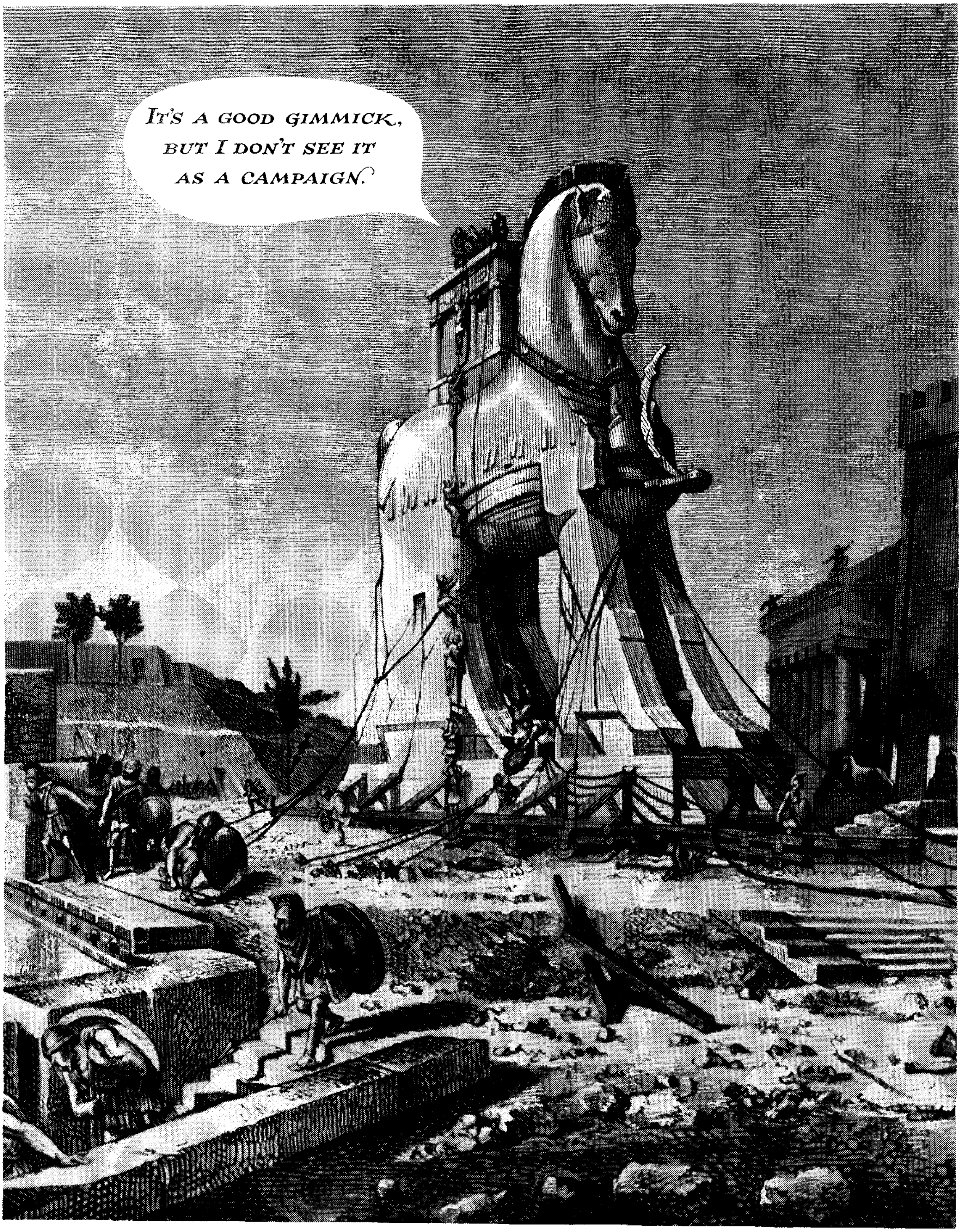
It's a good gimmick, but I don't see it as a campaign.

Whatever the tradition-bound critics might have called it, the Trojan Horse was a great and timely idea. Always, the ability to recognize a really new and powerful idea is as essential as the ability to create one. We strive never to resist the unorthodox merely because it's unorthodox, and strive to keep clichés out of our judgment as well as our ads.

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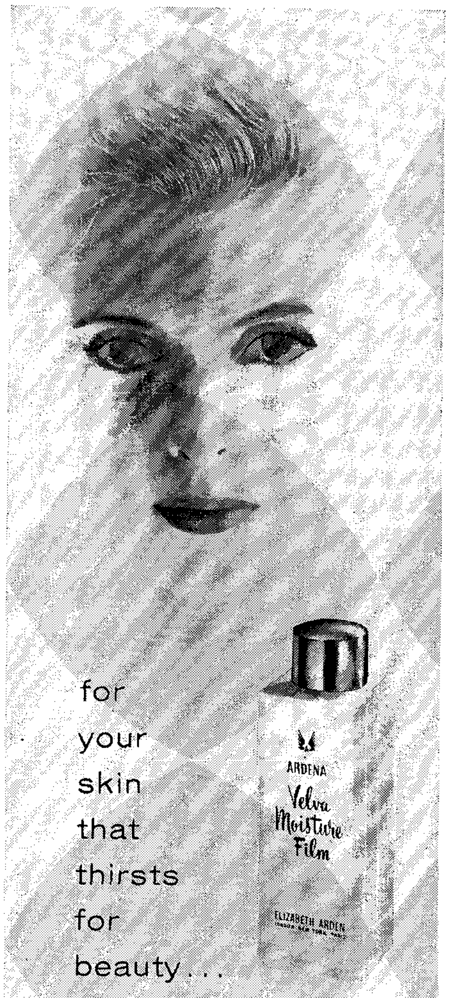

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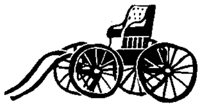
STANWOOD'S ANDROMEDA

THE cruise of the Cornflower was not twelve hours old, and Jim Redfield was already acutely aware of the Watsons' huge interest in People. They displayed an encyclopedic knowledge of Buzzards Bay, its harbors, its yachts, and, above all, its summer visitors. Who lived in every house, whom the occupants had married or divorced, where they lived in winter, and what clubs they had joined in college—all this the Watsons knew, and they told it all to Jim and his wife, Buff, and to the other couple aboard, the Heaslips. The six of them had chartered the Cornflower for a week's cruise.

It was the Watsons' ability to recognize yachts and associate them with their owners and former owners that amazed Jim most of all. When, earlier that Sunday afternoon, Ray Watson, at the wheel, had zigzagged the forty-foot ketch through the clutter of anchored vessels as he brought her into Woods Hole, he had kept up a constant exchange of excited cries with his wife: "There's the old Spindrift, that used to be Al MacLean's! Look, Sylvia, there's the Edgehills' Vulture!"

"No, it isn't, dear, it's Bill Davis's Sundown. There's Bill and Suesue now. Hi, Suesue! How's everything at Pocasset? See much of the Wares?"

Now, at cocktail time, the Cornflower was anchored next a handsome green yawl, the property of some people named Gimbals, from Mattapoisett, and Ray and Sylvia were cheerily exchanging shouted gossip with them. Neil and Gussie Heaslip were sitting, drinks in hand, with the Redfields, listening. Both they and the Redfields came from the north side of Boston and had a limited acquaintance with the resorts south of Cape Cod. But Jim noticed that the Heaslips seemed to be enjoying the conversation—that, in fact, Gussie was taking an animated interest in the marital problems of a number of complete strangers. Jim glanced at his wife cautiously to see how she was reacting; so far, Buff appeared impervious.



Later that evening, the couple from the green yawl came aboard. They were introduced, shook hands all around with brisk, impersonal courtesy, and settled down with the Watsons to a lively analysis of mutual acquaintances in Padanaram, during which Jim drank three strong highballs and became morose and uncommunicative.

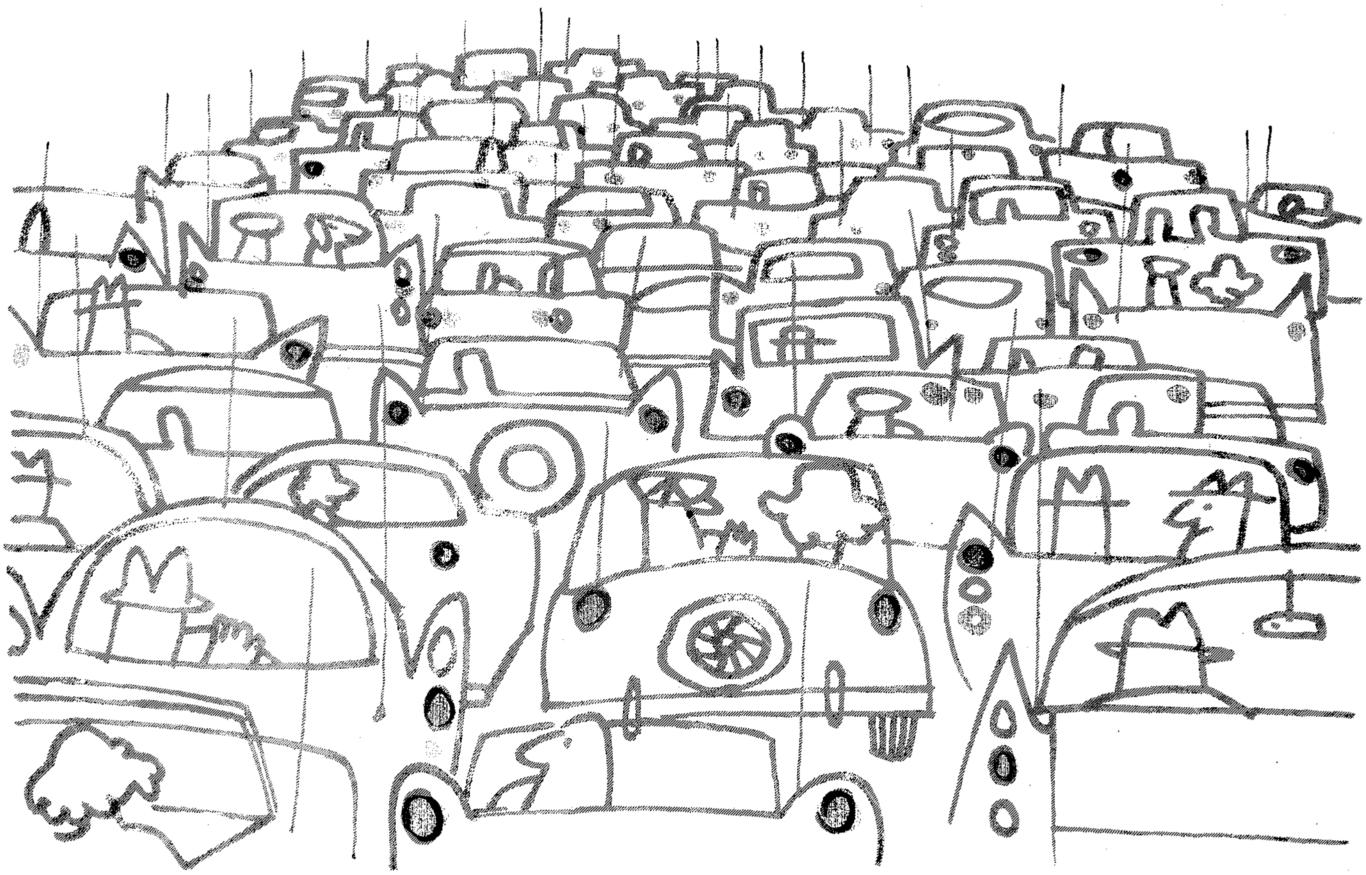
The next morning, the Cornflower coasted the length of Naushon Island, and at noon her crew all swam and lunched at Quick's Hole. (The Watsons pronounced it "*Quickses'* Hole," with an air of authority.) In the afternoon, they swung across the bay to Marion, where again the Watsons proved to be well acquainted. There were many yachts in the harbor, and Sylvia Watson went below and came back with a copy of *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts*. She showed Jim how to use it to identify yachts and their owners. *Lloyd's Register* lists every sizable yacht in the United States, gives its dimensions, tonnage, builder, home port, owner, former names, and, in many cases, private signal flag; it also lists the yachts' owners, giving the names of their craft, and shows illustrations of yacht-club burgees and private signals, grouped according to color. With this book, identifying a yacht is like solving a problem in geometry: if you have a side and two angles of a triangle, you can find out everything essential about the triangle; if you know a yacht's owner, its private signal, or its name, you can learn everything else essential about it from *Lloyd's Register*.

Jim was fascinated by the book, and long into the twilight took turns at the binoculars with the others, peering at flapping private signals and the swinging sterns of the anchored vessels, gleefully identifying the ketch Comet of Philadelphia, length 42′ 6″, owner Edwin C. Chew, or the schooner Triton (formerly Goldfish) of Stonington, Conn., designed by John Alden, 1928, owner Abner Cottrell.

Darkness, and general thirst, at last put an end to the game, and as the bourbon circulated and the talk turned to the Garishes of Marion and why they had separated, Jim found his moroseness returning. Presently, he stumped forward and pretended to busy himself with the riding light until it was time to sleep.

THE next morning, Tuesday, brought a strong easterly breeze with a sunny sky and good visibility—an unusual combination for New England. With Jim at the wheel, the Cornflower got under way at nine-thirty and set out for Block Island—a course that Jim supposed would discourage gossip, for once past Cuttyhunk, the ketch was virtually in open ocean, with the low Rhode Island shore faintly visible on the northern horizon. But, even so, as Jim steered a meandering two-hun-

Another thinly disguised WJR success story



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dred-and-forty-degree course under Ray Watson's supervision, Ray and Sylvia—who said they hardly knew a soul in Rhode Island—chatted about those they did know. A few yachts passed, and were duly identified in *Lloyd's Register*. And then a seed that had been germinating in Jim's mind suddenly burst into flower. He turned the wheel over to Ray and dived into the cabin, where he spent half an hour poring over the *Register*. When he came back on deck, Block Island was close at hand. He whistled as he lowered the jib, preparatory to entering the narrow passage into the Great Salt Pond; then he skipped nimbly back into the cockpit and began to point out objects of interest on the island. "*You're* awfully cheerful, all of a sudden," Buff said.

They tied up to a wharf in the Salt Pond, and Jim took the girls to the village to buy provisions, while Ray Watson and Neil Heaslip got gas, water, and ice. Later, the Cornflower chugged across the harbor and anchored in the lee of a low bluff, and the girls went to the galley to prepare for the cocktail hour.

With cocktails, conversation was general, but at supper it turned once again to People. It went on for a while, in its well-worn grooves, and then Ray Watson mentioned the Kittansett Golf Club. "I remember going to a terrific dance there with old Jerry Stanwood," Jim said. "Back in—oh, '41, it must have been."

No one seemed to take notice of the remark. The talk went on. Sylvia was dissecting a couple named Bishop.

"I never met them, but I've heard a lot about them from the Stanwoods," Jim said.

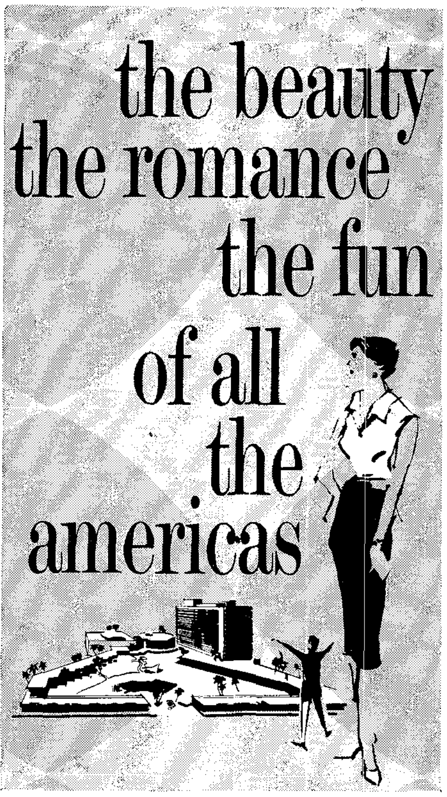
"Stanwoods?" Sylvia asked. "Who are they? I can't quite place them."

"Jerry and Mabel Stanwood," Jim said. "*You* know—she was Mabel Clark. From Andover. But that was back before the war—you might not remember."

Buff looked at Jim curiously. She seemed about to speak, but said nothing.

After supper, everyone went up on deck. Jim had been a friend of Ray Watson's from childhood, but he knew Sylvia only slightly. Now, improving the acquaintance, he managed to sit with her in the corner of the cockpit beside the wheel. They talked pleasantly for almost an hour, and Jim mentioned the name Stanwood three times, casually.

DURING the night, the wind shifted and came in strong southwesterly, favorable for a run back to



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Martha's Vineyard. All the next morning, the Cornflower plowed steadily eastward on a broad reach, while her crew, in shorts or bathing suits, lounged in the sun. About an hour after lunch, Gussie Heaslip came aft and offered to relieve Jim, who was at the wheel.

"Sure, you can take over," said Jim, sliding to one side as Gussie gripped the spokes. "Course is seventy-five degrees, but you can see the Vineyard and steer by eye, if you'd rather. Those pink cliffs are Gay Head, and we're going to Menemsha, just to the left. Aim for that high dune."

"Yes, I see the dune, all right," she said. "Any other landmarks?"

"Well, you want to give Gay Head a wide berth. There's a reef off it called the Shambles, or something. There should be a buoy marking it. When you find it, go outside. That red buoy to leeward is Vineyard Sound whistler."

"Lots of swordfishermen about," Gussie said. Her gaze wandered over the blue waters, and came back. "Oh, I'm way off course!" she said. She spun the wheel, and the bow swung back toward the pink cliffs. "You ever been to the Vineyard?"

"Never set foot on it," Jim said.

Ray Watson came up, stretching and yawning. "How are we doing?" he asked.

Jim told him.

"You can go up quite a bit, Gussie," Ray said, frowning professionally. "That's the Shambles buoy up there to starboard. The jib should come in a bit, Jim, and you can ease the jigger a hair. I'll trim the main."

Jim and Ray adjusted the sheets, and then Ray picked up the binoculars and scanned the horizon.

"Swordfish boats," he muttered, and then he said, "Wonder what the nice-looking ketch is, just beyond the whistler."

"Looks like Jerry Stanwood's old boat, the one he had before he got the Andromeda," Jim said. "What *was* her name? I forget."

"No, I think she's the Mermaid, Bill Dennison's boat," said Ray. "You know Bill and Katy Dennison, don't you? They live in Pocasset, just across from the Wares."

THE Cornflower lay that evening at Menemsha, its crew eating lobsters that a swordfish boat gave them in trade for a bottle of whiskey. Later, they all went ashore, and were well pleased with Menemsha. The girls admired the picturesque general-store-and-post-office,

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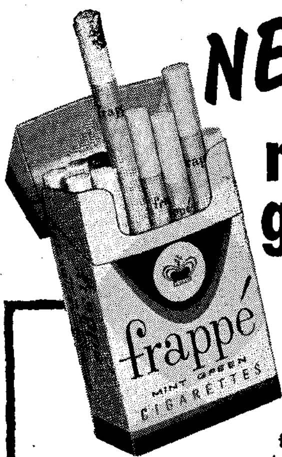

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and Jim was delighted with the slot machine at the icehouse, which fed out a fifty-pound cake of ice for a fifty-cent piece.

Next morning, the wind blew warm from the south, and they set course for Vineyard Haven, skirting the reef-strewn Middle Ground. Noon found them coming in close by West Chop Lighthouse and the summer cottages surrounding it. "See the second house to the left of the lighthouse?" Jim said to Sylvia Watson. "The gray shingled house with the captain's walk? That's where the Stanwoods used to live. Went there every summer for years."

"You mean *Jerry* Stanwood—that married Mabel Clark?" Gussie Heaslip asked.

"That's right," Jim said.

"How interesting!" Gussie said, with enthusiasm. "I've often heard Mabel tell about the good times they had at West Chop."

"I wonder where they go *now*," Sylvia said.

She spoke a little acidly, Jim thought. Gussie Heaslip was smiling brightly, a light in her eye.

"They go to Sakonnet, Rhode Island," Jim said firmly, and then he turned and called back to Ray, at the wheel, "Getting in pretty far, Ray. Maybe we'd better douse the jib."

They tied up to a wharf at the head of the harbor, took on gas, water, and ice, and then they all walked up to the main street of Vineyard Haven, where they scattered on various errands. Jim and Buff went to the bakery. "What's all this about Stanwoods?" Buff asked.

"Why, they're our old, dear friends," Jim said. "Known them for days."

"It's not a very nice game, if you ask me," Buff said. "It's going to make trouble, and I don't think I'll play."

They bought a box of doughnuts, and went on to the A. & P. While Buff was buying meat, Jim found Gussie Heaslip in the condiments section, buying pitted olives. "Neil's at the liquor store," she said, "and I decided to get some olives in case we should run into the Stanwoods in Edgartown. Mabel won't *touch* anything but Martinis. Remember?"

That afternoon, the breeze freshened and headed the Cornflower, slightly, on her course to Edgartown, and she was forced to beat—her best point of sailing. She lay over on her side and slashed through the smooth sea, while the water hissed along the lee rail. Off Oak Bluffs, they sighted a handsome black schooner plunging along before the wind. Looking at her through the binoculars, Jim

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The JADE PALACE

found that he couldn't make out her fluttering private signal. "But, you know," he said, "I'll bet you anything that's Stanwood's old Andromeda."

"She looks a lot like the Cravens' Martinet. They go to Edgartown every summer," Sylvia said.

"That's the Andromeda all right. I'd know her anywhere," said Gussie Heaslip. "Many's the time I've seen her at Marblehead during Race Week."

There was a pause. Sylvia went below abruptly. "She doesn't look very roomy forward," Ray said.

"You'd be surprised. She's quite comfortable," Jim said. "Herreshoff designed her, and he doesn't fool around."

Gussie Heaslip spoke again. "Mabel took me all through her once. She's very neatly arranged. Cute. Mabel did say Jerry kept bumping his head, but after all, he's six feet three."

Sylvia returned with the *Register* and began leafing through it.

"I still think she's the Cravens'," she said, and a moment later she cried triumphantly, "There's no Andromeda listed in the book!"

"That's scarcely surprising," Jim said. "Jerry sold her when he enlisted in the Navy. She may have changed hands half a dozen times. Probably the new owners renamed her. Look in the Late Names section."

Presently, Sylvia announced that there were three former Andromedas, now known as the Cheerio, the Baby Doll, and the Dunrovin. The first was a cabin cruiser based at Detroit, the second a twenty-four-foot auxiliary sloop, of Sea Girt, New Jersey. But the Dunrovin was an "aux. schr., 51′ W.L., built by Herreshoff, 1932, owner Derek Garth, Babylon, L.I."

"And there you are," said Jim.

"Doesn't look like any fifty-one-foot waterline to me," Ray said. "I'd call it more like forty."

"Appearances at sea are very deceiving," said Gussie Heaslip.

FOR a while, no one said much. Gussie had the *Register* now, and was studying it thoughtfully.

"That's a wonderful book, Gussie," Jim said gravely.

"Yes," she said. "Yes—I'm sure it must be. Apparently you can find almost anything you can think of in it."

The lighthouse at Cape Poge came into sight, and the Cornflower started tacking toward Edgartown harbor in a light and dropping breeze. Jim, who was forward, could hear Gussie's voice astern. She was saying that it was perfectly safe to cut inside the red buoy off

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the Edgartown Lighthouse, because Mabel Stanwood had told her there was always eight feet of water there. Jim wished that she would go a little more slowly. Now that the *Register* had come into the game on their side, there was no telling what she might say.

All hands went swimming before supper. Afterward, as Jim was tying his wet trunks to a shroud, he again heard Gussie's voice, this time rising from a half-opened hatch. "I didn't let my girls play with little Amanda Stanwood for two months," Gussie was saying. "She used the *vilest* language!"

Jim hadn't considered the possibility of Stanwood offspring. As soon as possible, he cornered Gussie. "Just how many kids did the Stanwoods *have*, last time you saw them?" he asked.

"Two lovely little girls, Ada and Amanda," Gussie said.

"I see," Jim said. "I don't think they've had any others. In fact, I think they're an ideal family right now."

"I'll bear that in mind," Gussie promised.

At suppertime, Neil Heaslip, who had been comparatively silent, jumped into the game, and, once in, he proved to be remarkably well informed. He told about football games he'd attended with Jerry Stanwood, parties at which he'd danced attendance on Mabel Clark, and how Jerry had tried to equip the Andromeda for swordfishing and had harpooned a rock in the Middle Ground, mistaking it for a swordfish. All evening, the Heaslips were very gay and expansive, but at least they gave the Stanwoods no more children. But by now Jim was uneasy. Buff was silent, the Watsons appeared restless and uneasy themselves, and he began to regret ever having thought of the Stanwoods.

THE Cornflower headed back toward Woods Hole the next morning, and sighted Nobska Point Lighthouse at noon. Jim, by now feeling confidence in his skill as a pilot, maneuvered nonchalantly through the buoys and into the Hole. The crew ate lunch at their old anchorage, and later started the ketch out of the harbor toward Buzzards Bay.

Woods Hole is the passage between the Cape Cod mainland and the island of Naushon. The government logically considers it an inward passage running into Buzzards Bay, and the buoys are laid out accordingly. This is apt to confuse a novice coming out of Woods Hole harbor. Also, the passage is full of

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rocks, reefs, and shoals, all carefully marked by buoys, and looks rather like a wilderness of black cans and red nuns scattered at complete random. So, though Jim could see them all, he didn't know which side to pass them on.

His course became erratic and uncertain, and suddenly Ray came leaping into the cockpit. He wrenched the wheel from Jim's grasp and spun it rapidly. The Cornflower lurched to starboard, barely missing a gaunt, barnacled reef.

For a moment, neither man spoke. Jim was too shaken and Ray was too busy with the wheel. Then Ray said gently, "You see that red nun buoy to starboard? Never cut inside it. There's a rock in there called the Groaner, with only four feet of water over it at high tide." He stopped, then went on thoughtfully. "As a matter of fact," he said, "Stanwood took the old Andromeda through there once. She *hit* the Groaner, and went down with all hands."

"Sunk without trace?" Jim asked, after a short silence.

"Never found a stick of her, or any sign of the crew," Ray said, his eyes on the buoy.

"Did Sylvia ever hear about it?" Jim asked cautiously. He saw, with relief, that Ray was smiling.

"Yes," Ray said. "Sylvia knows the whole story."

"I'm glad of that," Jim said. "I'd hate to have been the one to have to tell her." —SAMUEL CABOT, JR.

•

AN OLD MAN'S AUGUST

The house still stands, of course.
In the hot days, when the earth burns
And the tight morning sky
Goes lax into a haze,
I praise with silence
The builders of deep windows
And tombs of coolness,
Where, with papers or a book, and
 lemonade,
I hope always for rain and mail.

—JOHN N. MORRIS

•

The [Soviet] students were scheduled to tour United Nations headquarters this morning and visit the Encampment for Citizenship at the Fieldston School, Riverdale, this afternoon.

Tonight, fifteen will take in the Broadway musical, "West Side Story," and five will see Eugene O'Neill's "Look Homeward Angel."—*The Herald Tribune.*

They'll have lots to tell when they get back home.

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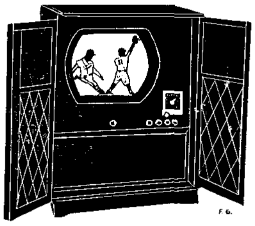
THE AIR

The Ear and the Overshoot

As we went to press, Teddy Nadler was beating back relays of opponents on "The $64,000 Challenge" (Channel 2, 10-10:30 P.M., Sundays), and had run his winnings on the program up to more than $200,000. There's no need these days to identify Mr. Nadler, or Teddy, as he would obviously rather be called. That doesn't mean that people have stopped trying to describe him—in ways that, it seems to me, fail to account for some of the more intricate details of his mechanism. The Columbia Broadcasting System's information department speaks of him as "the knowledgeable ex-Civil Service clerk" and "the well-known human encyclopedia." (Johnny Addie, the boxing announcer at Madison Square Garden and St. Nick's, would probably say "the crowd-pleasing mental prodigy from St. Louis, Missouri, who made a great impression here his last time out.") Ralph Story, the "Challenge's" master of ceremonies, who describes Teddy regularly, went to special lengths on a recent Sunday: "One of the most extraordinary men in the United States . . . Never got beyond the eighth grade in school . . . Once worked as a common laborer . . . Never earned more than seventy dollars a week previous to his appearances on television . . ." Undoubtedly, this summary forms a true and appealing part of the story, and one that is particularly useful to the producers of "The $64,000 Challenge" in their uphill struggle to promote intellectual orgies on a democratic, non-highbrow basis. But it leaves some points of interest uncovered. I'm not the only one who thinks so. A week or two ago, Mr. Story reported to the audience that the Nevada State Hospital had asked for a chance to study Teddy's brain—whether in a posthumous condition or not I don't believe he said. Teddy, who was present, passed off the request with a joke. It's noteworthy that he seldom seems to take his talent seriously except when he's applying it in action. As far as I know, he himself has never tried to describe or explain it. In the circumstances—and if it's true, as I've heard quiz-show connoisseurs say, that he is fundamentally a memory expert, a systematic crammer, rather than a catch-as-catch-can savant—a look into his brain should be well worthwhile; I mean, of course, at the proper time, not prematurely. It might help to clarify a couple of ideas in my own mind (which has not been spoken for by anyone) about the makeup of memory experts.



Take, for instance, the matter of an ear for music. Can it be regarded as part of the working equipment of any well-organized memory, or is it an entirely separate gift? Here are two problems that Teddy has solved during his current run on the "Challenge." The first was the $8,000 number in the category of classical music; the second was worth $16,000:

1. (1) Give the real name of the nineteenth-century composer who began his career by publishing over a hundred and fifty works under the pseudonym of G. W. Marks; (2) name the work written in 1897 that requires a wind machine for an orchestral effect, and its composer; (3) name the composer of the oratorio "The Dream of Gerontius;" (4) name the composers of "The Oceanides" and "Rhapsodie Espagnole." (The correct answers were, tersely speaking: Brahms; "Don Quixote," by Richard Strauss; Elgar; Sibelius and Ravel.)

2. Identify—from hearing their opening bars played on recordings—the following major symphonies, and name their composers. (The symphonies were, as it turned out, Tchaikovsky's Fourth, Mozart's Forty-first, Brahms' First, Beethoven's Sixth, and Sibelius's Fifth.)

Those are brain busters typical of the big-money, big-information school of questioning; the man or woman who can cope with either of them commands nothing but admiration from a yahoo like me, whose range of musical knowledge is bounded on the south, or starting, side by "Baby Shoes" and "She Is the Sunshine of Virginia" (both created in 1916). There is, however, as you will have noticed, an apparently vital difference between the two problems I've just cited. If you grant Teddy Nadler his matchless capacity as a fact collector through reading—as a kind of visual information trap—it's easy to see that he would take the first test in his stride. The second is something else again. Unless Teddy uses powers of association and deduction unequalled since the days of Holmes and Lecoq, he must have solved the $16,000 question with his ear. He might have deduced Sibelius, for instance, as a logical composer; the specific symphony he must have identified in another way, and I don't mean by guesswork, for Teddy is no guesser. We find him in possession, therefore, of an incongruous aptitude, and we are—or I am, anyway—taken aback. It's not that the needed degree of musical awareness is uncommon. It's just that it doesn't seem at first thought to fit in with Teddy's monolithic fact-finding procedures as I've heard them analyzed. For a steel-bright engine of total recall to knock off certain answers by what amounts to a child's instinct, instead of by formula, is, to my mind, not only frivolous but a little degrading. That being so, I'm prepared by now to argue that an ear for music is not necessarily always an instinct; that it can also be, in these times, a standard feature of the gearshift of the best and most complete memory machines. As I'm coming to see it, when you or I recognize an old tune by Walter Donaldson, it's because of a chance knack, and an irrelevant one at that. When Teddy does it, it's a built-in part of the service as a whole.

Another point about the Nadler apparatus that interests me is what might be called the overshoot. This was once a defect; last year it led to the only defeat of Teddy's career in the quiz field. The overshoot has not by any means been eliminated from the improved, 1958 Nadler, but there's some evidence that it has been corrected, or stabilized. You'll know the factor I'm talking about if you've seen much of Teddy's work—or if you've watched an automatic toy come to a full stop and then, unexpectedly, add a burst or two of spasmodic motion to the performance. Teddy's one setback occurred in a match with Dr. Richard T. Gore, a college music professor from Ohio. If you remember, Teddy, after identifying a piece of music, blurted out—unnecessarily—the words "in B flat *minor*." It was a solid error. A studio crisis ensued. Following summit meetings, Teddy was sent out into the world to adjust and retool his engine. When he returned to action a few weeks ago, it was clear that he had modified the overshoot in at least one respect. The two musical posers I quoted above represented two rounds in a return match with Dr. Gore. The Doctor muffed the Sibelius symphony in the $16,000

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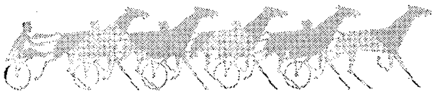

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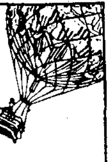

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round. Compassionately but swiftly, Teddy gave the right answer. "In E—" he added, and then stopped short. "I'm sorry to have beaten the Doctor," he said later. I am sure he meant what he said. But it was plain that he would have been even sorrier if the old bug in the engine had betrayed him again in the same way.

As I've noted, the new Nadler still tends to overshoot a good part of the time. Teddy has always added uncalled-for dates and other facts to his answers, and it now seems likely that he always will. The question is: Has the impulse been corrected to the extent that it is error-proof? From a strictly human point of view, there is something basically reckless in the overshoot. Automatic or not, it can also be irritating to a human adversary. One of Teddy's opponents in his current campaign, which he launched last month by playing three boards at once, was Frank Scott, an athletes' business agent, in the category of baseball. When Mr. Scott correctly identified a batter who had won an all-star game with a home run, Mr. Nadler amplified the answer: "It was hit off Teddy Gray." "But he's right, he's right!" Teddy went on to say, in a variation of the overshoot that appears to include a faint, possibly automatic sense of embarrassment. When Mr. Scott gave all the information that was called for by a question about a Cardinal-Giant deal in 1926, Teddy added, "The other player in the deal was Jimmy Ring. . . . But he's right, he's right!" Just a shade stiffly, Mr. Scott asked leave to state that he'd known about Ring and, for that matter, about Gray, too. If he was annoyed, it wasn't for long. Obviously, it's hard to hold a grudge against an enemy whose reactions are as smoothly and frankly reflexive as Teddy's are. You are more apt to be paralyzed, I should judge, than to be ruffled. Another recent Nadler opponent has been Mrs. Lorna Hahn, a teacher from Philadelphia. (You could almost hear the producers' mouths watering when Mrs. Hahn first came on the scene. She is a looker. It's no secret that a handsome woman of championship class is the favorite dream of the operators of quiz shows.) In the $4,000 round, in the category of modern European history, Mrs. Hahn was asked to name four of the five countries that opposed the British-Dutch-Austrian alliance in the War of the Austrian Succession. She did so. Teddy confirmed her answer, and then, going into the overshoot, added the fifth name, Saxony. "But she's right, she's right!" he cried. Mrs. Hahn showed no

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resentment. What she seemed to feel was a sense of gathering doom.

It's observable that, on programs like "The $64,000 Challenge" and Channel 4's "Twenty-One," the memory expert (if that's what Teddy Nadler is; I have no way of knowing) equals or surpasses the free-style intellectual in prestige. I don't say that a memory expert is not himself a type of intellectual. But producers and announcers appear to imply that he's not, and to take a good deal of pleasure in the fact. They look upon him as a man of the people, and upon the intellectual as a snob. I suspect that they're wrong about this, as well as in their guiding principle that intelligence is fundamentally repulsive to the audience. Acting on that principle, announcers like Mr. Story and "Twenty-One's" Jack Barry make it a practice in their own performances to feign a degree of lowbrowed ignorance that is actually beyond human power to achieve. Most of their guests respond to these pressures in a curious way; you see the well-read guest and the memory expert pushing toward a common ground, the well-read guest faking naïveté, the memory expert faking spontaneity. For me, Mr. Nadler is a refreshing exception to this rule of quiz-show life. However it is that he does what he does, he does it on the level, without apology and without buncombe. If he ultimately sends his brain to Nevada, I hope they'll handle it with respect.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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—*Automatic Laundry Digest.*

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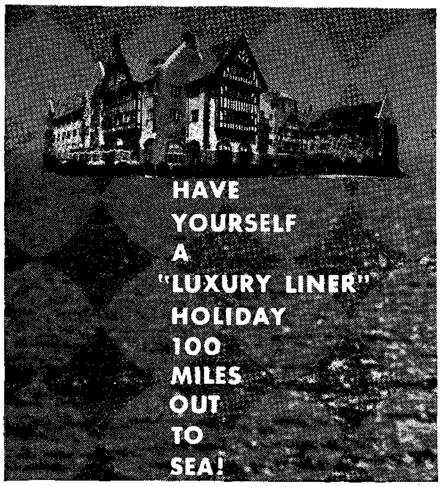

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[*A thoughtful essay posted at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, Headquarters, Engineer Replacement Training Center*]

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2. The acquisition of this reputation for competence has been somewhat of a mixed blessing. The better we perform, the more we are expected to do. As you know, the leader in any race is more closely watched than any middle runner in that race. On that account, as we progress to the front position, all eyes are focused on us.

3. We find that success may also have an ill effect upon the individual who achieves it. Further, as we become wise, we may lose ambition. Knowledge may dim imagination. Currently, we can see some of these effects arising in the ERTC performance.

4. It is apparent that the thrill of first creation, and the rewarding pangs of birth have passed. It seems that we now seek to perpetuate rather than to create; to standardize rather than to improve. Evidence of deadly complacency can be seen in our approach to both administration and training. On all sides, we hear the lullaby of repetition and tend to drowse to its monotonous melody.

5. This deviation from optimum performance has not reached an established condition. However, it has reached the state of becoming a discernible trend. Therefore, it must and shall be stopped!

6. In all of man's efforts, he is to some degree restrained, and it is in the exercise of his remaining freedom that he achieves distinction. By custom and by regulation, certain standardization is required of the military. However, by exceeding standard specifications, through initiative and imagination, units of distinction may arise.

7. The goal of the ERTC is beyond that mere standardization. We seek the higher plane called superior performance. Toward that end, we need the serious thought and complete cooperation of all men, women, and officers of this command. It is therefore directed that:

a. All commanders bring these thoughts to the attention of all members of their units.

b. Suggestions which will tend to improve the ERTC operations be conscientiously collected and recorded by all commanders.

c. Suggestions be clearly stated in writing and submitted in writing separately by each report unit to the ERTC Adjutant by 1100 hours, 17 June 1958. Negative report is required.

8. It is proposed that the context of those recommendations submitted will be carefully considered with the view of immediate or future use if found to be practicable and in the best interests of the command.

FOR THE COMMANDER:
(Signed) J. R. KAYE
MAJOR, CE-USAR
ADJUTANT

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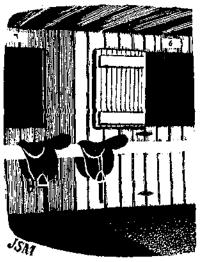
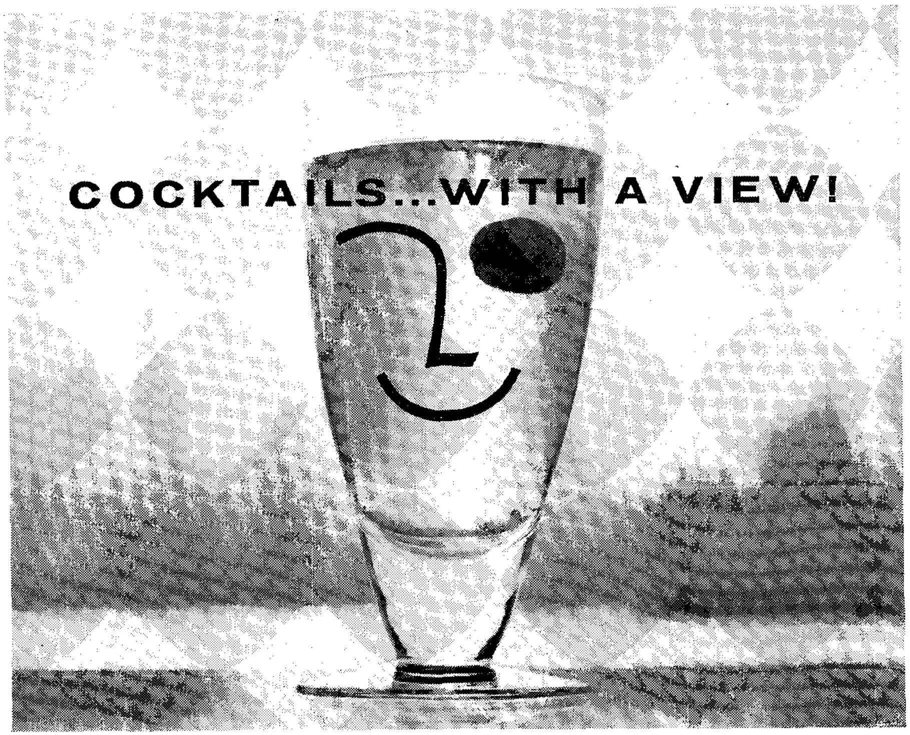
THE RACE TRACK

Sundown at Saratoga



THEY'RE off and running again at Saratoga. To get things started, First Minister, a handsome son of Primate, won the famous old Flash Stakes on Thursday, the opening day, beating Pilot, Steverino, and half a dozen other two-year-olds. Earlier in the afternoon, the Greentree Stable trotted out a first-time starter named Hilwan, who attracted more than passing interest in the paddock, and a great deal after his race. He began slowly, but he overtook the leaders easily and went on to gallop home by lengths. At Monmouth Park recently, Marshall Lilly, one of the best men around horses I know, remarked that Greentree had a couple of colts who might amount to something. He named no names, but apparently Hilwan is one of them. Greentree's good fortune continued over the weekend. Cohoes, fresh from his victory in the Brooklyn Handicap, won the Whitney Stakes after a head-and-head duel with Admiral Vee over the last half mile. As you've probably heard, Cohoes was named for a little town on the road from here to Saratoga. Colonel Martingale told me there's a poolroom there where you can bet on dogs to show.

In these changing times, it could hardly be expected that the Spa would remain unchanged, but to visitors last week there seemed to be a sharper contrast than ever between the old days and the new. Whereas Saratoga was once an occasion, it is just another race meeting now. There is still the environment of delightful countryside, but both the town and the track have lost much of their charm. The season used to last five weeks and everybody came for the duration; nowadays people drive up for a race they want to see, and leave that evening. At best, they stay a week, and then it's usually only because they're interested in the yearling sales, which, by the way, begin next Monday. One reason for all this is that Saratoga can be pretty dull. It wasn't like that in the old days. Remember the Brook Club? You had to dress to get in, and they had everything from bird cage to *chemin de fer*. There were private rooms there,



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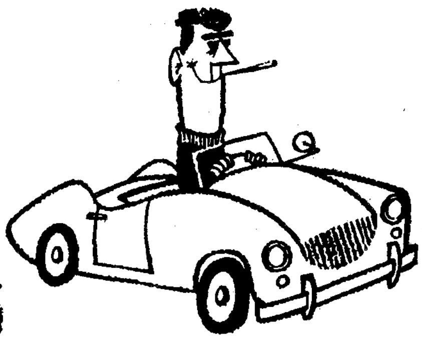

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too, for dilettanti who wanted to keep the ribbon clerks out. (It was in one of them that the owner of a big stable who had sold a colt in the morning for $75,000 blew it all that night at baccarat.) Then, there was Arrowhead Inn, which wasn't so formal but had the best dance bands and night-club acts. You could also get action for your money in a dozen other spots, running down the scale to Charlie Lucky's Chicago Club, back of the D. & H. depot. Well, the Brook has burned down, and Arrowhead has been boarded up for ten years. In fact, not a roulette wheel has turned in Saratoga County since the Kefauver investigation.

Saratoga doesn't get all the top horses any more, and betting isn't what it used to be, either. Last Saturday, only $943,848 was dropped into the tote. Back in the twenties, Johnny Walters would handle half that much any weekend, and he was just one of a score of big bookmakers.

Oh, well, New York's loss is Jersey's gain. The day after Jamaica closed last week, attendance at Monmouth Park jumped up to 25,713, and on Saturday 42,741 horseplayers saw the Monmouth Oaks. (Saratoga's gate was 16,003.) As almost everyone expected, Calumet's A Glitter won the Oaks easily.

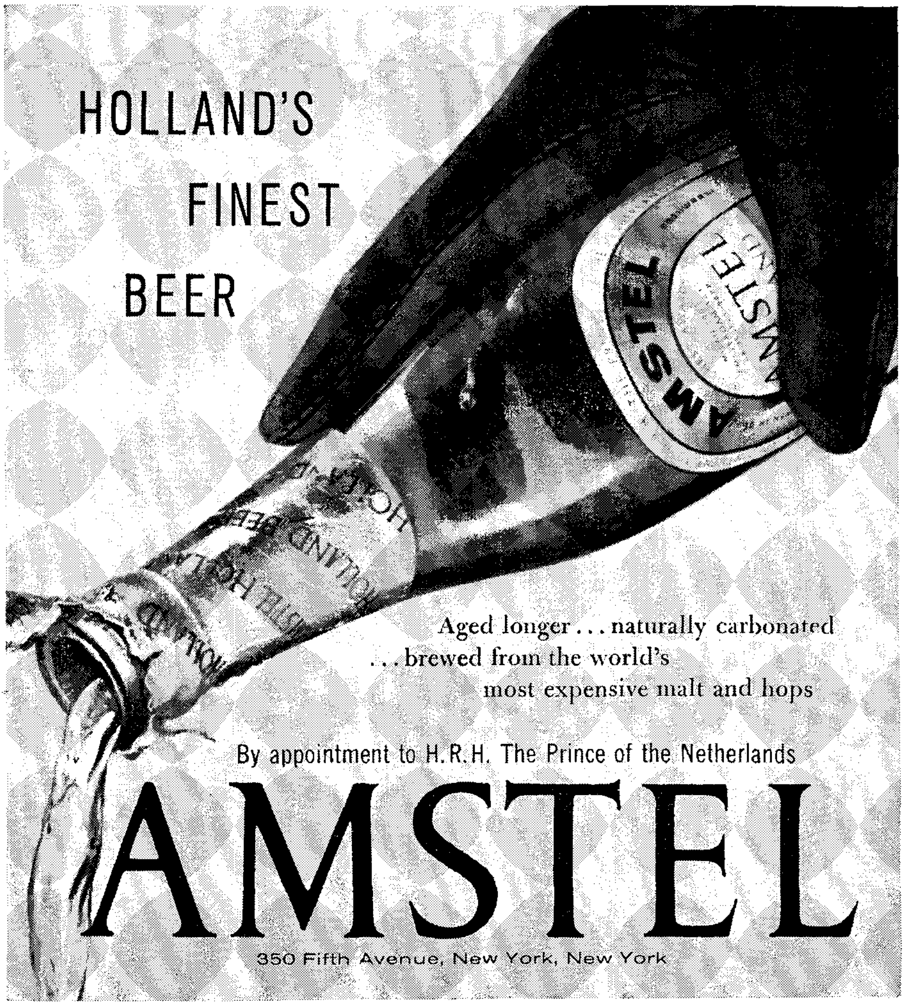
THE opening of the week, of course, was Yonkers Raceway, which will brighten the lives of trotting aficionados until November 29th. A great deal of work and money has gone into remodelling the place, and it looks it. Most striking of the innovations is a gigantic six-tiered, glass-fronted, air-conditioned clubhouse, which occupies the sites of the clubhouse, the administration building, and the paddock of the old Empire City track. Its décor is as lavish as that of an East Side night club, you can sit at a table on any terrace and watch the horses trot, and seldom has betting been made easier. Nearly 31,000 racegoers tested the capacity of the plant last Friday, and on Saturday the crowd numbered 34,119. Incidentally, the first winner at the renovated Raceway was named Justforfun. He paid a $66.10 mutuel, too.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

CORRECTION: A typographical error in the June View gave the opening date of the Berkshire Massachuset's Musical Festical as July 20th. It should have read, "July 2."—*Tudor City View.*

Somehow we're unconvinced.



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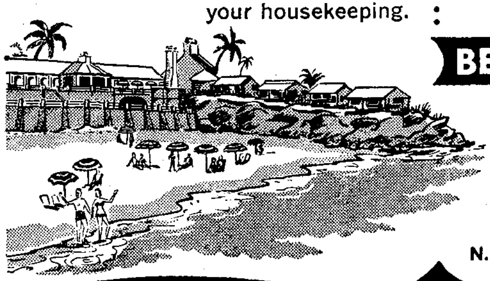

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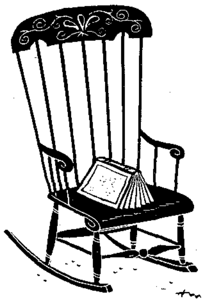
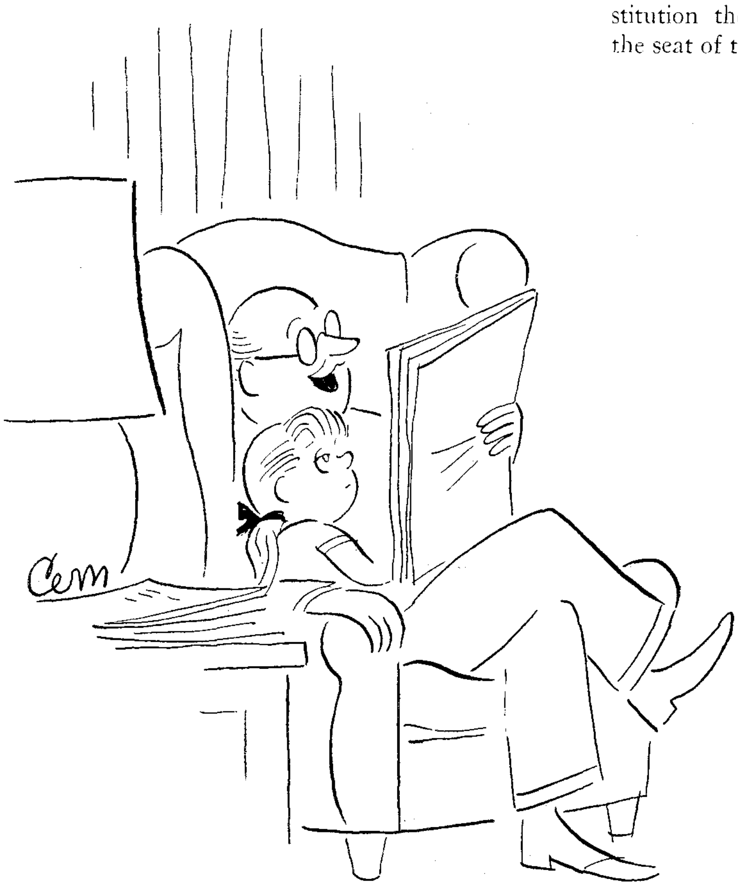


HISTORY, as Oswald Spengler, among others, has remarked, is an art rather than a science, and its fashions, like those of any other art, are apt to change from generation to generation. Those who change them are usually not the scientific specialists who immerse themselves in documents and excavate for potsherds but the philosophers of history, the "grand design" men who seek for an over-all meaning in the story of mankind. The grand-design men often turn out to be wrong in the eyes of future generations, but they are usually better writers than the specialists, and their books make more exciting reading, since nearly everybody likes to believe that there *is* a design of some sort. But the design of the grand-design men keeps changing. Originally, it was, of course, a tale of heroic deeds and battles. In the nineteenth century, even up to the time of H. G. Wells, it was a tale of sociological progress. Karl Marx and other Hegelian determinists, seeing it in the light of contemporary social and economic change, made it into a rigid story of predestination, in which man became the creature of inevitable social forces. Still later, Spengler, surveying what certainly looked like European decadence, evolved the cyclical design of rising and falling civilizations, consigning his own to certain and unavoidable death. Toynbee accepted this pattern of predestination, forcing the whole recorded history of man into conformity with it, and holding out no hope for the future of the West but a vague, if soothing, mystical notion he called the "universal church." Yet reality went moving on, and historical thinkers have lately begun to question Toynbee's grand design, too. For one thing, the discovery of how to release atomic energy—despite its grim potentialities for universal incineration—did not seem precisely the sort of thing a moribund civilization would produce. Maybe the theory of inevitable decline was all wrong. It certainly entailed a lot of striking incongruities, and scholars were continually pointing them out. Maybe man was, after all, still to some extent in control of his destiny and not just a plaything of fate. Maybe he could still make history, instead of meekly allowing history to make him.

Six years ago, in "The Uses of the Past," a book that has become a best-seller, Herbert J. Muller, an American grand-design man, firmly opposed the determinists with a new humanistic concept of history, and he has now added "The Loom of History" (Harper). Professor Muller is a voluminous scholar, a very clear thinker, and a master of eloquent literary style, and both books are stimulating affairs. "The Loom of History" avoids the standard theatres of historical drama, such as Egypt, Athens, Rome, and the Renaissance, and considers instead what might be called one of history's great peripheral areas, Asia Minor. Its message seems to be that such peripheral areas can contribute as much to man's enlightenment as the classical centers of power and civilization, that they may have surprising capacities for survival, and that Asia Minor in particular, though neglected as a distinct entity by most grand-design men, has a continuity of culture, of one kind or another, that has never completely ceased, though empires have risen and decayed all around it, subdued it from time to time, and contributed to or learned from its store of wisdom. Perhaps, being an American and considering America as in some ways one of history's peripheral areas, Professor Muller is inclined to stress this aspect of his thesis. But his arguments are impressive. The age-old terrain of Asia Minor—overrun by Hittites, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and the empires of Alexander and the Romans; then the center of that amazingly durable institution the Byzantine Empire; then the seat of the Islamic Turks, the birthplace of countless influential ideas, including much of Hellenism, all of Judaism before the Diaspora, and Christianity in both its primitive and some of its most enduring organized forms—may have seen and made more continuous history than any comparable area on earth. The history has been good and bad, but it *has* continued. As the formulator of its grand design, Professor Muller has thrown over both the progressive and the cyclical theories to adopt the more homely symbol of the loom. His loom weaves many threads, but among them there continually appears and disappears a golden one—the thread of rationalism, inquiry, common sense, and political enlightenment, which draws most of its lustre from ancient Greek thought. This is obviously



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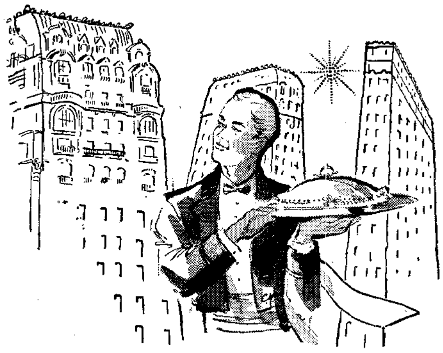
Professor Muller's favorite thread, and it is a thread of ideas. Empires may rise and decline, he admits, and that is all very dramatic. But the important thing is the endurance of ideas and aspirations. These are, in the long run, what constitute history. Professor Muller's concept of the good civilization, in accordance with this view, is neither a millennium nor a peak between eras of barbarism but what he calls the "open society," a society that is aware of its place and surroundings, is capable of assimilating ideas and capable of change.

His war with the determinists is polite but emphatic. Necessity, to him, is not the prime cause of men's actions, nor is it, as the oldest of deterministic bromides maintains, "the mother of invention." If that were true, the most necessitous societies would be the most inventive ones, and, as he points out, history proves over and over again that the opposite is the case. Man advances through freedom and genius, rather than because of social pressures, and the history of Asia Minor bears this out. In demonstrating his thesis, Professor Muller leads his reader enthusiastically in and out of the ruins of buried cities that archeologists have only recently unearthed, compares their physical evidence with the myths and historical lore about them, and reconstructs the probable attitudes of their citizens. Asia Minor has always been the site of a contest—or should one call it a fructifying competition?—between the ancient mystery religions of Asia and the Western impulse toward rationalism and liberty of thought. The Sumerians, oldest of all the known civilized peoples of the area, showed the marks of this contest. They appear to have invented, or at least to have worshipped, the ancient Asiatic mother goddess, a religious archetype who reappears in many subsequent civilizations and reaches a final incarnation in the Madonna of the Christians. But they were also great city builders (their ziggurats, or "mountains of the gods," were the prototypes of the Tower of Babel), they were the first people to establish large-scale government, to invent writing, systematic learning, and standards of weights and measures, and they influenced the Egyptians, the Jews, and the recently excavated civilization of the Indus Valley. They also appear to have been visited by a huge flood, which was probably the flood of Biblical history. From them, the thread of enlightenment passes on through innumerable cities and cultures. It reappears with particular re-



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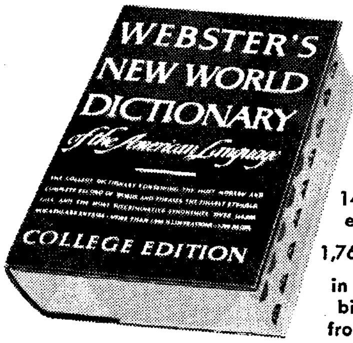

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splendence in the Greek cities of Asia Minor, the homes of the Ionians and the Phrygians, who were looked down upon as colonials by the Athenians but who contributed vastly to Greek culture (Homer was undoubtedly an Asiatic Greek) and who had the peculiar capacity for survival that seems to be a specialty of the area. They apparently started their "open societies" during the Greek invasion recorded as the Trojan War (Professor Muller takes you through the archeological ruins of nine superimposed Troys, points out that the site was unknown to the Greeks even in Homer's time, and notes, characteristically, that the mythical Troy of Homer was far more influential historically than the squalid village that nineteenth-century archeologists finally succeeded in identifying as the real Troy), and they were still there long after the decline of Athens, inhabiting the great city of Ephesus, which was host to Alexander, Antony and Cleopatra, St. Paul the Apostle, and Nestorius, the founder of Nestorian Christianity (who was tried there for heresy). Ephesus was still a great city during the Christian Middle Ages, when a famous Byzantine cathedral was erected in it. It finally was sacked by Tamerlane and the Turks, but it and its sister Greek cities had had a span of civilized life far longer than those allotted by historians to the traditional cultures of antiquity. Professor Muller goes on to consider the incredible city of Constantinople, and again the basis of his admiration is the endurance and continuity of civilized values. The Romans built it, but it survived them by a thousand years as a center of Greek, Roman, and Christian culture, and even when the Turks came, it remained an imperial city, the center of the corrupt but by no means altogether unenlightened Ottoman Empire. And under the Ottoman Turks, the Greeks remained as traders, cultural catalysts, and carriers of civilized tradition.

Professor Muller ends his book with an account of the remarkable revolution brought about by Kemal Ataturk, the Westernizer of modern Turkey and the most recent in the long sequence of great men who conquered, led, or influenced Asia Minor during its unbroken four thousand years of recorded and excavated history. One lesson he draws from all this material is that civilization is an attribute of individuals as well as societies, and that, in the long run, it tends to move forward toward a further liberation of the mind. "We cannot," he says, "absolutely prove the

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value of civilization, or of life itself. A civilized man may or may not be happier, more virtuous, or holier than a primitive or a peasant. But we can say objectively that civilization has enabled man to realize more fully his distinctive potentialities, and that if these plainly include potentialities of misery, evil, and folly, they are as plainly the source of his happiness, virtue, and whatever divinity may be in him. It has meant a cumulative growth in knowledge, arts, skills—in goods that men everywhere recognize as positive goods once they have known them, and hang on to, and do not willingly give up except for the sake of still 'higher' goods. It may be summarized as a growth of consciousness. Call it brain, mind, spirit, or soul, consciousness is the source of all the distinctive powers and possibilities of man. The various criteria of civilization that have been proposed—the combination of diversity and order, the enthronement of reason, the growth of freedom, the spread of sweetness and light, the approach to the One True God—all involve an extension and refinement of consciousness. In this view the human race has been growing up through its long history. Civilized men may still behave very badly, as adults do, or they may pine for their lost innocence, as adults sometimes get sentimental about their happy, carefree childhood days; but they do not really wish to return to the life of the primitive village, they would not lose their minds. If history is not a clear progress, it has at least involved some irreversible tendencies."

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DUD AVOCADO, by Elaine Dundy (Dutton). A light, rather popeyed travelogue about a bucketing American girl named Sally Jay Gorce, who goes to France for a year after graduating from college, dyes her hair pink, lives on the Left Bank, acts a little, and has strenuous, talky love affairs with an Italian count, a French painter, an American painter, and an American stage director who turns out to be a thief and a pimp. Miss Dundy writes very hard, and some of her jokes come off.

THEME FOR BALLET, by Vicki Baum (Doubleday). Katja Milenkaya, an aging but still beautiful Viennese ballerina, is torn between her career with the Manhattan Ballet Company, of which she is a star, and her peaceful domestic life in the comfort-

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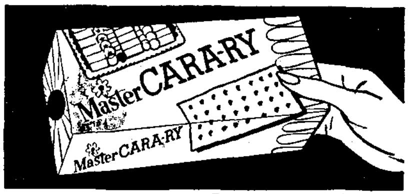

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able Princeton home she shares with her husband, a busy doctor. In a manner that is skillful, superficial, and perhaps too leisurely, Miss Baum describes Katja's adroitness in dealing with the intrigues and dramas that surround her stage life, and her obtuseness in not realizing, until it is too late, that her apparently secure marriage has actually arrived at a moment of crisis.

S. S. SILVERSPRAY, by John Langdon (Macmillan). A carefully worked-out tract against race prejudice. Set on an American freighter bound from San Francisco to Manila, it revolves around the ship's fanatical captain, a sleazy first mate, an unbalanced Negro mess attendant, and an able seaman who is also a Negro. Mr. Langdon's incidental descriptions of such things as the rescue of a man overboard and a hundred-and-twenty-knot typhoon are conventional but very good.

STRANGERS ON EARTH, by Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Anthony Hinton (Crowell). This romantic, even-tempered tale is full of dragon-sized villains and statuesque heroes and heroines, and deals with the failures and eventual triumphs of the Danovs, a White Russian family that has fled to Paris after the Revolution. The time is 1922-39.

GENERAL

THE ORDEAL OF THE CAPTIVE NATIONS, by Hawthorne Daniel (Doubleday). After the First World War, eight new countries were carved out of the Hapsburg and Romanov Empires; since the Second World War six of them—Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia—have been swallowed by the new Russian empire, along with three states (Bulgaria, Rumania, and Albania) that broke away from the Ottoman Empire before 1914. Mr. Daniel summarizes the recent history of these captive nations to make two points: first, that in their brief periods of independence they all made marked improvements in the lives of their people and, second, that Russian domination, which has wiped out those advances, was imposed on them by force. Nobody knows how or when, or even whether, the hundred and fifteen million inhabitants of these Central and Eastern European nations will be free; Mr. Daniel simply marshals the facts to show that they want freedom

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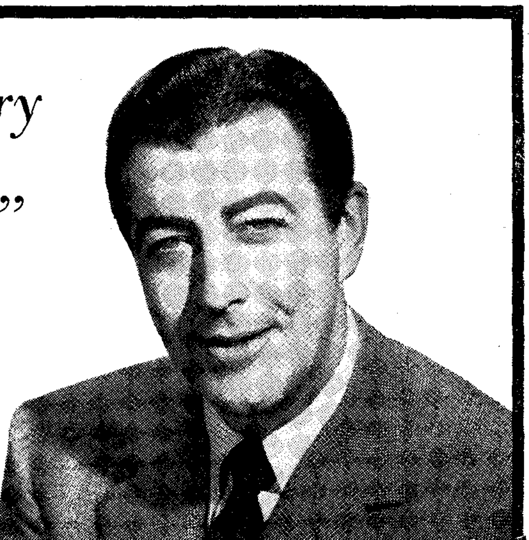
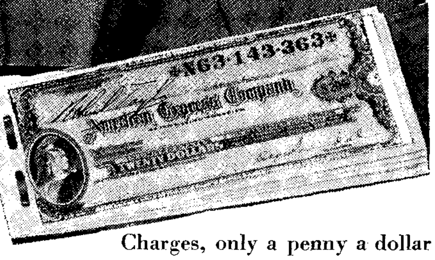
and that, on their record, they deserve it.

BAA BAA BLACK SHEEP, by Pappy Boyington (Putnam). The adventures of Colonel Gregory Boyington, U.S.M.C., Ret. In 1941, Pappy Boyington was a twenty-eight-year-old Marine flier with a gift for getting into alcoholic, romantic, and financial trouble. To make some money, he joined the American Volunteer Group, under the late General Claire Chennault (at a salary of six hundred and seventy-five dollars a month), and sailed off to China to fly P-40 fighters against the Japanese. After Pearl Harbor, he got back into the Marine Corps and was reluctantly given a command. His fighter squadron, the Black Sheep, racked up an impressive record in the South Pacific before Boyington was shot down in Japanese-held waters. He was fished out by some Japanese sailors, and spent the last eighteen months of the war in a secret prison camp near Tokyo. As will be remembered, when he returned to America he was given a hero's welcome of almost hysterical proportions; he was banqueted and toasted in most of our big cities, and he responded enthusiastically to the toasts. For ten years thereafter, he lived in an alcoholic mist, and his antic behavior regularly landed him on the front pages and in jail. This book is the fruit of three years of passionate sobriety, for Boyington is now both a reformed alcoholic and a reformed hero. ("Just name a hero," he says, "and I'll prove he's a bum.") His book is funny, doggedly honest, and irreverent of pretentiousness; if its literary count is low, its nonsense count is nil.

CONSCIOUSNESS IN CONCORD: THE TEXT OF THOREAU'S HITHERTO "LOST JOURNAL," 1840-41, edited, with notes and an introduction, by Perry Miller (Houghton Mifflin). The journal here made public for the first time was contained in the third of the thirty-nine extant notebooks in which Thoreau recorded (with an increasingly conscious eye on posterity) his long and usually contented infatuation with the fancies of his mind. It has been "lost" only in the sense that the third notebook came to light after the publication, in 1906, of the definitive Walden edition of his writings, and it has since reposed in a succession of private collections. The period covered is six months (July 30, 1840,





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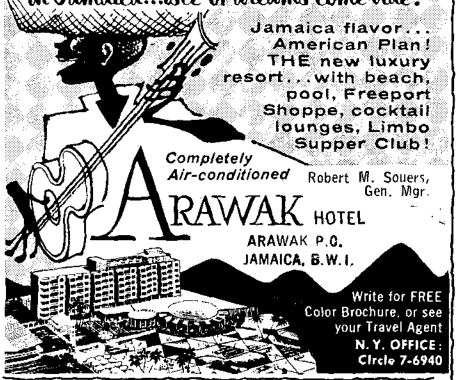

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to January 22, 1841) of Thoreau's twenty-third year, but, youthful product though it is, it is wholly characteristic of the lofty, elliptical, dogmatic aphorist we know so well. It is also, since the entries are both infrequent and generally quite brief, very short, taking up no more than a scant third of this book. The bulk of the volume is given over to Mr. Miller's introduction, which offers us a piercing glimpse of the prickly sage "circumventing death, evading woman, discounting friendship [and anticipating] the impossible, so as never to be seduced by the moments he loved so passionately," and it is a brilliant piece of work.

MAINLY ON THE AIR, by Max Beerbohm (Knopf). Twenty-one flawless essays, most of them written for broadcast on the B.B.C., which form a splendid epitaph for the late grand master of Edwardian wit. They include a shrewd appreciation of Lytton Strachey, a lethal portrait of an imaginary (but probably only too real) man-about-Whitehall booby, and a sketch of a long-forgotten American vaudeville comedian and gifted improviser, Nat Goodwin. ("They tell me I oughtn't to have gone in so much for Wine, Women, and Song," Goodwin once remarked. "Well, I'm going to give up singing.") Very choice.

•

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What a lark!

•

How we ever survived is a miracle but we did. It's better these days, I know full well, and I don't bemoan the passing of fireworks in public hands. To borrow roughly from Dorothy Parker, "but oh my friends and oh my foes, they made a lovely light."—*Mark Beltaire in the Detroit Free Press.*

That's so rough you could use it as an abrasive.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the News*]

Moscow, July 6 (AP)—The air force newspaper Soviet Aviation today urged an intensified ideological battle against religion, which it said provides a hiding place for Western skies.

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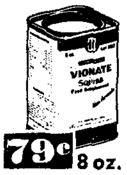

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